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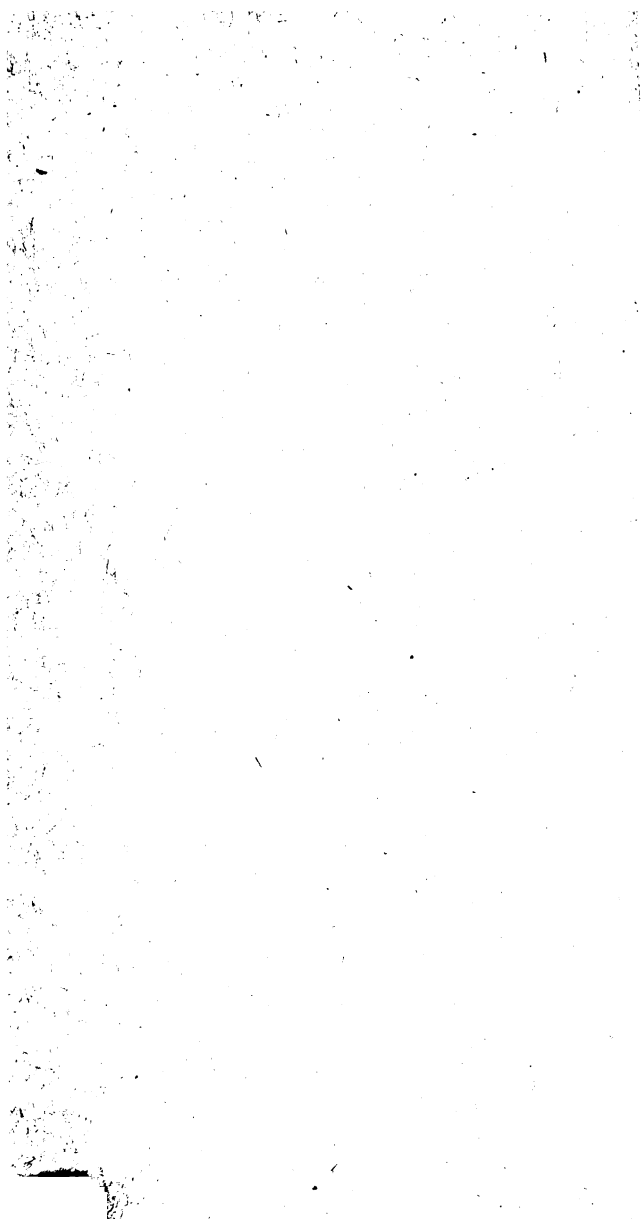
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CRUIKSHANK AT HOME.

*First Series.*

ASTORIA NEW-YORK.







v. 1, (Frontispiece.)

Robert Cruikshank

# CRUIKSHANK, AT HOME:

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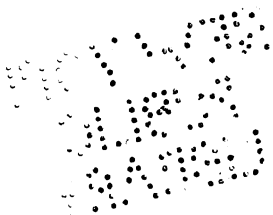
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1845.

*DM*





## PREFACE.

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THE following Tales have been selected from many others, in the possession of Mr. Robert Cruikshank, for the purpose of Illustration.

It was his original intention to have illustrated each Tale separately; and to have published it in a detached form; but, at the request of his friends, he has determined on bringing the whole before the public, in a SERIES OF VOLUMES.

Should he meet with the encouragement he has been led to anticipate, and which, from the almost unexampled success that has attended his former efforts, he sees little reason to doubt, several other Volumes will, from time to time, make their appearance—the *materiel* being already provided, and affording rich scope for the pencil of the artist.

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# CRUIKSHANK AT HOME.

---

WEE WATTY;

A SURGEON STUDENT'S TALE

---

Tread light and cautious o'er these hollow graves :  
I tell you, at the dismal midnight hour  
A churchyard is not safe.

*Scrap Stanzas.*

---

THERE is not a pleasanter walk all round the  
heartsome city of Glasgow, than that down by the  
side of the Clyde towards Dumbarton ; and you  
may go either on the green sod, by the edge of the  
river, passing Kelvinhaugh and the Inch, or, on  
the level high road towards the old-fashioned

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town of Renfrew ; nor can a man drink a civil tumbler of Islay or Glenlivett, anywhere after his walk, with greater gusto than in the big room upstairs in the house of David Craighorn, the patriarchal publican of the sweet village of Long Govan. The very lass that comes smirking in with the gill stoup and the glass, with the bottle of small beer, sparkling like soda or champagne, and the bit of oat cake to dry your teeth, is a perfect pleasure to see ; and Miss Craighorn herself was really—but she's married now !

I had taken my walk that way, in company with a friend, one pleasant Friday afternoon, for I hate your Sunday stragglers ; and I would not be seen in David Craighorn's, on the Lord's day, for any money !—and when we had walked through the town of Govan, my friend and I sauntered into the churchyard. It is perfect truth that we did go into the churchyard, for it is quite open to those who pass that way ; and it is just as true

that we went in, not to write or speak any palavers about it, or to be sentimental or silly, but merely to rest ourselves, and look about: and there is not a prettier churchyard in which a man can set his foot, than the quiet and picturesque burying-ground round the old church in Govan.

“ I think it odd,” said I to my friend, “ in looking round this old village, that somehow my recollections of every place to which I was accustomed to wander in my boyish days are associated with some living person, whom I always think I ought to find about the same spot where I used to observe him the first time I explored the village or hamlet. Now I remember, many years ago, that I never could pass through Govan, or cross the ferry to Parlick, or linger about the green by the side of Clyde, watching the fishers in the salmon season, without seeing the lively face and active figure of a little man, whose image,



even at this moment, is connected with every interesting recollection of the neighbourhood.

“ I cannot name the person whom I have so often seen, both on this and the opposite side of the river ; for I never knew him by any other but the characteristic appellation of Wee Watty ! by which he was well known to all the men that loved idleness, and all the boys that loved sport ; and these formed the majority, all round the villages of Partick and Long Govan. I wonder what has become of him now.”

“ Did you know Wee Watty, too ? ” said my companion.

“ Yes,” said I ; “ I remember him as well as I remember the mound, at the back of David Craighorn’s house ; and I remember things far later than that, which is remarkable. I remember Bauldy Brochan, he who played Baillie Nicol Jarvie, in the big Glasgow theatre, to the great laughter of the spruce critics ! who used to talk

small literature in the back-shop of Messrs. M'Cricket and M'Crocket, the booksellers. But puir Bauldy was driven to the dogs wi' play acting, an' comic singing! an' kept a 'change-house, t'other side of Clyde, just beside the ferryhouse. I remember, in my rambles by Clyde side, I used to see Bauldy in the fine summer mornings, sitting on the stone at his door half-dressed, fiddling away to himself, on an old fiddle, as zealously as if he had had the whole musical society listening to his wretched scraping. When he observed me watching him, he used to get up from the stone, and dance and cut capers on the green before his door, grinning and laughing, for a momentary amusement to himself and me! for I could have sworn that he had not a sixpence in his pocket!—but he's dead now, poor body! and so, I suppose, is Wee Watty."

"Wee Watty is dead!" said my companion;  
"I'll take my oath of that."

"Poor body!" said I; "is he gone?—You surgeons speak so hard-heartedly about death.—But where are you going, friend?"

"I am just going to take a look through this churchyard," said he, as I followed him among the graves. "I feel quite at home in Govan churchyard," he added.

"Do you, faith?"

"Oh, yes; I could pass the night as pleasantly in it as in my own room. Man, I know every stone and corner in it! fine soft ground, and—but that infernal low wall next the road, I never liked that."

"In truth, Mr. —, you do seem to be quite comfortable here. I do not half like the way that you surgeons look at a kirk yard. It's so like a hungry thief at a henroost. Had you ever any jobs, hereabouts, Doctor?"

"Some few," he said, with a dry laugh.

"And did you really dare to come to this

pleasant spot, like a thief in the night, and howk an' guddle amang yird an' rotten banes, an' purloin the vera dead out o' their graves? Indeed, I canna look at you."

"Hoot," said he, "don't be so warm; it was only when we were prentices; and it was our duty, as junior surgeons, to assist. Besides, isn't it for the benefite of science?"

"The benefite o' the deevil!" said I, speaking brouder Scotch as I grew warmer; "I'll never believe that the half o' the dead corpses that are howked up are wanted for science. Isn't every impudent boy, whom silly parents have put to be a surgeon, instead of sending him to make garments, or mend shoes, ambitious not only to possess two or three suits of sculls and bones, but must have as many legs and arms to cut an' slash at, or rather to show off to his brother boys, as his father will give him money to buy of the principal thief? Have not I mvself been brought into dark

closets, and down to cellars, to see—bah it turns my stomach to think o't!"

"Well, well," said he, "right or wrong, young surgeons do such things; and we're not going to argue about it this fine night. I was going to tell you about Wee Watty."

"Very well; and if you really were implicated in such dirty jobs, and ——"

"You shall hear. In fact that was a service that I believe I had a sort of natural taste for, which I know was also the case with some others in the anatomy class; merely, I suppose, because it was so adventurous; for, if we got fairly to work in a churchyard at night, we were sure to get into some confounded scrape before the morning.

"Now this very churchyard was a favourite spot for our nocturnal attempts; it stood so well out from the houses, and the people in the village went so early to bed, and there were no watch-

men to cause us any alarm. But yet, sometimes, we had hard tugs for it, which I may now tell you of ; for it was long ago, long before Bauldy Brochan's time ; and one of the greatest plagues we had to deal with was this very Wee Watty."

My friend, the surgeon, here took a pinch of snuff, and thus continued his story :—

" There never was such a body as Watty. Come into the village by any end, or through any street,—come across the Clyde by the ferry, or through by this churchyard, you were sure to meet Watty. If ever there was a game on the green by the waterside, or a salmon-fishing extraordinary ; if ever there was a row between the Govan weavers and the millers of Partick ; if ever there was a drunken squabble, about David Craighorn's door, wi' the Glasgow sma' clerks, or a battle on a Sunday night, after the Govan cramment, Wee Watty was sure to be in the middle o't.

“ But it was not only in the day that Watty was present at every thing, and ready for any thing. I declare, on my conscience, I believe the man never slept a wink, if, indeed, he ever went to bed ; for, when we had a darksome job in Govan, our only objection and terror was Watty. We knew Watty’s omnipresence so well, both by day and by night, and were so sure of his activity, that, had it not been for him, there would not have been a better churchyard than this within ten miles, to supply, in those days, the anatomical students of the College of Glasgow.”

“ But I hope there is nothing of that kind done in this churchyard now, Doctor ! ” interrupted I.

“ No, not now ; ” said he. “ But never trouble yourself ; just let me tell my story. Well, Sir, it was a favourite walk of us young fellows ; and we often used to go down to this place to see what we could see. One afternoon we strolled

out, and, taking a turn through this churchyard, as if carelessly, and without intent, we found a new-made grave, in a snug convenient spot near the wall, and we put a mark to it and the contiguous tombstones, that we might easily find it in the dark.

“Accordingly, we came down again from Glasgow the same night, a little after midnight ; and, having left an old gig, with which we usually travelled upon these expeditions, in a lane near the village, we divided our party, to prevent suspicion, and came by different routes to the place of meeting, at the corner of the churchyard. There were, in all, three of us, stout, active youths, provided with a portable pick-axe, a spade that folded up, ropes, and a sack ; a dark lantern, to be used only on a particular emergency ; and we cared not for man or devil, —only Wee Watty.

“The night was drizzly wet, and as dark as



pitch ; the inhabitants of the village were wrapped in sleep ; at least, we saw nothing as we passed through to indicate the contrary. There was only a light to be seen in two places ; one was in a chamber, where a child lay dying, as we afterwards learned ; and the other was at a small public house, the sign of the Salmon, where two or three of the greatest tipplers of the village were occupied on an argument on religion. Every thing appeared favourable and quiet ; and the silence of the churchyard, when we entered, and all around us, was truly the silence of the grave.

“ Well, to work we went in good spirits, for we soon found the desired spot ; and so secure were we from interruption, that we allowed the man that we had appointed to keep a look out, (his name was Bob Pattison, and his anatomical enthusiasm extended to the very work that we were now about,) to take a hand with us in getting up our prize. We sat on a tombstone

while we made our arrangements, so as to save time whenever we might get our *subject* properly sacked, and to enable us to escape speedily, if any thing should happen ; but as there did not appear any cause for this fear, we took a drop of brandy, and, laying aside our coats, began to dig. Nay, so comfortable were we, that Bob Pattison even lighted his cigar at our dark lantern ; and, you may smile as you please, but three merrier fellows than ourselves never sat round a grave at midnight.

“ We had just got the loose turf carefully removed from the grave, and had shovelled out a few spades-full of earth, when an unwelcome beam from the watery moon, now just beginning to peep forth, shot an indistinct cloudy gleam between us and the black sky, and disturbed the security of our utter darkness ; at the same instant I, who was rather more cautious than my

companions, casting my eye, by chance, towards the road, distinctly saw a figure moving slowly on the outside, until it stopped at the gate of the churchyard.

“ ‘ Heaven preserve us ! we’re watched,’ said I to my companions, after a moment.

“ ‘ Devil may care !’ said Bob Pattison ; ‘ if they’ll only give us ten minutes more to get this old fellow up, that’s all that I want.’

“ ‘ Silence a moment,’ I said, in a whisper, ‘ until we see what that can be. Our perseverance may be dangerous.’

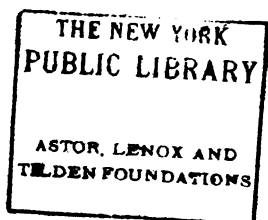
“ The figure stopped, and seemed to be looking over the gate.

“ ‘ There is only one,’ said Pattison, as the moon-beam darkened into gloom ; ‘ carry on, boys !’—and they set to again.

“ They flung out a few spades-full of earth ; and the moon, at that moment shining out again,



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discovered the figure moving, and, to our astonishment, it passed through the little stile, and walked a few steps into the churchyard.

“ ‘ If it be a ghost, I’d give a crown to see it,’ said Pattison, as we stooped and secreted ourselves behind a tombstone.

“ ‘ By heaven,’ said I, ‘ it is Wee Watty ! I know his shape as he stands between me and the moon ; besides, I can see the piece out of the leaf of his hat.’

“ ‘ If it is Watty,’ said the other, ‘ we had better take care of ourselves ; he’ll raise the whole village upon us in five minutes. It must be he, for there is not a man in Govan would venture into the churchyard, at this hour, but himself.’

“ The figure, after a few moments, seemed to turn round and move off ; and the darkness returning, we heard his feet distinctly on the foot-way outside.

“ A consultation was now held by all of us, as

to what we should do ; for we knew if Watty gave the alarm, even should we have got our booty up, and all things smoothed, there would be no such thing as passing with it through Govan. We moved instinctively towards the road, after the figure, and for a few moments stood listening. Hearing nothing, two of us returned to the grave, while the third kept watch, and even walked a little way outside into the village.

“ We had scarcely got well to work a second time, when our companion came hastily to us, with word that he had just heard a knocking at one or two doors in the village, and had seen a man with a lantern running up the street. We now considered that we were fairly observed, and that our only plan was to fill up the grave as quickly as we could, to save appearances, and trust to our own courage, and the darkness of the night, for escaping to Glasgow. We were not

mistaken. In five or six minutes we heard voices outside ; and before the grave was filled up as we found it, lanterns started up at every corner, and we seemed to be completely surrounded.

“ ‘ This business is become rather a *grave* one, after all,’ said Pattison, as we crept upon our hands and knees, among the graves, towards the church, among the pillars of which we expected to hide ourselves, until the people of the town, several of whom were now coming in with lanterns and weapons, should disperse.

“ ‘ What the devil shall we do?’ said the other, who carried the sack, in great consternation, as we held a momentary council of war behind a buttress of the church.

“ ‘ Fly *you* at once,’ said I, to the last speaker, ‘ into the next field ; you may get off singly by taking the road if you can ; Pattison, I think, ought to manage for himself. As for me, I wil-



take my chance here for a little, until I find an opportunity of bolting by the side of Clyde; meantime, boys, we meet, as soon as we can escape, in the lane above, to take our passage home in the old gig.'

" 'Is the brandy out?' said Pattison, determinedly.

" 'No; there is a tolerable drop still left. But they're coming this way.'

" 'Never mind, give us a tift,' said Pattison, taking the brandy, and drinking heartily. 'Now I'll fight my way out of this scrape, Wee Watty, and all;' and, without another word, he darted out in the face of the valiant villagers, while the other sprang across, and was soon successful in getting behind the watchers, and so on to the high road.

" 'Here they are! here they are!' shouted the voice of Watty himself, as Pattison darted out like one of Jamie Hervev's rhetorical figures,

from among the tombs; and two fellows, in an instant, sprang upon the forward youth. Pattison had nothing to defend himself with, except the folding handle of the spade, but up it went and two or three cracks were given and taken in an instant.

“ ‘Gie me a grip o’ the rascal!’ shouted Watty, ‘I’ll do for him!’ and he sprang upon Pattison.

“ ‘Mind your ain affairs, little chap,’ said Pattison, letting his shovel handle drive at Watty; and having succeeded, in the moment, in keeping the whole party at bay, he sprang through the midst of them, and out upon the road, and was off in an instant.

“ I was so amused with this scene, which I witnessed from the station I had taken in a niche of the church, that I quite forgot my own safety, and hardly thought of it until I saw both my companions off. When the roused villagers, including the two drunken men who had been

arguing upon religion, found that one of the depredators upon their beloved churchyard had slipped through their fingers, and knowing that there was one more at least, hid somewhere about, they determined to make up for their negligence in losing Pattison, by their vigilance in securing the remaining offender. Putting themselves, therefore, under the command of Wee Watty, who delighted in an adventure of this kind, they were forthwith disposed of on the roads, and about the churchyard, in a way that rendered my getting off towards Glasgow no easy matter.

“To make matters worse, they drew round the church, at the back of which I had planted myself, with their lanterns, so as to drive me forth; and having nothing left wherewith to defend myself, I was forced out in their sight, darting down on that side where I had taken refuge, towards the Clyde. The villagers set up a shout on seeing me break cover, and in two

minutes I was hemmed in, between the Clyde and the churchyard, on the only side by which I could pass up to Glasgow.

“The cautious rascals, with Wee Watty at their head, knowing that they had me completely in their power, unless I went back several miles, or tried to make way through the hedges, and cross the fields in the dark, and that even then I must have fallen into their hands, as I returned by the main road, drew a rope across the green, between the ferry-house and the Clyde, so as effectually to intercept me; while Wee Watty and another, armed with sticks and lanterns, came downwards to catch hold of me. I had no other way but to creep down among the stones by the water's edge; for the Clyde rolled black and deep beside me; but when, as the searchers drew near, I found that this was the very place where Watty suspected me to be, and that they held up their lanterns, and searched every corner with scru-

pulous strictness, I was forced, at the risk of my life, to descend cautiously, and seek concealment by immersing myself, or diving under the water. I now began to be really afraid, either of being drowned, or of falling alive into the hands of the incensed villagers, which would have been nearly as bad; for having lost the time for escaping at first, I positively had not now courage to try to fight my way.

“I called to mind the dreadful situation of Baron Trenck, in the fosse of the castle of Madgeburgh, as he describes himself, while the night-watch was going its rounds: I stood, like him, up to my neck in the Clyde, holding by the stones, and struggling with the current! while the men paced up and down on the bank above me, and held their lanterns nearly over my head, swearing what they would do if they could find me. The cold and the terror was positively dreadful! as I swung in the current, and as I shot up my head

now and then, to watch the movements of those who searched for me, by the light of their lanterns, which was reflected from the black Clyde rolling past me.

“ At length, I saw their efforts begin to slacken; the less zealous turned drowsy, and began to sneak off to their beds; and Wee Watty himself seemed to grow weary on his post. I now ventured to climb the bank, and walking forwards under the hedge, as I drew near the pass at the ferry where two or three of them still stood, I felt my courage return, and was strongly tempted to have a spar with Watty, for the annoyance and fright he had given me. However, that would evidently have been at this moment the height of imprudence; so, watching a favorable opportunity, I slipped past in the dark, and got clear up to Glasgow where my companions had arrived long before with the gig; having given me up, and left me to shift for myself.”

“ Well,” said I, when the surgeon had ended so far this tale of his youthful pranks, “ you richly deserved all you met with, for going upon such blackguard expeditions ; and I hope your fright, and your ducking in the Clyde, effectually cooled your courage for such exploits.”

“ It did for a time,” replied my friend ; “ but we were so laughed at by the other students, for our unsuccessful attempt, and so much ashamed altogether of the business, added to which, I was so inveterate against Wee Watty, that I was determined to have a trial for it once more ; and, if possible, a rap at him the very first good opportunity : and an opportunity did at length offer to us.

“ It was now the middle of winter, and a hard frost had bound up the Clyde, so that it would bear skaiters and players on the ice, almost the whole way from the Broomielaw of Glasgow to Govan. One day, Pattison and myself set off to

reconnoitre what we could see again in this churchyard ; and were able to go the whole way on the surface of the Clyde, sliding and sporting upon the ice. We had arrived a little below Kelvinhaugh, when our attention was attracted by a numerous party of curlers, who were busy in their healthful sport. We had just got among them, and stood near one end of the space near the mark, or T, at which their curling stones were aimed ; when, in looking up towards the further end, we saw a stone thrown off, and in a moment, a little man came racing up beside it, with the sporting broom in his hand ; and before we had time to notice who it was, a dozen voices shouted, ‘ That’s the thing, Watty ! gi’e it the besom !—soop it up !—soop it up !—well done, Watty !’—and instantly the stone came hurling past us ; and Wee Watty himself sweeping it with all his might, amidst the cheers of the curlers.

“ ‘ Devil’s in this Watty ! ’ said I to Pattison ;



‘for he is every where, and every body’s favorite ! I see we shall have no luck to-day ; and we scarcely need go farther.’ This was literally the case ; for, on going to the churchyard, everything lay warm under the snow, and not a creature seemed to have been buried for a considerable time : so we returned to the ice, to watch Watty and the curlers.

“ ‘That body is taking too much exercise ; he’ll overheat himself dangerously,’ said I to Pattison, as we amused ourselves looking at Watty running in all directions and ‘*sooping it up* !’

“ ‘It would take a devilish deal to kill Watty,’ was Pattison’s answer : and so we returned to Glasgow in the evening, no better than we had left it.

“ ‘Well, it came a thaw some time after this, and word was brought us, by some of our young friends, who had an eye on the churchyards, that there was a very tempting new-made grave, just

covered up in the Govan burying-ground ; and, in order to retrieve our lost honours, we determined to make another attack upon it. There was no person except Pattison and myself that could go ; so I kept our plan entirely to ourselves, for fear of another defeat, and took neither gig nor other conveyance, in order that we might avoid exposure, even before our friends. We also resolved, as the nights were long, to avoid the hazard of encountering Watty, by not setting off until three or four in the morning.

“On the appointed night, all things being ready, we rose at three ; took our sack and implements, and our bottle of brandy, full to the cork, and off we set, on a cold sleety morning, feeling sure of success. There never was any thing more neatly and cleanly effected than the way in which we got to our ground. We walked in the churchyard as secure as if we had been in the cloisters of Glasgow College ; and we found the

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earth as soft as if we had been digging in a flower-pot. Then, Sir, we got the dead one up so pleasant and comfortable, that I was quite in love with him; and he went into the sack, I declare, just as if he had known his duty, and wished to make himself quite agreeable.

“ Well, Sir,—when we had filled up the grave, and laid on the turf again, as smooth and beautiful as a swansdown tippet, we just placed our prize by the wall, and sat down on a stone, to make ourselves happy, with a considerable pull at the brandy bottle. Cheese and bread we had too, Sir; and there we were, in a delicious churchyard, with our valuable silent friend by our side, as happy as kings, and as merry as grigs, when—confound the thing!—a great ill looking blacksmith that lived opposite, quite disturbed and disconcerted our happiness.

“ The coarse black rascal had, it appears, been at some wedding, or other spree, somewhere about

Mr. Oswald's, of Shieldhall, and was coming home with some of his drunken friends, when his eye caught a glimpse from our dark lantern, by the light of which we were incautiously enjoying our refreshment.

“ ‘I'll be hanged,’ said the man, as he looked over the gate, ‘if thae doctors are not a-foot ! I saw a peep o' light just beyond Mrs. Mair's monument this very instant.’

“ ‘Hoot, man, ye're fou !’ said his companion ; ‘ye see double ; it's only spunkie.’

“ ‘Deevil a spunkie,’ said the smith ; ‘I saw it as clear as the smiddy fire. Never trust me, but I'll be at the bottom o't ;’ and he at once rushed into the churchyard.

“ ‘Here's another unlucky business,’ said I, taking up the sack and its contents, and making off towards the other open stile of the churchyard.

“ But the smith was neither blind nor deaf, and both saw and heard us making our retreat in the

dark ; and the fellow, seeming to have become more acute from the drink he had taken, at once made for the opposite passage out, to cut off our retreat ; so we were obliged to betake ourselves, with our charge, to our old quarters, at the back of the church.

“ ‘ Cheer up, old fellow ! ’ said Pattison, clapping heartily the shoulder of our stiff friend in the sack ; ‘ there’s nothing to oppose us but a drunken blacksmith as yet ; and if we can only keep out of the way of Wee Watty, we’ll get up to Glasgow immediately, all three, like gentlemen.’

“ I don’t know whether it was the brandy, or whether it was that we had our *subject* so properly set beside us, that made us feel so happy ; but, although we had to wait a good while under the church, we still expected to come off victorious. The morning, however, had now so far advanced, that we began to feel uneasy, as we continued to stand in the nook of a buttress of the old Govan

church, listening to the Clyde, roaring beneath us as the increasing waters of the thaw cracked and heaved up the icy surface. But we perceived that the smith and his cronies had grown tired of watching for us, and had no lanterns ; and, as there was not the least indication of Wee Watty yet stirring to assist them, we got up our quiet friend in the sack, and, placing him on the back of Pattison, came cautiously out towards the side of the river.

“ We were now at as great a loss as ever what to do ; for our charge was so precious from all the dangers we had braved for it, that we feared to risk leaving it any where until we should return with the gig, which we should not now be able to do before daylight ; and, as to carrying it through the village, or up by the side of the water towards Glasgow, on our backs, that was impossible ; for the working people were already stirring ; besides, the smith, we feared, was not yet *laid*. What in

the world were we to do? There seemed no other way but to try to escape across the Clyde, with our charge, upon the ice, although the thaw had almost broken it up; the water was now flooding down upon its surface, and the attempt seemed perilous in the extreme. However, what with the brandy we had taken, and what with our joy at having captured our prize, we soon determined to risk it; and we and our 'corpy' forthwith launched upon the swimming ice of the Clyde.

“ We had not gone three steps before the creaking of the ice under us, from bank to bank, was positively appalling. Notwithstanding this, splash we went on, dragging our dead friend after us, while the ice gave way with us at every few steps; until, missing our way, owing to the darkness, and in our anxiety, and swerving downwards towards the mouth of Kelvine, down went Pattison through the ice, and was up to his neck in a moment.



v. 1, p. 82.



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**ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS**

“ ‘ Hold on by the body, for mercy’s sake ! ’ he shouted out to me ; and, fortunately, I held firm by our *subject*, and so did he, although my heart went thump against my side, with the apprehension, every moment, of going down myself. However, the dead body actually saved Pattison’s life ; for I dragged by it, while he held on at the opposite end of the sack, until I pulled him out : thus, struggling and splashing over breaking ice, we worked on, until we got firm footing on the surface of Kelvine : and, as the devil’s bairns will have the devil’s luck, at length all of us, dead and alive, got, like Jonah, safe to dry land. We did not desert our dead friend until we got him comfortably deposited in the outhouse of an acquaintance, on whom we could depend, near the village of Partick, and then returned, wet and fatigued, to Glasgow.

“ We ought to have gone and taken some rest after this perilous night ; but we were so proud of

our prize, and so anxious to see what sort of bargain it might turn out to be, after all our trouble, and the hazard we had run, that we determined to get out the gig, and to return to Partick immediately, for our valuable deposit. Without any delay, we at once got into the vehicle ; and, proceeding back, placed our sack and its contents safely under our feet, in the gig, and home we went, with flying colours, to Glasgow.

“ By the time we returned, the whole of our associates were assembled, about or in the lecture room, to see what sort of a subject we had obtained at last ; and, I confess, I myself was as anxious as any one could well be, to know who it was that had been our companion through so many troubles. *In* came the body, and *off* went the sack over his head, like the changing of a shirt. ‘ What are you staring at ? ’ said the operator, as Pattison and I gazed, in mute astonishment, when the countenance was exposed, and

the eyes of the dead man, still half open, seemed to stare upon *us*.

“ ‘By heavens !’ exclaimed Pattison, who was first able to speak, ‘it’s Watty !’

“ ‘It is Watty himself, by all that’s amazing !’ said I. ‘For mercy’s sake, gentlemen, close his eyes that he may not see us ; and tie him to the table, or he’ll be sure to get up, and run off.’

“It was, indeed, the real Wee Watty at last ; who, having caught an inflammation, by over-exertion among the curlers, had died suddenly, and fell at last, into the hands of those very doctors whom he had so often successfully defeated.”

“Ha, ha ! a pleasant story enough,” said I, “but somewhat coarse, like yourself, doctor.”

“Hold your tongue, Dominie,” said he, “every body is not like you ; and it’s an excellent story for a change : and as to what you call coarseness,

I refer you to some of the first periodicals of the day, who —— ”

“ Hush !—but is there any more ? ”

“ Only that I shall never forget the jubilee we of the anatomy class held upon the occasion, nor the everlasting credit and fame which yet attach to us, for having, at last, got hold of such a valuable subject as Wee Watty.”

[DOMINIE'S LEGACY.]



## COURTING BY PROXY.



SOLON SENSITIVE was the son of a tailor, who by an unwearied attention to his calling had amassed what might be called a handsome competence. Still, however, he carried on business, for the sake of his son, whom he expected to exhibit, in his own elastic person, the ever-varying fashions in dress, for the information of his numerous customers; but, like the plant from which he derived his name, Solon shrank from observation, and was scarcely ever to be seen in the shop, which so exasperated his father, that he condemned him to the drudgery of the shop-

board, in which he continued till his father's death.

Solon being now his own master, became more and more retiring, and, at length, found himself unable to face any of his customers. The business was consequently left to the management of his foreman, who, having been long in Mr. Sensitive's employ, was quite able to undertake the reins of government. Time rolled on, and Solon began to feel anxious to know the state of his affairs. It was some time, however, before he could muster courage sufficient to demand a statement of accounts from his acting manager, and when the day appointed for a general settlement arrived, he found, to his dismay, that his *honest* manager had decamped, carrying with him cash to a large amount !

After this event, Solon was never seen in London, excepting by two individuals, viz. his old housekeeper and his early friend, Jack Linton,

a rattle-brained, harem-scarem fellow, who was always endeavouring to "draw" Solon "out," or, in other words, to show him what he called "life."

The idea of being pointed at in the streets, as the unfortunate gentleman who had been plundered to the extent of £1500, was more than Solon's philosophy could bear. In vain did his father's intimate friends call to condole with him ; he was invisible—inaccessible.

He now began to feel his situation by no means an enviable one, and by the advice and assistance of his friend Jack Linton, disposed of his stock in trade, and took refuge in the retired village of Grimstead. Linton was, as usual, his agent in this matter, and engaged him a snug little cottage in the most retired part of the village. Hither Solon repaired, at an advanced hour of the evening, and quietly took possession of his mansion, without either seeing, or being seen, by



any of the inhabitants. The secrecy observed by Solon, who never was seen abroad, added to the droll appearance of his friend Linton, who knocked and obtained admission at all hours, soon attracted the notice, and excited the curiosity, of the neighbouring gossips, and Solon was generally spoken of as the "Invisible Gentleman."

As for the unmarried ladies of Grimstead, they were annoyed beyond the power of utterance, and many were the epithets (I am sorry to say, sometimes abusive ones) lavished on the devoted head of poor Solon, who had dared to treat with contempt the charms of so many amiable creatures; and yet he was certainly an object for pity rather than contempt, nor was his heart so cold and insensible as it was supposed to be.

All persons acquainted with the miseries of a bachelor's life, will readily conceive, that poor Mr. Sensitive must be any thing but happy in his solitary abode. He had, indeed, entertained a

thought, which soon kindled into a warm desire, to unite his fate with that of one of the tender sex, but how could he own the "soft impeachment?" for, to make love in *person*, would have killed him outright. In this dilemma, he again had recourse to Linton, to whom he opened up the secrets of his heart, and who promised him, if it were possible, to "make him a happy man" in less than a month! From this time, Linton began to enter freely into society, and attended all the quadrille, card, and other parties, that were given by the old maids. He had thus an excellent opportunity for observing their tempers, manners, dispositions, &c. Of all his acquaintance, however, not one lady seemed at all likely to suit the peculiar habits of his friend, and he had almost given up in despair, when a new arrival was announced in the village; it was that of Mrs. Amelia Muggins, a widow lady, of ample dimensions, and who prided herself on bei

called "fat, fair, and forty." She was a native of Grimstead, but had been staying on a visit for some months past with a friend at Worthing, and had returned to her *coterie*. Jack, now on the *qui vive*, was anxious to obtain an introduction to the gay widow, who he fondly thought *might be* the very person he was in search of. He found her affable, polite, and agreeable in her conversation, and by no means diffident, for she told him one day that, having been once married, and having lived happily with her husband, she should have no objection again to repeat the words "love, honour, and obey!"—This she said with the most perfect good-humour, and seemed to enjoy the idea vastly. Linton now thought himself secure of his prize, and his heart began to beat high with expectation; but how could he introduce his mission? A thought struck him, and he knocked it down. Mrs. Amelia Muggins had a female friend and com-

panion, or *toady*, as they are sometimes called; her name was Miss Nancy Nixon. To this moving automaton did Linton apply himself; and so entirely did he insinuate himself into her good graces, that he found her an excellent person for his purpose. He was continually speaking to her of his friend Sensitive's virtues, and lauding him up to the skies, at the same time artfully hinting that he thought a suitable match *might* be formed between Mr. S. and Mrs. M. Having said thus much, he gave an expressive glance at Miss Nixon, and left the room; nor did he revisit Mrs. Muggins' mansion for some days afterwards.

One morning, early, he received a note from Mrs. Muggins, requesting the pleasure of his company that day to dinner. At the hour of four, Linton was punctual in his attendance, and soon gleaned from the countenance of his hostess, that there was good news in reserve for his friend Solon.

After the cloth was removed, Mrs. Muggins drew her chair up to the fire, and requested a few moments' private conversation with Mr. Linton. She began by saying she had heard much of his friend Mr. Sensitive's accomplishments, and was much surprised that he had never introduced her to so amiable a man. She also hinted that she knew well how to appreciate good and amiable qualities in the male sex, and regretted much that she was doomed to lead a life of "single blessedness." She then paused; on which Jack Linton, who had fortified himself for the occasion by taking several extra glasses of wine during dinner, resumed the conversation. He told her of Mr. Sensitive's anxious desire to enter on the marriage state—he expatiated at much length upon his virtues and accomplishments, and went so far as to hint that he had been commissioned to look out for a lady who would be likely to render his friend happy; "because," added Linton, "he is so

extremely bashful and retiring, that an avowal of attachment from his own lips would most probably be the death of him." The lady sighed—Linton looked serious—the lady sighed again! At length Linton broke silence, and ventured to hope that he might live to see a union brought about between Mrs. Amelia Muggins and Mr. Solon Sensitive. The lady lifted up her fan and concealed her blushing face, while she simpered out that Mr. Linton might know her determination at the end of three days, but, at present, she was so taken by surprise, she could say nothing.

Away ran Linton to his impatient friend, and communicated the glad tidings. At the expiration of three days, he again waited upon the amiable Mrs. Muggins, and heard her soft confession, that "the report of Mr. Sensitive's virtues and accomplishments had quite won her heart, and that she was no longer at her own disposal."

Shortly afterwards the wedding-day was fixed,

and the ring provided, but, at Solon's earnest request, the ceremony was deferred for a week, that he might fortify himself for the occasion.

The dreadful morning, however, came at last, and Solon, drest in his best attire, prepared to meet his intended bride, with the feelings of a man just about to be turned off on the gallows. He again prayed for another week's respite, but Linton was inexorable, and enshrouding his friend in a voluminous cloak, hurried him into a post chaise, and was soon at the church door; nor was the lady long in making her appearance, accompanied by Miss Nancy Nixon, as bridesmaid. Solon looked on in mute astonishment, nor dared he raise his eyes towards his intended, till he heard the priest address him in an audible tone—"Wilt thou take *this* woman to be thy wedded wife?" He then ventured to raise his eyes, which met those of his fat, smiling *inamorata*. The effect produced by the collision was



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that of an electric shock. Immediately afterwards his knees failed him, and every nerve was agitated: in vain did his friend Jack push him forward, and tell him to behave "like a man,"—his courage forsook him, and taking one more glance at the proportions of his (lost) wife, whose eyes flashed fury; he felt himself inspired with the strength of a lion, and fled out of the church with the greatest precipitation. To describe the confusion that ensued would be impossible: all, excepting Mrs. Muggins, were rivetted to the spot, but she, with all the rage of a disappointed woman, notwithstanding her weight was little short of twenty stone, pursued the tailor with unremitting ardour, and so fierce was the chase, that the unlucky wight had nearly been captured. Thanks, however, to providence, Mrs. Muggins made a *faux pas*, and falling down, on the very eve of victory, Solon escaped for his life, without

once looking behind him ; nor has he been since heard of, though his friend, Jack Linton, has travelled over half the globe in search of him.

[ORIGINAL.]



## THE INQUISITIVE GENTLEMAN



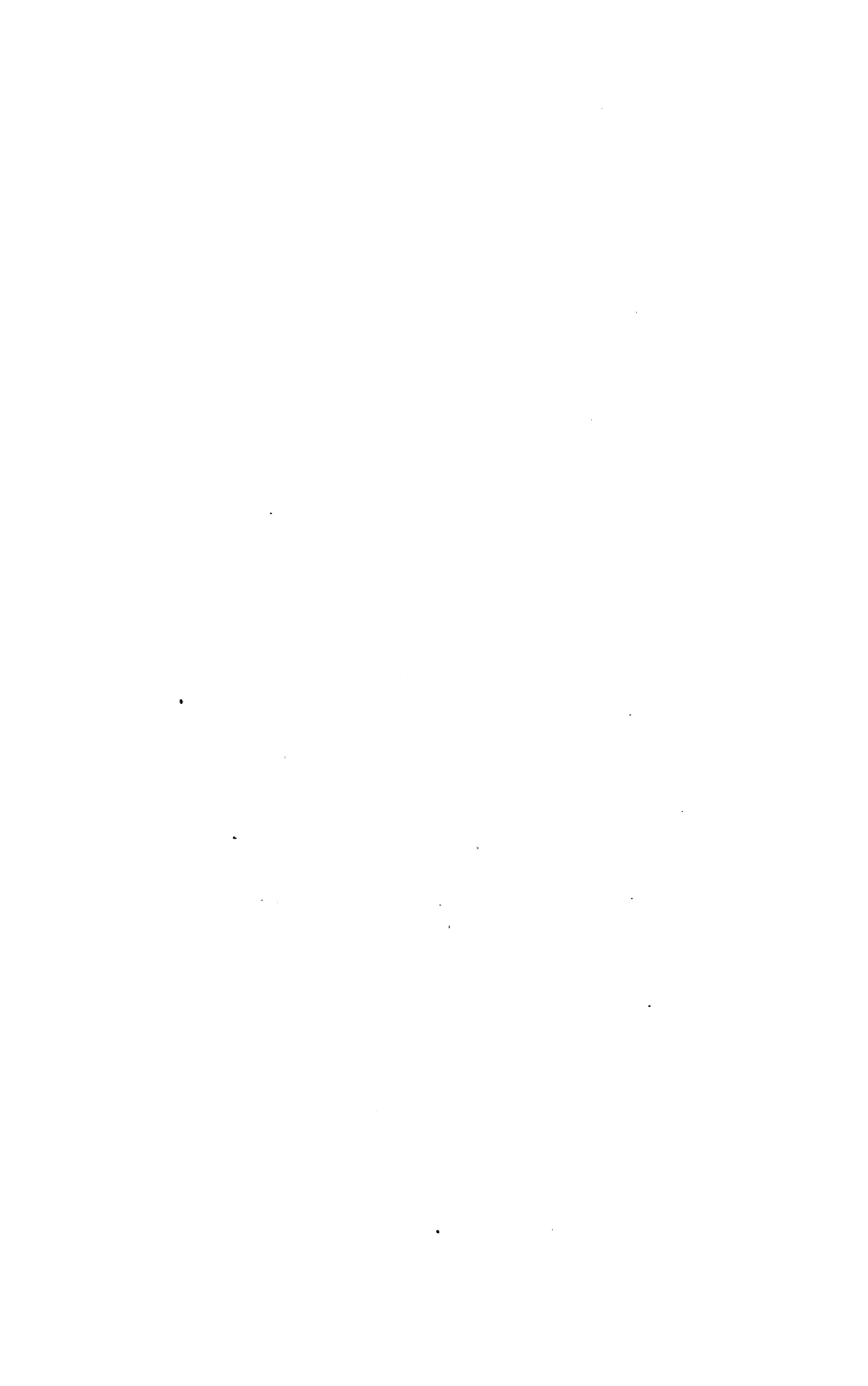
MR. JEDEDIAH EVERSEARCH lost his left eye in gratifying an excessive and unwearied thirst for information. It was sacrificed upon the shrine of knowledge. Other acts of self-devotion are upon record, of other great men, who have immolated themselves to further the advance of science. Guyon of Marseilles dissected and examined the body of a person who had died of the plague, for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the disease ; he purchased success with his life. A late French philosopher stifled himself with the fumes of charcoal, to learn the

effect upon the human system ; and the eye of Mr. Jedediah Eversearch was pricked out by a needle, as it was applied to the key-hole of a buttery door, to discover the number of pies that had been baked for the New Year's Saturnalia. The house-maid heard his breathings at the aperture, and imagined he was listening to her culinary consultations with a fellow-servant. She stabbed at the ear, but extinguished the left eye of Jedediah for ever.

His parents, after mourning a due season for the loss of the darkened optic, consoled themselves with hoping that this accident would put a period to the troublesome inquisitiveness of their son. Futile anticipation ! Jedediah was no sooner able to resume his peripatetic occupations, than he adorned his nasal protuberance with a pair of green spectacles, to conceal the deformity in his visage, and returned to the charge with redoubled fury. It seemed as if his



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thirst for seeing every thing, and every body, had increased with the loss of the left window of his brain. No hole or corner of the house escaped him. He was as well acquainted with every nook in the family mansion, as a rat with its hole. This acquaintance once attained, might be supposed to have satisfied the most curious inquirer. But not so; Jedediah made his rounds as regularly each day as do the gnomons of a town clock: searching drawers, trunks, and bandboxes; crevices, corners, and loop-holes; and more than once has he been nipped in the garret by the snap-trap, which lay in waiting, with its scraggy jaws, for the rats that caprioled about the attic of the old homestead in great numbers. Upon one occasion, he crept into a large butt, wherein was deposited the stock of potatoes, and was confined therein for four and twenty hours, by the servant's closing the lid, (which he supposed had been left open by mistake,) and



securing it in the usual manner by a padlock. Jedediah asserted, upon his egression thence, that he merely wished to count the farinaceous vegetables, to ascertain how much time would elapse before their consumption.

The amusements of this fated being were in strict conformity with his unhappy propensity. He usually took his station, at a very early hour, near the head of State-street, and watched for every gentleman who wore green spectacles. These persons he pursued indefatigably, until he could compass their acquaintance and discover the origin of the defect in their visual organs ; probably hoping to find some one who had suffered in the same cause with himself. At last, he became a perfect pest to all persons in green glasses ; and a very general dispersion of them might be seen on 'Change, whenever Jedediah's uncouth figure presented itself. Indeed, it is a well-attested fact, that several wearers of those

"blessings for the aged," abandoned them entirely, and carried pocket telescopes, to avoid his unremitted persecutions. But all was in vain; for Jedediah continually pursued these afflicted people, requesting the loan of a spy-glass, to discern some distant object, which his single organ could not compass without the aid of it. One little man, in a dreadnought coat and cocked hat, with a mouth like a rent in an oyster-man's lantern, and a nose resembling a seed cucumber, could alone bid defiance to the tormentor; and he glared so fiercely upon Jedediah, over his spectacles, from a pair of carnation eyes, that all attempts upon his privacy were completely baffled by the pugnacity of his physiognomy.

Jedediah Eversearch had attained the age of thirty, without entering into hymeneal blessedness. He had, it is true, been several times "engaged;" but his predilection for the con-

tents of work-bags, indispensables, and other little articles pertaining to a lady's paraphernalia, proved an insuperable bar to an union. It is well known that ladies have an invincible objection to a curious man; consequently poor Jedediah was thrown out of "Cupid's calendar," to make room for fragments of humanity possessing a less ardent thirst for information. Repeated disappointments were severe blows to him, for he had a longing desire to become acquainted with the mysteries of the marriage state; but he bore the frustration of his hopes like a philosopher, returning, after each successive dismissal, to his inquisitive researches with unabated eagerness.

At last, however, he had the good fortune to encounter a lady, whose charms were rather "in the yellow leaf;" and who, preferring even the prying Mr. Eversearch to a longer search, consented to become his bride. It required all the art of an accomplished spinster of forty to parry

the questions of her intended spouse, touching her age. He considered his character at stake on the result, and made use of all the stratageme of veteran in the inquiry, becoming quite fierce at each successive repulse. Finally, she satisfied him by pleading to thirty-five; and the delighted Jedediah, at the age of thirty-two, was buckled to the fascinating Miss Belinda Bendthebow. Amiable woman! let me here pay a passing tribute to another victim of "fatal curiosity."

"Thine was the smile, and thine the bloom,  
Where hope might fancy ripened charms."

But thou art no more; yet the willow and the wailing Eversearch nightly bend over thy resting place.

As an impartial historian, I must allow that Jedediah was the "death of his wife." Like most ladies who have advanced in life previously to yielding to the gentle chains of Hymen, she had her "little peculiarities." The unfortunate

husband was for ever transgressing. He cut off the tail of her lap-dog, to discover if the component parts were bone or cartilage; plucked and singed her favorite parrot, to compare the skin and pen-feathers with those of a chicken; and, finally, filled her snuff-box with ground coffee, to learn what might be its effects upon the nasal organs. These, and many similar experiments, embittered the union of Jedediah and Belinda, and she soon sunk under her troubles. The husband was quite disconsolate at her loss, and wondered what could have carried her off so soon.

Mr. Eversearch is now thirty-eight years of age, and as industrious and pertinacious as in his youthful days. I perceived him, a few weeks since, dodging an elderly gentleman in Washington-street, who wore a pair of antique silver buckles upon the knees of his velvet breeches; these symbols of the olden time had attracted the falcon glance of Jedediah, who, doubtless, had

determined to ascertain their antiquity ; and I left him in full chase after their owner, whose uncomfortable elongation of countenance too plainly betrayed his suspicion that his pursuer had a design upon him.

Perhaps it may be a philanthropic act to describe the apparel of this person, that the community may not be alarmed at any demonstration he may make towards their pockets, as he frequently endeavours to ascertain the name of a passenger who interests him, by abstracting the corner of a handkerchief from its resting-place, that he may obtain a glimpse of the mark upon its corner.

His hat is of a very dubious and suspicious character, varying between the Jackson broad-brim, and the English conical ; and proving a complete poser to the prying politician. Its crown is low, and bears indubitable marks of having seen hard service ; the rim is of the width of an apple-peel, and is worn down in front

nearly to the crown, which defect was caused by the laborious burrowing of its owner into odd holes and corners.

The body of his coat is of faded blue broad cloth ; but the arms have been so often worn out by a thrusting into deep crevices, and so often replaced by new ones, that there is no congruity in colour between them, and the main part aforesaid. Most of the buttons upon this garment are wanting, Jedediah having twisted them off to ascertain the name of the maker ; consequently, the coat continually flies open, disclosing a vest resembling a patchwork bed quilt. This article he succeeded in rescuing from his irreconcilable enemies, the rats, after a long and dubious struggle with them in their very dens. It was immediately repaired with great care, and it is now worn by him as a memento of a great and glorious victory.

The small clothes of this eccentric gentleman are of the stoutest buckskin, and have suffered

great and frequent decay at the knees, from the crawling habits of the owner ; they are now patched and stuffed, and covered over with jointed copper plates, which Jedediah has informed me effectually resist friction.

In direct opposition to the fashion of the times, Mr. Eversearch indulges in long boots and tassels. The threads of these ornamental appendages he takes much delight in counting daily ; indeed it is his favourite amusement, save that of enumerating the hairs upon the back of a dingy cat, which prowls about his paternal dwelling. The accomplishment of this latter feat appeared to me incredible ; but he assured me, that, by perseverance, he had accomplished it several times ; twice having shaved the back of the veteran mouser, to ascertain if the hairs would be renewed in equal number.

I have thus endeavoured to give a feeble delineation of the exterior of this inquisitive gentleman. His moral and intellectual qualifications



entitle him to the sincere good will of his fellow sinners, but his prying propensity renders him a bugbear and a nuisance.

I know, indeed, of no greater pest, except it be a person I meet at a certain literary institution in this city, who reads one morning paper with his eyes, a second with his elbows, holding a third in his hand, to the utter discomfiture and perplexity of his civil co-frequenters.

[WHIMWANS, &c.]



## CULTIVATIONS.

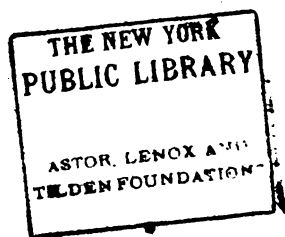
ALL men are not agriculturists, horticulturists, or arboriculturists; but yet almost all men are *cultivators*. By this it is meant that men in general cultivate, or coax, or unduly appreciate and fondle, some particular feature of their persons, or else, perhaps, some integument connected with their persons, to such a degree as to be rather conspicuous, while to every thing else they only give the ordinary degree of attention. There are many features of human nature which remain to be detected and described; and this is one—*Cultivations*. So far as I am aware, no one ever

thought of pointing it out to mankind ; the subject of cultivations has hitherto remained totally *uncultivated*. So it shall be no longer.

Hair, as the only part of the person which actually grows like a vegetable, is naturally a large subject of cultivation. The Cavaliers long ago cultivated love locks, which they kept hanging down in graceful fashion from their temples. These locks, or curls, are now changed for tufts or bunches of hair, which the young men cultivate at the same place, and are ever shaking up and tedding, exactly as if it were a crop of hay instead of hair. Mark a modern beau as he walks along the street, and you will observe at one glance that the principal part of the man—the heart—the sensorium—the cynosure—the point from which all the rest evolves—the root of the man, in short, is the tuft under the right rim of his hat. All the rest of him is a mere pendulum, vibrating from this axis. As he walks along, he

hardly feels that any other part of him is in existence, besides that. But he feels his tuft most intensely. Thought, feeling, every thing, lies concentrated in that ; head, body, and limbs, are all alike mere members devolved from it. If you were to cut off the side-bunch of a modern beau in his sleep, he would, for the time, be utterly ruined. It would be like the polypus, deprived of every thing but a single leg ; and he would require several months of dormant existence—that is, retirement from the streets—to let the better part of him grow out again from the worse, which had remained behind. Let not the demure Puritan, however, think that the joke lies all against the gay cavalier or beau. There may be as much of the sin of cultivation in the stroked and glossy hair of the Roundhead or *plain man*, as in the love-locks and bunches of their antipodes in sentiment. I have seen some men, who affected to be very unaffected, cultivate a peak on the top

and centre of their brows as sedulously, and with as much inward gratulation on account of it, as ever I saw a dandy cultivate a tuft, or train a side-curl. It must be understood that there are cultivations of a negative character, as well as of a positive, and he who is guiltless of cultivation in his heart is alone guiltless. Next to curls stand whiskers! The whisker is a bounty of nature, which man does not like to refuse taking advantage of. The thing presses upon him—it is *there*; and to put it altogether aside, except upon the demand of temporary fashion, is scarcely to be thought of. Some men, however, are more able to resist the demon of whiskers than others. There are some men so prone to the temptations of this fiend, that they enlarge and enlarge their field of cultivation, by small and imperceptible degrees, till at length the whole chin falls a prey, excepting perhaps a small bit about the mouth, just enough to preserve the cultivator within the





pale of the Christian church. Sometimes the Whisker Fiend makes an insidious advance or sally up towards the corners of the mouth ; and *there*—in those small creeks or promontories—does the sin of cultivation invariably flourish more proud and rampant than any where else. The whisker of the cheek is a broad, honest, candid, downright cultivation ; but that down about the corners of the mouth is a sly and most impish one—a little pet sin, apt to beset its cultivator in a far less resistible fashion than any other ; and it may, indeed, be said that he who has given himself fairly up to this crime is almost beyond redemption.

There are some men who cultivate white hands, with long fair nails. For nothing else do they care very particularly—all is well, if only their hands be neat. There is even a ridiculous notion that elegant hands are the most unequivocal test of what is called good birth. I can say, for my



own part, that the finest hands I ever saw belonged to a woman who kept a butcher's shop in Musselburgh. So much for the nonsense about fine hands. Then there is a set of people who cultivate a ring on a particular finger—evidently regretting, from their manner of managing it, that the South Sea fashion of wearing such ornaments in the nose has never come into this country. Some men cultivate neat ebony canes with golden heads, which, they tell you, cost a guinea. Some cultivate a lisp. A few, who fall under the denomination of stout gentlemen, rejoice in a respectable swell of the haunch, with three wrinkles of the coat lying upon it in majestic repose. Some cultivate a neckcloth—some a shirt breast—some a jewelled pin, with a lesser pin at a little distance, which serves to it as a kind of anchor. There has also of late been a great fashion of cultivating chains about the waistcoat. Some only show about two inches of

a gold or silver one between the buttons and the pocket; others, less modest, have themselves almost laced round and round with this kind of tracery. There is also to be detected, occasionally a small patch of cultivation in the shape of curious watch-key or seal, which depends from part of the chain, and is evidently a great pet. A not uncommon subject of cultivation is a gold watch.

In our time we have known some men whose taste for cultivation descended so low as the very foot: they took a pleasure in a particular jet of the trouser at the bottom, where it joined the shoe. Then there is a class who cultivate silk umbrellas. It is a prevalent idea among many men that a silk umbrella is an exceedingly *genteel* thing. They therefore have an article of this kind, which they are always carrying in a neat careful manner, so as to show that it is silk. They seem to feel as if they thought all right when they have their silk umbrella in their hand:

it is a kind of patent of respectability. With a silk umbrella, they could meet the highest personages in the land. A silk umbrella is, indeed, a thing of such vast effect, that they would be content to go in humble guise in every other respect, provided they had only this saving clause to protect them. Nay, it is not too much to suppose them entertaining this belief—that five-and-twenty shillings put forth on a good silk umbrella produces as much value, in dignity, as five pounds spent upon good broad cloth. How some men do fondle and cultivate silk umbrellas

There is a species of cultivators who may, in some cases, be very respectable, and entitled to our forbearance, but are in others worthy of a little ridicule. I mean the health-seekers; the men who go out at five in the morning to cultivate an appetite, and regularly chill every sharp-set evening party they attend, by sitting like Melancholy retired, ostentatiously insisting that they “never take supper” When a health-

seeker takes a walk, he keeps his coat wide open, his vest half open—seems, in short, to woo the contact of the air—and evidently regrets very much that he cannot enjoy it in the manner of a bath. As he proceeds, he consumes air, as a steam-boat consumes coal ; insomuch that, when he leaves the place, you would actually think the atmosphere has a fatigued and exhausted look, as if the whole oxygen had been absorbed to supply his individual necessities. Wherever this man goes, the wind rises behind him, by reason of the vacuum which he has produced. He puffs, pants, fights, strives, struggles for health. When he returns from his morning walk, he first looks in the glass, to congratulate himself on the bloom which he has been cultivating in his cheek, and thereafter sits down to solace the appetite which he finds he has nursed into a kind of fury. At any ordinary time, he could spring from his bed at nine o'clock, and devour four cups of tea, with bread, ham, eggs, and haddocks, beyond reckon-

ing. But he thinks it necessary to walk four hours, for the purpose of enabling himself to take eight cups, and a still more unconscionable proportion of bread, ham, eggs, and haddocks. He may be compared, in some measure, to the fat oxen which are sometimes shown about as wonderful, the obvious natural means being taken.

[CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.]



## A TRAVELLER IN SPITE OF HIMSELF



IN a neat and comfortable cottage in the picturesque village of Bostock, lived a middle-aged gentleman of the name of Samuel Holt. The clean white paling in front of the beautiful little flower-garden before his door, showed he was a man of taste, while the coach house and stables at the side showed that he might also be considered a man of fortune. He was in truth in very comfortable circumstances. He had a considerable quantity of land, let to a respectable tenant, for he himself knew nothing about farming,—and the rest of his property consisted in about fifteen

thousand pounds, which was lent on mortgage to a very wealthy baronet. Mr. Holt might have altogether somewhere about a thousand a year. He spent it in the true style of old English hospitality ; his house was never empty : friends, when they came, were so kindly treated, that they found it extremely inconvenient to go away ;—and what with coursings in the morning, comfortable dinners, pleasant companions, and extraordinary port wine, Mr. Samuel Holt was the happiest fellow in the world. His outward man was in exact correspondence to his internal tranquillity. He was stout but not unwieldy ; there was not a wrinkle on his brow ; a fine open expression animated his countenance, and there was such a glorious ruddy hue of health upon his cheek, that his friends talked of him by no other name than Rosy Sam.

“ Well, my boys,” said Rosy Sam, one fine September evening, after dinner, “ we’ll drink our

noble selves—I don't think I ever shot better in my life."

"Your second bird was beautifully managed," said Jack Thomson; "I never saw any gun carry so far, except once in Turkey, when the Reis Effendi shot a sea-mew at a hundred and fifty yards."

"With a long bow, I suppose," said Rosy Sam, who disbelieved every story, the scene of which was not laid in England.

"No, with a long brass gun, which went upon wheels."

"Well, well," replied Sam, "it may be all very true; but thank God I never saw, and never expect to see, any of them foreign parts."

"You may live to see half the world yet; and if I were inclined to be a prophet, I should say will be a very great traveller before you die.

"I'd sooner be tried for murder."

"You may be both."



This last was said so solemnly, that Rosy Sam almost changed colour. He passed it off with a laugh, and the conversation went on upon other subjects connected with Thomson's travels. All the evening, however, the prophetic announcement seemed to stick in poor Sam's throat; and when the party was about to separate for the night, holding the bed-candle in his hand, and assuming a degree of gravity which can only be produced by an extra bottle, he said, "I'll tell you what it is, Jack, here in this cottage have I lived, man and boy, for two-and-forty years. I never was out of the county in my life, and the farthest from home I ever was, was three-and-thirty miles. If you mean to say that I am to be a traveller in my old age, the Lord have mercy upon me! for a helpless dog should I be among the foreignarians—fellows that can't speak a word of English to save their souls, poor devils—but poh! poh! man, you can't be serious."

"I am serious as a bishop, I assure you :—you will travel for several years."

"Poh ! nonsense ! I'll be hanged if I do ; so good night." The party laughed at Sam's alarm, and retired to bed.

All that night Sam's dreams were of ships and coaches. He thought he was wrecked and half drowned ; then that he was upset, and had his legs broken by the hind wheel. He woke in a tremendous fright, for he fancied he was on the top of one of the pyramids, and could not get down again. He thought he had been on the pinnacle for several days, that he was nearly dying for thirst and hunger,—and on starting up he found it was time to rise ; so he hurried down stairs with the utmost expedition, as he was nearly famished for his breakfast. He was met at the breakfast parlour door by his old servant Trusty Tommy, who gave him a letter and said, " This here letter is just come from Mr. Clutchit the attorney. His man

says as how there must be an answer immediately, so I was just a comin' up to call ye."

"You would have found me knocking about the pyramids," said Rosy Sam, as he proceeded to open the letter.

"Fie, for shame," muttered Old Trusty, "to make use of such an expression. 'Ah!' as good Mr. Drawline says——"

"Devil take you and Mr. Drawline! Saddle the Curate this instant, and tell the gentlemen, when they come down, that I am forced to set off on business, but that I shall certainly be back to dinner."

In the utmost haste, and with no very pleasant expression, he managed to swallow three or four eggs, nearly a loaf of bread, and half a dozen cups of tea. His horse was soon at the door; he set off at a hand-gallop, and left old Trusty Tommy with his mouth open, wondering what in the world it could be that induced his master to such

unusual expedition. The motive was indeed a serious one: Mr. Clutchit had discovered that there was a prior mortgage over the estate upon which poor Sam's fifteen thousand were advanced, and their great object now was to get the mortgage transferred to some unincumbered security. The seven miles which intervened between the lawyer and his client were soon passed over. Hot and breathless, our poor friend, who was now more rosy than ever, rushed into the business room of Mr. Clutchit. That gentleman, however, was nowhere to be found. On his table Sam saw a note directed to himself: he opened it and found the following words:—"Dear sir,—By the strangest good luck, I have this moment heard that Sir Harry is at present in London. I lose not a moment, as the coach is just starting, to obtain an interview with him there, and should strongly recommend your following by the eleven o'clock coach. Indeed, your presence is indispen-

sably necessary. I shall only have the start of you by two hours.—Your obedient servant, J.C.”

Sam threw himself into a chair in an agony of grief and wonder.

“That infernal fellow, Jack Thomson,” he moaned out, “is certainly more than human. They say they learn wonderful things abroad: he has learned the second sight. Little did I think, two days ago, that I should ever have to hurry so far away from home. London must be seventy miles off at least—oh dear! oh dear! quite out of my own dear county—what is to become of me!”

While indulging in this moralising fit, the coach drove up to the door—Sam mounted, almost unconscious of what he did, and was whirled off before he had time to recover from his reverie. On arriving in London, night was rapidly closing in. The house where the coach stopped was a very neat comfortable sort of hostelry in the city; and our honest friend, before proceeding to any

other business, solaced himself with the best dinner the bill of fare would allow. After refreshing himself with a solitary pint of port, he set out in search of Mr. Clutchit. But where to find that gentleman was the difficulty; he had left no address in his note to his client, and the people of the inn could not tell where the nine o'clock coach went to in London. They recommended him, however, to apply at various inns—the Dragon, the Swan, the Bull and Mouth, and a variety of other great coach caravansaries, the very names of which were utterly unknown to the unsophisticated Sam. Away, however, he went, in total ignorance of his way, and much too independent and magnanimous to ask it. First one street was traversed, then another, and at last poor Sam was entirely lost. His great object now was to retrace his steps; but one turning was so like another, that he could not distinguish those by which he had come, and in

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midst of his perplexity he recollected that he had forgotten to take notice of the name of the inn at which he had dined, and of course could not ask any one he met to tell him his way to it. Tired out by his day's exertions, and very much dispirited, he resolved to go into the first house of entertainment he came to, and resume his search early in the morning. He accordingly went into the next inn that presented itself. He took particular pains this time to impress its name upon his memory. The Cabbage-leaf was the sign of this tavern, and it was situated at the top of one of those narrow little streets in the neighbourhood of the Tower. Honest Sam, it will be seen, had travelled in the wrong direction ; but now he was too much harassed and wearied to recover his mistake. On going into the bar, he was told by the bustling little landlady that he might have a bed ; but they were really so full, that he must submit to share his room with another

gentleman. Sam comforted himself with the reflection that necessity has no law, and consented to the arrangement. After a Welsh rabbit, and a glass or two of brandy and water, he was shown to his apartment. His fellow lodger came into the room nearly at the same time, and Sam was somewhat pleased to see he was of a very decent exterior. They entered into conversation, and his new acquaintance promised, from his knowledge of the town, to be of considerable use in furthering Sam's inquiries after Mr. Clutchit. He, however, told him that he had some business to transact very early in the morning, and took the precaution on these occasions, especially in the winter, of shaving at night. He accordingly proceeded to shave himself; but poor Sam was so fatigued, that he fell asleep before he had finished the operation. On awaking next morning, he looked to his companion's bed, but it was empty. He had told him, however, that he



should rise very early, so he was not surprised at his absence. On getting up, and searching for his inexpressibles, they were nowhere to be found. In their place, he discovered those of his late companion ; and after many strange surmises, and coming at last to the conclusion that he was robbed, he quietly slipped them on, and proceeded down stairs. His watch he had luckily put under his pillow, and there had not been above two pounds in his pockets ; he found a few shillings in an old purse, a penknife, two keys, and a set of very fine teeth, carefully fitted up, and apparently never used, in the pocket of the habiliments which were left. These circumstances staggered him as to the predatory habits of his companion ; and he resolved to say nothing on the subject, as he had still some hopes of the stranger's making his appearance as he had promised, and clearing up the mystery. He waited some time after breakfast with this expectation ; and at last, telling the

landlady he should be back at a certain hour, he went out, in hopes of falling in with his companion in the street. He walked down towards the river, and gazed with astonishment on the innumerable shipping. Wondering more and more at the strangeness and immensity of the scene, he thought of returning to where he had slept. Just as he was leaving the river, he saw several men go into one of the barges, and begin dragging the shallow part of the water. "What are those men after?" said Sam to a person who stood watching them. "They be dragging for the body of a gentleman as was murdered last night, and the folks thinks that he was mayhap thrown into the river."—"Dreadful!" said Sam, turning pale at the horrid supposition. "I hope they won't find it; it would be the death of me." And shuddering lest they should pull up a mangled body in his sight, he rushed from the spot. On reaching the inn, he entered it, and was going into the



bar, when two stout men rushed upon him, the landlady crying "that's the man," and threw him down with all their force. One held him by the throat, while the other handcuffed him in a moment. They then hustled him out of the house, forced him into a hackney-coach, and drove off at an amazing pace.

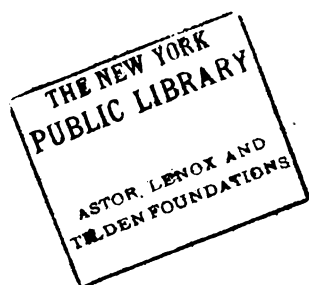
Sam was so much astonished at the rapidity of the whole transaction, that he could scarcely summon breath to ask his conductors what they meant. At last he said, "What the devil can be the meaning of all this? Is this the way to treat a country gentleman?" — "How very well he sports the Johnnie," said one of them to the other, without attending to Sam's questions. "He'll queer the beaks if the tide stands his friend, and rolls off the stiffun."—"No, there ben't no chance of that," responded the other, "for they've set to so soon with the drags. I'll bet a gallon of gin to a pint o' purl, he dies in his shoes, with his ears stuffed

with cotton."—"Do you mean me, you scoundrel?" cried Sam, who did not quite understand them, but perceived that they spoke of him rather disrespectfully. "Come, come, master, none of your hard words: we ain't such scoundrels as to Burke our bed-fellow, howsomever." At this moment, at the corner of a street, Sam saw Mr. Clutchit hurrying as if on very urgent business. He pushed his head out of the window and halloo'd, "Clutchit, Clutchit! here's a pretty go!" and held out his manacled hands. But his companions pulled him forcibly back, and he did not know whether his attorney had perceived him or not. Soon after this the coach stopped at a dingy-looking house, with iron gratings before the windows. "We gets out here, my covey," said one of the men, "but I dare say we shall join company again on our way to Newgate."—"You insulting scoundrel," said Sam, "I hope never to see your ugly face again." "No, nor Jack Ketch's

neither—but mizzel, mizzel, I say—his worship's been waiting this hour." They then proceeded into a small room, which was crowded with people. They all made way for Sam and his two conductors, till they stood directly in front of three gentlemen in comfortable arm-chairs. "Call the first witness," said one of the gentlemen, and immediately appeared the bustling little landlady of the Cabbage Leaf. "Is that the man who slept in your house last night?"—"It is, your worship; and little did I think such a bloody-minded villain ——"—"Hush! answer only to the questions that are put to you—about what o'clock was it when he came to your house?"—"About ten o'clock, the rascal!" Here Sam, whose astonishment now gave place to rage and indignation, started up, and said to the magistrates, "Harkee, gentleman, I'll be hanged if I don't make you pay for this. How dare you ——" "Officers, look to the prisoner," said one of their worships. I recom-



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mend you, prisoner, to say nothing till the examination is concluded." And Sam sat down again, wondering where all this would end. "You say the prisoner came to your house about ten o'clock—had you any conversation with him?" "No, your worship; he only had his supper, and two glasses of brandy and water."—"He then went to bed?"—"Yes; I showed him up to number nine."—"Was it a single-bedded room?"—"No, there were two beds in it."—"Describe its situation."—"It is just at the top of the first stair which fronts the side door into the lane."—"Could that door be opened without wakening the house?" "Yes; we never keep it closed with more than a latch, 'cause of the watermen getting quietly down to the river."—"Was the other bed in the same room occupied?"—"Yes; a gentleman slept in it."—"You saw no more of the prisoner that night. Well, in the morning, when did you see him?"—"He came down to breakfast, but seemed



very low and uneasy." — "Did he say anything to you about his companion?" — "Yes; he sighed, and said he was sure he would never come back." — "When did he leave the house?" — "He went down towards the river in about half an hour." — "Very well—you may stand down. Call the next witness."

The chambermaid made her appearance. "On going into the prisoner's room this morning, what did you see?" — "Nothing particular at first; but, in a little time, I thought the beds and carpet looked more tumbled than usual. I looked into the other gentleman's bed, and there I saw the sheets and pillow marked with blood." — (Here the witness turned very faint.) — "Well, did you give the alarm?" — "Yes, I ran down and told Missus; but the prisoner had gone out." — "What did you do?" — "We told all the lodgers, and asked if they had heard any noise. One of them, John Chambers, heard heavy steps on the stair."

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' Well, we shall examine John Chambers himself."

John Chambers, on being examined, said that, about three or four in the morning, he heard heavy steps coming down the stair, as if of a man carrying a great weight ; the side door into the lane was opened, and the person went out. He watched for some time, and heard a stealthy pace going up-stairs again ; after which he fell asleep, as his suspicions were quieted by the person's return.

A witness next appeared, who deposed that, having an appointment with Abraham Reeve, the person supposed to be murdered, he proceeded to the Cabbage Leaf, and found it all in an uproar at the suspected murder. Abraham Reeve was by profession a dentist, and had that morning fixed to furnish the witness with a handsome set of ivories

" Please your worship," said one of the officers

who had conducted the unfortunate Samuel to the office, "on searching the prisoner, we found this here in his breeches pocket." And, saying this, he held up a complete set of false teeth.

The magistrates upon this shook their heads, and a thrill went through the court, as if the murder were transacted before their eyes. The purse also was recognised by the landlady; and even the evidence of the person whom Sam had addressed by the side of the river, when they were dragging for the corpse, told very much against him. That witness stated, that the prisoner turned very pale when he saw what they were about; and, after seeming excessively agitated for a long while, had said, as if unconsciously, "It will be death to me if they find him!"—The evidence, by various concurring circumstances, was very strong against our unfortunate friend. The magistrates cautioned him against saying anything to criminate himself, and asked him if

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he wished to make any observation before being remanded on suspicion. Thus adjured, Rosy Sam, who was, alas ! now no longer rosy, essayed to speak.

“ Upon my honour, this is a most curious business ! All that I know about the matter is, that the man who slept in my room must have got up very early in the morning, and stolen my breeches. I am a man of fortune—my name is Samuel Holt, Esq., of Bastock Lodge ; and as to stealing——”

But his harangue was here interrupted by a new witness, who exclaimed, “ Please your worships, this swindler of a fellow cheated me last night out of an excellent dinner and a pint of old port !” And poor Sam, on looking round at his new assailant, recognised the landlord of the inn where the coach had stopped. Casting his eyes up to heaven in sheer despair, he sat down in his seat, and muttered, “ It is my firm belief I shall be hanged, because a cursed fellow of a dentist

took a fancy to my breeches! But it all comes of travelling. May the devil take Jack Thomson!" But at this moment a prospect of safety dawned upon him, for Mr. Clutchit entered the office. "I say, Clutchit!" cried the prisoner, in an ecstasy, "just tell these people, will you, that I never murdered a dentist—confound his breeches!—but that I am Sam Holt, of Bastock—Rosy Sam!"

Mr. Clutchit, thus addressed, bore witness to the respectability of his client, and begged to be made acquainted with the circumstances of the case. On hearing the name of the missing individual, he exclaimed, "Oh, he's safe enough: this very morning he was arrested at Westminster for debt, and is snugly lodged in the Fleet. A stout, good-complexioned man, a dentist, about two-and-forty years of age, and much such a figure as Mr. Holt."—"Just such a figure," cried Sam: "our clothes fit each other as if the tailor had measured us both!"

Mr. Clutchit's evidence altered the appearance of the question, and a messenger was despatched to the Fleet, to ascertain whether the dentist was really there. In a short time he returned to the court with the following letter:—

"SIR,—I am sorry for the scrape my disappearance has got you into. On shaving myself last night, I cut my chin very severely, and had nothing at hand to stop the bleeding. On getting up very early to proceed to Westminster, I took my trunk down stairs, and put it into a boat; but, recollecting I had left my dressing-case, I returned for it as gently as I could, for fear of disturbing the house. It was so dark at the time that I find, in mistake, I had put on some clothes which did not belong to me. On landing at Westminster, I was unfortunately arrested at the suit of a scoundrel of the name of Clutchit, and sent off to this place. I herewith return you the things contained in your pockets, and would return the habiliments themselves, but just at present have no change of wardrobe.

"Yours, respectfully,

"ABRAHAM REEVE."

Sam was now complimented and apologised to, on all hands; and though Mr. Clutchit spoke in no very kindly terms of the unhappy Abraham,

owing, perhaps, to the manner in which he was spoken of in the note, Sam, who was now in the highest spirits, said, as they went out of the office together, "He's not a bad fellow, that same dentist: he has saved my neck from the gallows, and I'll be hanged if I don't pay his debt! But I say, Clutchit, only think what would have become of me if he had been drowned on his way to Westminster!"—"Ah, my dear sir, you know nothing about the law. But come, we must talk on business. I have not yet seen Sir Harry, but have a note from him, that he expects us both to dine with him on board his yacht to-day, which is lying at Blackwall. You had better go and arrange matters with him in a friendly way, while I draw out the deeds, and make all right."—"Just as you please," said Sam; "but in the meantime my toggery is not just as I could wish, and my purse ——"—"Say no more—say no more: one can get every thing

in London." And in the course of an hour, Sam found himself well dressed, with two or three shirts and other articles in a carpet-bag, and fifty sovereigns in his pocket, for which he gave the lawyer his note. Rejoicing in his recovered liberty, and anticipating a comfortable dinner and a quiet bottle once more, he presented himself on board the Tartar at four o'clock. Sir Harry was delighted to see him, introduced him to some friends who were on board, and, in the happiest mood possible, the whole party sat down to dinner. But Sam's hilarity was doomed to be of short duration. Before he had time to swallow the first mouthful, he perceived that the vessel was in motion. Sir Harry assured him they were only going a trip to the Downs to see the fleet, and would be back the next day; and Mr. Holt, who never took long to accept a friendly invitation, professed his happiness at the prospect of the voyage. But a dinner on board a little



yacht of fifty tons, and in his nice parlour at Bastock Lodge, were very different things. A slight swell of the river made her motion very uneasy, and a lurch, which emptied a plateful of scalding pea-soup into Sam's lap, and diverted the point of his fork from its original destination—a kidney potato—to the more sensitive kidneys of his leeward neighbour, made him half repent his nautical expedition. When they had left the comparative smoothness of the river, and entered upon the open sea, which was heaving under a pretty tolerable breeze, Sam's feelings were of a very different nature from those of pleasure. After various ineffectual attempts to enjoy himself below, he felt that the fresh air was absolutely necessary to his comfort, and rushed upon deck, but he was quite bewildered. The night was not entirely dark, but a dim lurid gloom spread itself all round the heavens ; and even so unpractised an eye as poor Sam's saw that there was a storm

in the sky. In the meantime, the wind blew fresher every minute, and the Tartar skimmed on the top of the waves one moment, and the other sunk so instantaneously into the hollow of the sea, that Sam laid himself down upon the deck, partly to repress his sickness, and partly, perhaps, to conceal his fears.

Meanwhile, mirth and revelry were going on below, and even the sailors appeared to Sam to be much less attentive to the vessel than the exigency of affairs demanded. From time to time our friend lifted up his head, to satisfy himself whether the sea was becoming more rough, and laid himself down again with an increase of his alarm. At last he caught an indistinct view of some large dark object, heaving and tumbling in the waters ; he kept his eye as steadily fixed on it as his sickness would allow, until he saw that it was a ship of large size. " I sav, coachman," he said to the man at the wheel, " mind your reins ; there's a

London waggon coming down hill, fifteen miles an hour!" The man, whose ideas were as thoroughly nautical as Sam's were terrene, paid no attention to his warning; but still Sam's eyes were fixed on the approaching object, and he cried out in the extremity of alarm, "Drive on—drive on, or pull to the side of the road; or, by —, we shall all be split!" His exclamations produced no effect, and the ship drew rapidly near. He saw her as her huge beam rose upon the crest of a wave, and sank yawning down again, till her hull was entirely hid; but each time she rose he perceived that she had greatly shortened the space between them. Sam cried out to the steersman, "You infernal villain! why don't you get out of the way? Do you not understand what's said to you, you tarry, quid-chewing abomination! See—see—she's on us!—she's on us!"—He heard the dash of her bows through the foam; and, while the bellying of her sails above sounded

like thunder, a hoarse voice was heard through the storm, crying, "Luff—luff!" and the helmsman, now thoroughly awakened to his danger, turned the wheel, but it was too late. A scream, wild and appalling, burst from the crew, who were on deck, and the next instant a crash took place; the little vessel shook as if every plank were bursting, and Sam found himself battling with the waves. He soon lost all consciousness of his situation, and how long had elapsed he did not know; but when he came to his recollection, he found himself in a warm bed, while a gentleman in naval uniform was holding his pulse, and several other persons anxiously looking on. "It's of no use, I tell you," said Sam, with a rueful expression of countenance; "it's of no use—I'm a changed man! Yesterday I was nearly hanged—now I'm entirely drowned; and what's to happen next, the Lord only knows! The last time I slept in Bastock, I had never been forty miles

from home ; but now, I suppose, I'm at the other end of the world !"—“ Keep yourself quiet, sir, you are in good quarters,” said the gentleman who held his pulse. “ You are on board his majesty's ship Bloodsucker, 84, bound for the Mediterranean. Take this composing draught, and keep yourself quiet for a few days, and I have no doubt of your soon recovering your strength.” And, accordingly, in a very few days, Sam was able to go upon deck. By the ease and jollity of his social disposition, he soon made himself a favourite with the mess. On his first emerging from his cabin, he gazed with breathless astonishment at the prospect which presented itself : magnificent hills at an amazing distance, and a vast extent of level country, rejoicing in the sunshine. “ Pray, Sir,” said Sam, to a tall, romantic-looking gentleman in black, who was admiring the same scene, “ what country may we be opposite now ? Is it any part of Hampshire, Sir ? ”—“ Hampshire ! ”

repeated the gentleman, thus addressed,—“ these are the mountains of Spain. These hills were trod by Hannibal and the Scipios, by the Duke of Wellington and Don Quixote. This is the land of the Inquisition and liquorice. Yonder is Cape Trafalgar ; there, in the arms of victory and Sir Thomas Hardy, fell heroic one-eyed Nelson ! That is Cape Spartel. Hail, Afric’s scorching shore, hot-bed of niggers ! See ! we open the Pillars of Hercules ! These mighty portals past, every step we’ll be on classic ground of water.”

Long before this rhapsody was concluded, our friend had betaken himself to another part of the ship, and did not appreciate the eloquence and enthusiasm of the classical chaplain of the Bloodsucker. It is not to be supposed that Sam was a willing encounterer, all this time, of the perils of the deep. Frequent and anxious were his inquiries as to the possibility of his return. He was assured that at Gibraltar there was no

doubt of his getting a homeward vessel, but till then he had better accommodate himself to circumstances. Accordingly, with right good will, he set himself to enjoy as many comforts as his position would afford. The purser, being luckily a stout individual, furnished him with a wardrobe, and the wine being good, the mess pleasant, and the sea calm, Sam's only drawback from his felicity was his absence from Bastock Lodge. On casting anchor off St. Rosier, they ascertained from the pratique boat that the yellow fever was so virulent on shore that the deaths averaged nine a day ; so, without the delay of a moment, all sail was hoisted again, and with a favourable breeze the Bloodsucker pursued her way to Malta.

Here, at last, Sam was lucky enough to get information of the sailing of a Sicilian sparonara bound for Catania, from which he was assured he could not fail to catch the regular passage-boat

home. With many adieus and cordial invitations to the officers to beat up his quarters at Bastock Lodge, Sam betook himself to the St. Agatha, with every prospect of a favourable voyage. The passengers consisted principally of invalid officers and soldiers, and Sam had the deck to himself. As night was coming on, a vessel about the same size as the St. Agatha hove in sight, and in passing made a signal of distress, and begged some water, as their casks, they said, had all leaked out. "Oh, give the poor devils some water," said Sam, as soon as he understood what they wanted. "Thirst is a horrible thing—especially of a morning after dining out." The strange vessel sent its barge; but no sooner had the crew got on board, than at the whistle of the villain who mounted first, eight armed men started from the bottom of the boat, and after a slight struggle, in which they shot two sailors and threw the captain overboard, they gained



possession of the St. Agatha, and secured all the passengers below. After being kept in confinement a long time, and sparingly fed on bread and water, they were landed one moonlight night, and marched into a dark cave among the rocks on the sea-shore. Sam's meditations were by no means of a pleasing cast. "Don't you think it a very hard case, sir," he said to the officer who was chained to his wrist, and whose strength, after fever in Malta, was scarcely able to support him under the treatment of his captors—"Don't you think it is a hard case on a middle-aged man like me, that I should be moved about all over the world against my will, leaving the nicest cottage in England and a lot of good fellows—to be first suspected of murdering somebody else, and then most likely to be murdered myself?"—"The last," replied the invalid, "we shall all undoubtedly be, as we are in the hands of the Greeks."—"Of the Philistines, you mean," said

Sam—"but it's all the same." While carrying on this melancholy conversation, they were suddenly startled by a great deal of firing, mixed with screams, and the other outcries which attend an onslaught. "Mercy on us all!" said Sam, "what the devil is to come next?"—"They are probably murdering some other prisoners," replied his companion; "it will be our turn soon." "Then, I'll take my oath, they shan't kill me like a sheep. I'll have a tuzzle for it; and if I get a right-hander on one of the scoundrel's bread-baskets, I'll make them know what it is to bully a free-born Englishman." In a short time, advancing steps were heard; and our bold Briton, supporting his companion to the mouth of the cave, stood in as Cribb-like an attitude as his unincumbered hand could assume; and resolved to knock down the first man that entered. They had not been long in this situation, when they perceived that their place of confinement was left

unguarded ; and they were still more surprised, on proceeding a little way in front, to perceive the dead bodies of several of their captors, already partly stripped, while further down upon the beach they saw a large body of Turks forcing many of the unarmed natives on board of some vessels close on shore. While congratulating themselves on this prospect of escape, and while they continued gazing on the scene before them, they were suddenly surrounded by a fresh body of Turks, and without a word spoken on either side, they were conducted down the passes of the rocks, and conveyed on board. " Worse and worse," sighed Sam, whom this last disaster reduced to complete despair—" It is my firm belief I am not Sam Holt of Bastock, but have changed places with the wandering Jew. Jack Thomson's prophecy is fulfilled, every bit of it !"— But poor Sam's lamentations were of no avail. On the third day, they were taken out of the

vessel, and conveyed to shore. The unfortunate invalid with whom Sam had been chained so long, appeared so ill after landing that he was released from the fetters ; and what became of him Sam never discovered. Our friend, whose dress was of the most heterogeneous nature, consisting of whatever articles he could pick up—for, in all his misfortunes, his wardrobe was the first to suffer—was ranged along a wall, in a magnificent building, along with about forty others of all ages and countries. Many people, in strange dresses, with towels, as Sam expressed it, round their heads, passed and repassed them, looking narrowly at each. At last, an old white-whiskered man, pointing with his finger to the still portly figure of our friend, entered into a conversation with the person who conducted them to the place, and in a few minutes Sam was taken out from the rest, and the old gentleman, beckoning him to follow, walked majestically out of the building. Poor Sam, who

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now felt himself to be a very different being from what he used to be, presiding over his well-filled table at Bastock Lodge, followed in the most submissive manner imaginable. His conductor paused at the door of a very stately edifice, and said a few words, which Sam did not understand, to a group of lounging domestics. Immediately three or four of them rushed forward, and seizing violently hold of Sam, carried him into the hall. There they let him stand for a few minutes, till the old gentleman who had preceded them, and who had gone into an inner apartment, returned and spoke to them in the same language as before. Again they hurried Sam forward ; and at last, when they came to a pause, the astonished Squire of Bastock had time to look around him. Seated on a low, richly covered ottoman, was an old white-headed man, with a long pipe in his mouth ; near him were several others, but evidently his inferiors—while, a little way from the

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raised floor on which they were sitting, was a multitude of soldiers, in such a uniform, and with such arms, as had never entered into Sam's imagination to conceive. While he was taking this survey, the old gentleman, his conductor, bending to the very ground before the magnifico with the pipe, apparently directed his attention to Rosy Sam. Without casting his sublime eyes on so insignificant an object, the great man ordered the dragoman to discover who the stranger was. A young man now stepped forward and addressed our friend in French.

"No, no—no parley vous," said Sam, who knew just enough of the sound to guess what language it was.

He next spoke to him in English, and said he was ready to report Sam's answers to the dig-nitary on the sofa.

"I say," said Sam, who had now recovered a little of his confidence from hearing his mother

tongue once more, "who's the old covey in the dressing-gown? He seems a prime judge of tobacco."

The person alluded to scowled, and said something to the interpreter, who turned to Sam and said—"His highness, the Reis Effendi, says you are a dog; and if you speak till you're spoken to, he will tear your tongue out, and cut off both your ears."

"He's cursedly polite—but did you say he was the Rice Offendy? Ask him if he hasn't a brass gun upon wheels, that kills sea-mews at a hundred and fifty yards?"

The interpreter, probably not understanding Sam's language, or willing to screen him from his excellency's anger, said a few words, and promised obedience on the part of Sam.

The conversation went on. "The Reis Effendi wishes to know if you have any particular wish to be strangled?"

"Tell the Rice, that with his permission I would much rather not, but am just as much obliged to him for his kind offer."

"His highness wishes to know if you have any objection to be beautifully dressed, well treated, made rich, and have eight wives supported for you at the Sultan's expense?"

"Tell him," said Sam, quite delighted, "that he is a jolly old cock; that I accept his offer with all my heart; but as to the wives, I can't think of more than one, or two at the very most."

"Will you turn Mussulman to obtain all these advantages?"

"Mussulman? ay, to be sure, I'm a devil of a fellow at all sorts of fish."

"Will you wear the turban, and swear by the prophet?"

"Turban?—yes; why, bless you, what does it



signify what a man wears? And as to swearing, 'gad, I'll outswear you all for a hundred."

On the dragoman relating the result of his conversation, his highness deigned to cast his eyes on the new believer, and at a nod several men stepped forward and threw little jars of rose-water over his face and person; and immediately he was hurried into another apartment, stripped by five or six zealous attendants, forced into a warm bath which was richly perfumed, and, after being rubbed and anointed, he was clothed in the splendid flowing robes, and ornamented with the glittering jewels of a Turkish Basha. When he came into the ante-room, through which he had already passed, he recognised the old gentleman who had brought him to the palace, and beckoned him to come near.

"I say, old boy, what can be the meaning of all this? Are ye all mad, or only drunk?" The

old man bowed, and almost prostrated himself, but answered nothing. "Oh! I see how it is," continued Sam. "Whereabouts is the dragoman? He's no great hand at English, poor devil; but he is better than none."

The dragoman appeared, and, bending obsequiously, said, "What is it your lordship's pleasure to do with your slave?"

"Pooh, lordship! nonsense, man. I say, draggy, he's a comical old shaver, that Rice Offendy, and fought rather shy of answering us about the gun; for my own part, I think it's a lie of Jack Thomson's."

"Your lordship is too complaisant to your slave."

"Perhaps I should be if I had him, but we have no slaves. I have a servant, a lying old canting scoundrel, called Trusty Tommy—but, psha! you know nothing about these things.

Now, can you tell me what they want me to do, for surely all this scrubbing and dressing can't be for nothing?"

"Your highness's escort is now, I believe, at the door. You are about to proceed as ambassador from the Sultan of the World to the Pacha of Albania. Your highness is decorated with three tails."

"The devil a tail have they left me at all—not so much as a jacket—I feel for all the world as if I were in petticoats. Well, you say I go as ambassador to some gentleman in Albania. Is it a long journey?"

"Yes, it will be some time before your highness's return."

"For I was thinking," continued Sam, "it would be as well, before I go, to—~~to~~—how many wives did you say I was to have kept for me by the sultan?"

"There were eight destined to rejoice in your highness's smiles."

"The devil there were! But where do they hang out? They are, perhaps, ugly old frights."

"Beautiful as angels in Paradise. But the sultan's orders are imperative. Your highness must not delay a single moment, but leave every thing till you return."

"Well, well, what must be, must." And Sam mounted a magnificent Arab, which was standing at the door, and set off with a large retinue of splendidly dressed warriors, while another interpreter rode close by his side. As he left the gate of the city, an officer stopped the cavalcade, and, with all due formalities, delivered a packet into the ambassador's hand. The interpreter told him to lay the packet on his head, for it was the firman of the sultan. In a short time the *cortège* passed on, and Sam had ample time

to moralise on the mutability of fortune. Long before the journey was over, he was intimate with every man of the escort; and when, at length, on entering the Albanian territory, all, except four, left him, they took leave of him with so much appearance of regret, as evidently showed how much they liked their commander.

One day, while riding down the side of a gentle valley, they came, at the winding of the rude tract they were pursuing, upon a large body of horsemen; and, as they were immediately surrounded, they had no alternative but to mention who they were, and submit. On the interpreter informing them that his master bore a communication to the pacha from the sultan, they drew back with the utmost respect, and fell into the line of march, as part of his military guard. They informed the party that the pacha was encamped a few miles farther down the

valley, with an army of forty thousand men, and that he had expected the sultan's ambassador for some time. Encouraged by this assurance, Sam put his Arabian on his mettle, and was soon in the heart of the encampment. The pacha's tent was easily known, from its superior splendour, and in a few minutes Sam was conducted in great splendour to his highness's quarters. Fierce-looking soldiers scowled upon him as he passed, and Sam was not altogether at ease when he observed the ominous sneers they exchanged with each other.

At last he stopped short, and said to one of the soldiers, whose expression he did not like, "you popinjay in fine clothes, do you make these faces at me?"

Another soldier, who was standing by, started forward and said—"Ah me! an Englishman, and in that dress!—It is not even yet too late to save you; if you go on, you will be murdered

to a certainty—the pacha has put twelve ambassadors to death already.’

“The devil he has! and I’m sent to make up the baker’s dozen? Well, countryman, what’s to be done? If you get me out of this scrape, and ever come to Bastock——”

“Stay, the only plan, when the pacha asks you for the firman, is to say you’ve lost it—here, give it to me.” And Sam had scarcely time to follow the soldier’s advice, when he found himself in presence of the rebel chief.

He was standing at the farther end of the tent, in the middle of a group of officers. On seeing his highness, the ambassador, he advanced half way to meet him, and bowed with all the reverence of an Eastern prostration.

“I worship the shadow of the sovereign of the universe. Your highness does too much honour to your slave.”

“Your servant, old gentleman,—your servant,”

said Sam, who guessed from the pacha's manner, that he was paying him a compliment, "a pleasant gentlemanly sort of man, and no murderer, I'll be bound ; tell him I'm glad to see him, and hope he's well—ask him how his wife is, and the children."

The interpreter, at Sam's request, made a courteous speech.

"The messenger of the sultan is master here. We are sorry we can offer him no better accommodation."

"The accommodation's good enough—but riding in these hot mornings with a tablecloth on one's head is thirsty work, master dragsman. Ask him if he could give one a glass of brandy and water—cold without."

But the pacha anticipated his desire. He seated him on the highest ottoman in the tent, and treated him with a deference and respect which were quite astonishing to Sam, but which seemed



to yield the greatest amusement to the officers of the staff.

“The bearer of the firman is powerful as Azrael. Say, where is the imperial order for your slave’s unfortunate head? The officers of the bowstring are near.”

“An order for his head! Tell him, I know nothing about his head, nor his bowstring either. I brought a letter from an old smoking fellow at Constantinople, but I’ve unfortunately lost it by the way.”

“What! lost it?” said the pacha, who did not seem by any means rejoiced at the prospect of retaining his head. “Your highness is pleased to jest with your servant. You undoubtedly came from the monarch of the earth to put the cord round your slave’s neck?”

“I’ll be hanged if I came for any such purpose.”

“Ah, then,” said the Pacha, “it grieves me we can only give you the second-rate robe of honour

We are deprived of our sport (he said to his attendants); for this time at least your chief's head is in safety.—Put the caftan of favour round the dragoman's shoulders."

Two splendidly dressed men, with arms bare up to the elbow, and bearing a silk cord, now advanced towards the interpreter. He clung for safety to his excellency the ambassador, screaming, "Save me, save me; they are going to strangle your slave."

"Strangle!—Nonsense, man. Didn't the old gentleman treat us in the most polite way possible; and isn't he laughing, and all the people too, as if it were a capital joke?" But in spite of Sam's consolatory observations, the interpreter continued his entreaties.

The men had now got up to him, and laid the green silk cord upon his shoulder. They then brought the two ends round to his breast; and another person, who seemed of higher rank, stepped

forward, bearing a short staff in his hand. Round this staff he twisted the ends of the cord till it was closely drawn to the dragoman's throat, and then he waited with the most imperturbable coolness for some signal from the chief. That personage, however, seemed to enjoy the scene too much to bring it to a speedy conclusion, and continued to pour out his ironical compliments both to the dragoman and Sam. "The caftan of honour is given to the servant of the messenger of the Sultan ; he does not seem to prize the distinction sufficiently."—" Oh, save your slave ! " exclaimed the dragoman. " He is a dog, and would lick the dust ; but save him, your highness ! "

" Come, Mister Pacha," said Sam, as coaxingly as he could, " you have had your fun with the poor devil, though I can't see the joke of it myself. You see he's half dead with fright. Let him go, there's a good fellow."

" There are twelve of your brethren, the scoun-

drelly Greeks of the Faynal, gone before you, all wearing the same marks of my favour. See that the caftan fits him close—he will catch cold, else.” As he said these words, the Pacha nodded to the person who held the staff; and in an instant, by a dexterous turn of the wrist, the cord was drawn tight, and the howlings and terrified exclamations of the dragoman were cut short by death. The staff was untwisted ere Sam recovered from his amazement, and the corpse of his companion, still writhing, fell down upon his feet. He started up in horror at the murder; and forgetting the danger which surrounded him, he exclaimed, “ You blood-thirsty Turk! by Allah! if there’s law or justice to be had for love or money, you shall swing for this. You are a pretty son of a Turk, to pretend to be so polite, and then to kill a poor devil of a fellow who never did you a morsel of harm. Keep your cursed sofa to yourself, for I will not stay with such a burking old scoundrel—no, not to be

Mayor of London." And Sam, foaming with indignation, stalked away ; but he had not gone far when the same two men who had brought the cord stopped him, and led him back to the ottoman he had left. This time, instead of a bow-string, they carried a long thong of thick leather ; and the Pacha, still continuing his respectful behaviour, said, " Your excellency is too condescending to your slave. Ho ! chamberlain—put the shoes of glory on his highness's feet." With the rapidity of lightning, Sam was thrown back upon the sofa, his shoes taken forcibly from his feet ; and while the whole tent was convulsed with laughter, one of the men, swinging the bastinado round his head, inflicted such a blow on his unprotected soles, that Sam screamed aloud with mingled rage and pain.

" Let me go this moment, ye bloody-minded rascals ! D——e if I don't haul you up for this. I'll bring an action——"

But here the second blow enraged him beyond endurance ; and, while struggling with enormous strength, and roaring at the top of his lungs, he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and on looking up, saw Jack Thomson in his dressing-gown, and all the rest of us standing round his bed.

“ Why, Rosy Sam, what the deuce is the matter with you this morning, disturbing the whole house ? ”

“ Matter ! ” said Sam, sitting bolt upright ; “ where’s that infernal Turk ? I’ll teach him to strike an Englishman on the feet. What, Jack Thomson ! Jem ! Bill ! All here, at Bastock— Why, bless ye, I’ve had such a dream, all coming of your confounded stories, Jack ! I thought I was tried, drowned, taken, sold, beat, bastinadoed, married to eight wives—and the devil knows all what. But here we are, my boys, let’s have our breakfast : then we’ll have a day’s coursing in the upland fields, and, after dinner, I’ll tell you all

my adventures—how I was sent ambassador by the Sultan.”—“And they could not have found a fellow,” said Jack, who was a considerable punster, “who could have made himself more at home with the *Sublime Porte* than yourself.”

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]



THE BARBER'S WEDDING DAY; OR,  
THE RASH VOW.



AGATHA was young, beautiful, and accomplished; and, better than all, she was sole heiress to the wealth of M. Boulonger, who had left off selling bread with the reputation of being the richest citizen of Rouen. The charms of Boulonger's fair daughter were the subject of general conversation among the bachelors of Rouen, nor did they fail to make a deep impression on many of their hearts. However, only *two* of her numerous admirers received the slightest encouragement.

Now, M. Boulonger had secretly chosen a hus-



band for his daughter without consulting her on the subject: his name was Jacques Frissonnier, the town barber, who had been in the habit of dressing his hair for the last twenty years;—he was brother to Monsieur le Noir. The object of Agatha's choice (for she cared little about grieving her father on the present occasion) was Annibal Visapour, the barber's handsome apprentice. Many a *billet doux*, and many a handsome present, did Annibal deliver from his master to Agatha; but so well did he plead his own cause (though of what precise nature his communications were, we are of course ignorant), while absent on his master's business, that Agatha quickly forgot Jacques while listening to the attractive conversation of his handsome apprentice. In this state of things, Agatha was one night informed by her father that she must either prepare to become the wife of Frissonnier, at the expiration of thirty days, or be immured in a convent for life. This

communication caused the young lovers much uneasiness, to use no stronger term ; but Aanibal was neither a German nor an Italian. He did not philosophically try with how much indifference he could stab himself, nor with how much *goût* he could murder his master ; but, being a Frenchman, he considered that he should have more opportunity of seeing his mistress in Rouen than in any convent in France ; and he consoled himself with the prospect of marrying, at some future period, a widow with a tidy income, instead of a maid with her father's malediction.

The allotted time was now fast drawing to a close, when Jacques Frissonnier, in a fit of generosity, and wishing to show off in his brightest colours, caused it to be given out by the town-crier, that on the day previous to that fixed for his wedding " he would cut hair and shave *gratis* for as many customers as would honour him with a call ; in addition to which he would present them

with a cup of excellent claret." This announcement was received with acclamations, and many chins bore witness to the anxiety that was felt to be shaved by the barber on the eventful day.

At five o'clock in the morning of the ever-memorable day, up jumped Frissonnier from his bed, and called his servants and apprentices; and after treating them with an excellent breakfast, during which jokes were freely circulated at the cost of their humorous host, he proceeded to sharpen his razors, in anticipation of his numerous visitors. About eight o'clock, they began to arrive in large numbers, but they were as quickly despatched. One of the customers who came accompanied by a friend, insisted on his friend being accommodated in his turn, for many were claiming their right of priority. The obsequious barber readily complied, but smiled as he tucked the cloth under his chin, for the figure before him was that of an immense shaggy goat, on whom, after chaining

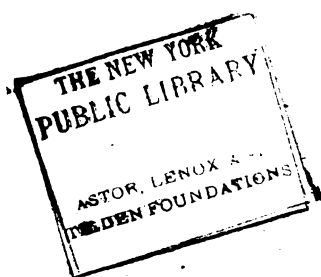
him to the chair, he immediately commenced operations. After blunting the edge of twelve razors successively, Frisonnier was seized with an immoderate fit of laughter, and swore that before he had used three more razors, the goat's chin should be as smooth as a lady's face; and he was as good as his word, every body present allowing that the goat would not be recognised by his oldest acquaintance. This put the barber into such an ecstasy of delight, that he pledged himself in a bumper of claret, that should Old Scratch himself make his appearance, he would make his "face as bare as his hoofs!"

Evening came, and with it such a troop of customers, that the junior barbers began to grow weary, and to fear that their labours would never cease; nor was it till after the hour of eleven that they retired to rest. Just one quarter of an hour before the great bell struck the hour of twelve, Frisonnier, who had sat down to refresh

himself, commenced shutting up shop; but he had scarcely closed the door before a stranger knocked for admittance, and, walking into the shop, seated himself, with an air of consequence, in one of the chairs, at the same time requesting to be shaved *gratis*, as the day had not yet expired.

Frisonnier, anxious to secure everybody's good word, though exhausted with fatigue, smiled courteously on his customer; and turning to Annibal, who had not yet gone up to his room, said, "*You may retire, I will attend to Monseigneur myself.*" Glad of the opportunity to escape, Annibal was soon at Agatha's window; nor did the lovers part without many sighs and mutual vows of eternal constancy.

Morning found the bride at the altar, leaning pensively on her father's arm. Annibal also was there, secreted behind one of the pillars. The priest, the bridesmaid, and the young lady's friends,





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were all in attendance—but the bridegroom came not. Impatience was visibly depicted on the countenance of M. Boulonger, and he despatched a messenger to know the cause of his absence. After waiting a considerable time, he determined on going himself; but he was horror-struck, on being told by an immense assemblage of persons who were gathered round the barber's door that Frissonnier had been engaged, during the whole of the night, in shaving a mysterious stranger, whose beard and whiskers were no sooner shaved off than they immediately recommenced growing, to the great consternation of the barber, who felt himself irresistibly compelled to continue his operations.

The brave old Burgher, on hearing this, immediately pressed into the shop; and beholding the barber in a broiling heat, and busily employed in shaving a figure in a cloak, demanded of the



stranger, in an authoritative tone, when Mons. Frissonnier would be at liberty. "When he makes my face as smooth as my hoof," responded the stranger, lifting up his cloak and disclosing a cloven hoof of brass.

At these words poor Frissonnier grew pale; for he called to mind the rash vow he had made the preceding morning.

Most willingly would he now have sacrificed all his earthly possessions to have been able to call himself a free man again. But the fates had ordered it otherwise!

The barber continued his work.—Boulonger returned to the church, and, after what he had just witnessed, needed not many arguments to induce him to accept young Visapour for his son-in-law.

Agatha and Annibal have long since reposed in the church yard; but the citizens of Rouen still remember them, nor do they ever fail to

*cross* themselves as they pass the house where the unfortunate Frissonnier is at this moment engaged in his never-ending task.

[ORIGINAL.]



## SIGHMON DUMPS.



ANTHONY DUMPS, the father of my hero, (the subject matter of a story being always called the hero, however little heroic he may personally have been,) married Dora Coffin on St. Swithin's day in the first year of the last *reign*.

Anthony was then comfortably off; but, through a combination of adverse circumstances, he went rapidly down in the world, became a bankrupt, and being obliged to vacate his residence in St. Paul's Churchyard, he removed to No. 3, Burying Ground Buildings, Paddington Road, where Mrs. Dumps was delivered of a son.

The depressed pair agreed to christen their babe Simon, but the name was registered in the parish book with the first syllable spelt "S—I—G—H:" whether the trembling hand of the afflicted parent orthographically erred, or whether a bungling clerk caused the error, I know not ; but certain it is that the infant Dumps was registered SIGHMON.

Sighmon sighed away his infancy like other babes and sucklings ; and when he grew to be a hobody-hoy, there was a seriousness in his visage, and a much ado about nothing-ness in his eye, which were proclaimed by good-natured people to be indications of deep thought and profundity ; while others, less "flattering sweet," declared they indicated nought but want of comprehension, and the dulness of stupidity.

As he grew older, he grew graver ; sad was his look, sombre the tone of his voice, and half an hour's conversation with him was a very serious affair indeed.

Burying Ground Buildings, Paddington Road, was the scene of his infant sports. Since his failure, his father had earned his *livelyhood*, by letting himself out as a mute or a mourner to a furnisher of funerals.

"*Mute*" and "*voluntary woe*" were his stock in trade.

Often did Mrs. Dumps ink the seams of his small-clothes, and darken his elbows with a blacking-brush, ere he sallied forth to follow borrowed plumes; and when he returned from his public performance (oft *rehearsed*) Master Sighmon did innocently crumple his crapes, and sport with his weepers.

His melancholy outgoings at length were rewarded by some pecuniary incomings. The demise of others secured a living for him, and after a few unusually propitious sickly seasons, he grimly smiled as he counted his gains: the mourner exulted, and, in praise of his profession, the mute became eloquent.

Another event occurred ; after burying so many people professionally, he at length buried Mrs. Dumps ; *that*, of course, was by no means a matter of business. I have before remarked that she was descended from the Coffins,—she was now gathered to her ancestors.

It was not surprising that Dumps had risen in his profession : he was a perfect master of melancholy ceremonies, and, as a mute proclaimer of the mutability of human affairs, none could equal him. Never did the summer-sunshine of nankeen lie hid beneath the shadows of his “inky cloak ;” never, while his countenance betokened “the winter of discontent,” was he known to simper—even in his sleeve !

Dumps had long been proud of gentility of appearance ; a suit of black had been his working day costume ; nothing therefore could be more easy than for Dumps to turn gentleman. He did so ; took a villa at Gravesend ; chose for his

own sitting room a chamber that looked against a dead wall ; and whilst he was lying in state upon the squabs of his sofa, he thought seriously of the education of his son, and resolved that he should be instantly taught the dead languages.

Sighmon was superstitious ; though his temper and disposition had neither been *spirited* nor *sprightly*, his dreams and his fears had been both ; from the windows of Burying Ground Buildings he had daily witnessed grave proceedings : in the dusk of the evening he had often been startled by groans and moans, and sometimes he had thought that he beheld the new comers in the grounds beneath his chamber (by no means pleasure grounds), frisking in the congenial paleness of the moonlight.

He felt convinced that he had witnessed unearthly sports *on* the turf, among beings who ought by rights to have been *under* it.

All this had made an impression on him, and

Sighmon Dumps was decidedly a young man of a serious turn of mind. The metropolis had few attractions for him,—he loved to linger near the monument; and if ever he thought of a continental excursion, the Catacombs and Père la Chaise were his seducers.

His father died; his old employer furnished him with a funeral;—the mute was silenced, and the mourner was mourned.

Sighmon Dumps became more serious than ever; he had a decided nervous malady, an abhorrence of society, and a sensitive shrinking when he felt that any body was looking at him. He had heard of the invisible girl; he would have given worlds to have been an invisible young gentleman, and to have glided in and out of rooms, unheeded and unseen, like a draft through a key-hole. This, however, was not to be his lot; like a man cursed with creaking shoes, stepping lightly and tip-toeing availed not; a *creak* always betrayed him



when he was most anxious to creep into a corner.

At his father's death he found himself possessed of a competency and a villa; but he was unhappy: he was known in the neighbourhood, people called on him, and he was expected to call on them, and these calls and recalls bored him. He never, in his life, could abide looking any one straight in the face; a pair of human eyes meeting his own was actually painful to him. It was not to be endured. He sold his villa, and determined to go to some place where, being a total stranger, he might pass unnoticed and unknown, attracting no attention, no remarks.

He went to Cheltenham, and consulted Boissac about his nerves; was recommended a course of the waters, and horse exercise.

The son of the weeper very naturally thought he had already "too much of water;" he, however, hired a nag, took a small suburban lodging,

and as nobody spoke to him, nor seemed to care about him, he grew better, and felt sedately happy. This blest seclusion, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," was not the predestined fate of Sighmon: odd circumstances always brought him into notice. The horse he had hired was piebald, a sweet quiet animal, warranted a safe support for a timid invalid. On this pieball did Dumps jog through the green lanes in brown studies.

One day, as he passed a cottage, a face peered at him through an open window: he heard an exclamation of delight; the door opened, and an elderly female ran after him, entreating him to stop; much against the grain, he complied.

"'Twas heaven sent you, sir," said his pursuer, out of breath; "give me for the love of mercy the cure for the rhumatiz."

"The what?" said Dumps.

"The rhumatiz, sir; I've the pains and the

aches in my back and my bones—give me the dose that will cure me.”

In vain Dumps declared his ignorance of the virtues of “ medicinal gums.” The more he protested, the more the old woman sued : when to his horror a reinforcement joined her from the cottage, and men, women, and children, implored him to cure the good dame’s malady. At length, watching a favourable opportunity, he insinuated his heel into the side of the piebald, and trotted off, while entreaties, mingled with words of anger, were borne to him on the wind.

He next determined to avoid that green lane in future, and rode out the next day in an opposite direction : as he trotted through a village a girl ran after him shouting for a cure for the whooping cough, a dame with a low curtesy solicited a remedy for the colic, and an old man asked him what was good for the palsy. These unforeseen, these unaccountable attacks. were fearful annoy-

ances to so retiring a personage as Dumps. Day after day, go where he would, the same things happened. He was solicited to cure "all the ills that flesh is heir to." He was not aware (any more than the reader very possibly may be) that in some parts of England the country people have an idea that a quack doctor rides a piebald horse; *why*, I cannot explain, but so it is, and that poor Dumps felt to his cost. Life became a burthen to him; he was a marked man; *he*, whose only wish was to pass unnoticed, unheard, unseen; *he*, who of all the creeping things on the earth, pitied the glow-worm most, because the spark in its tail attracted observation. He gave up his lodgings and his piebald, and went "in his angry mood to Tewksbury."

I ought ere this to have described my hero. He was rather *enbonpoint*; but fat was not with him, as it sometimes is, twin brother to fun; *his* fat was weighty; he was inclined to *blubber*. He

wore a wig, and carried in his countenance an expression indicative of the seriousness of his turn of mind.

He alighted from the coach at the principal inn at Tewksbury; the landlady met him in the hall, started, smiled, and escorted him into a room with much civility. He took her aside, and briefly explained that retirement, quiet, and a back room to himself, were the accommodations he sought.

"I understand you, sir," replied the landlady, with a knowing wink; "a little quiet will be agreeable by way of change; I hope you'll find every thing here to your liking." She then curtsied and withdrew.

"Frank," said the hostess to the head waiter, "who *do* you think we've got in the blue parlour? you'll never guess! I knew him the minute I clapped eyes on him; dressed just as I saw him at the Haymarket Theatre, the only night I ever

was at a London stage play. The grey coat. and the striped trowsers, and the hessian boots over them, and the straw hat out of all shape, and the gingham umbrella!"

"Who is he, ma'am?" said Frank.

"Why, the great comedy actor, Mr. Liston," replied the landlady, "come down for a holiday; he wants to be quiet, so we must not blab, or the whole town will be after him."

This brief dialogue will account for much disquietude which subsequently befel our ill-fated Dumps. People met him, he could not imagine why, with a broad grin on their features. As they passed they whispered to each other, and the words "inimitable," "clever creature," "irresistibly comic," evidently applied to himself, reached his ears.

Dumps looked more serious than ever; but the greater his gravity, the more the people smiled, and one young lady actually laughed in his face, as she

said aloud, " Oh, that mock heroic tragedy look is *so* like him !"

Sighmon sighed for the seclusion of Number Three, Burying-ground Buildings, Paddington Road.

One morning his landlady announced, with a broader grin than usual, that a gentleman desired to speak with him ; he grumbled, but submitted, and the gentleman was announced.

" My name, sir, is Opie," said the stranger ;  
" I am quite delighted to see you here. You intend gratifying the good people of Tewksbury, of course ?"

" Gratifying ! what *can* you mean ?"

" If your name is announced, there'll not be a box to be had."

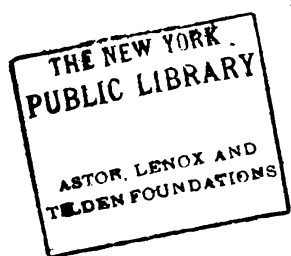
" I always look after my own boxes, I can tell you," replied Dumps.

" By all means ; you *will* come out here, of course ?"



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"Come out? to be sure. I shan't stay within doors always."

"What do you mean to come out in?"

"Why, what I've got on will do very well."

"Oh, that's so like you," said Opie, shaking his sides with laughter; "you really *are* inimitable!—What character do you select here?"

"Character!" said Dumps, "the stranger."

"The Stranger! *you!*"

"Yes, *I.*"

"And do you really mean to come out here as the Stranger?" said Opie.

"Why, yes, to be sure, — I'm but just come."

"Then I shall put your name in large letters immediately; we will open this evening; and as to terms, you shall have half the receipts of the house."

Off ran Mr Opie, who was no less a personage than the manager of the theatre, leaving Dumps

fully persuaded that he had been closeted with a lunatic.

Shortly afterwards, he saw a man very busy pasting bills against a wall opposite his window, and so large were the letters that he easily deciphered, "THE CELEBRATED MR. LISTON IN TRAGEDY. This evening, THE STRANGER; the part of THE STRANGER BY MR. LISTON."

Dumps had never seen the inimitable Liston, indeed comedy was quite out of his way. But now that the star was to shine forth in tragedy, the announcement was congenial to the serious turn of his mind, and he resolved to go.

He ate an early dinner, went betimes to the theatre, and established himself in a snug corner of the stage box. The house filled, the hour of commencement arrived, the fiddlers paused and looked towards the curtain, but hearing no signal, they fiddled another strain. The audience became impatient; they hissed, they booed, and they

called for the manager: another pause, another yell of disapprobation; and the manager pale and trembling appeared, and walked hat in hand to the front of the stage. To Dumps's great surprise, it was the very man who visited him in the morning. Mr. Opie cleared his throat, bowed repeatedly, moved his lips, but was inaudible amid the shouts of "hear him." At length silence was obtained, and he spoke as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

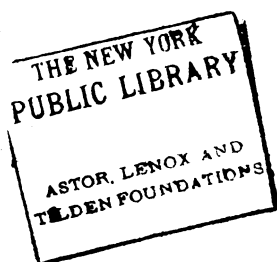
"I appear before you to entreat your kind and considerate forbearance; I lament as much, nay more than you, the absence of Mr. Liston; but, in the anguish of the moment, one thought supports me—the consciousness of having done my duty. (*Applause.*) I had an interview with your deservedly favourite performer this morning, and every necessary arrangement was made between us. I have sent to his hotel, and he is not to be

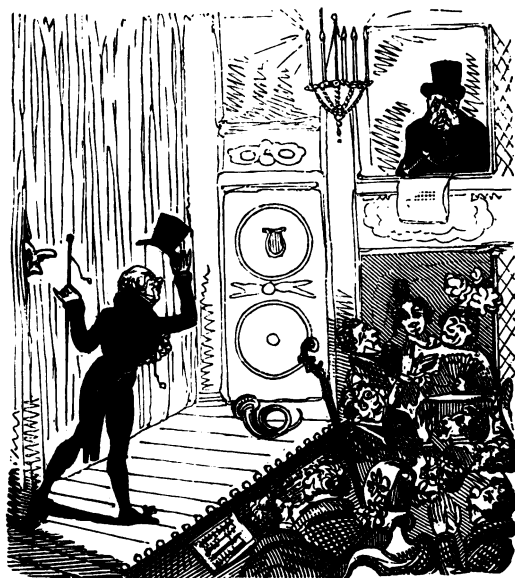
found. (*Disapprobation.*) I have been informed that he dined early, and left the house, saying that he was going to the theatre ; what accident *can* have prevented his arrival, I am utterly unable to "——

Mr. Opie now happened to glance towards the stage box, Surprise ! doubt ! anger ! certainty ! were the alternate expressions of his pale face, and widely opened eyes ; and, at length, pointing to Dumps, he exclaimed—

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is my painful duty to inform you that Mr. Liston is now before you ; there he sits at the front of the stage box, and I trust I may be permitted to call upon him for an explanation of his very singular conduct."

Every eye turned towards Dumps, every voice was uplifted against him ; the man who could not endure the scrutiny of *one* pair of eyes, now beheld a house full of them glaring at him with angry indignation. His head became confused :





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he had a slight consciousness of being elbowed through the lobby, of a riot in the crowded street, and of being protected by the civil authorities against the uncivil attacks of the populace. He was conveyed to bed, and awoke the next morning with a very considerable accession of nervous malady.

He soon heard that the whole town vowed vengeance against the infamous and unprincipled impostor who had so impudently played off a practical joke on the public, and at dead of night did he escape from the town of Tewksbury, in a return mourning coach, with which he was accommodated by his tender-hearted landlady.

Our persecuted hero next occupied private apartments at a boarding-house at Malvern. Privacy was refreshing, but alas ! its duration was doomed to be short. A young officer who had witnessed the embarrassment of "the Stranger" at Tewksbury, recognised the sufferer at Mal-

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vern ; and knowing his nervous antipathy to being noticed, he wickedly resolved to make him the lion of the place.

He dined at the public table, spoke of the gentleman who occupied the private apartments, wondered that no one appeared to be aware who he was, and then *in confidence* informed the assembled party that the recluse was the celebrated author of the "Pleasures of Memory," now engaged in illustrating "his Italy," &c. with splendid embellishments from the pencils of Stothard and Turner.

Dumps again found himself an object of universal curiosity ; every body became officiously attentive to him ; he was waylaid in his walks, and *intentionally* intruded upon *by accident* in his private apartments ; a travelling artist requested to be permitted to take his portrait for the exhibition ; a lady requested him to peruse her manuscript romance, and to give his unbiassed

opinion ; and the master of the boarding-house waited upon him by desire of his guests to request that he would honour the public table with his company. Several ladies solicited his autograph for their albums, and several gentlemen called a meeting of the inhabitants, and resolved to give him a public dinner ; a craniologist requested to be permitted to take a cast of his head ; and, as a climax to his misery, when he was sitting in his bed-chamber, thinking himself at least secure for the present, the door being bolted, he looked towards the Malvern Hills, which rise abruptly, immediately at the back of the boarding-house, and there he discovered a party of ladies eagerly gazing at him with long telescopes through the open windows !

He left Malvern the next morning, and went to a secluded village on the Welsh coast, not far from Swansea.

The events of the last few weeks had rendered

poor Sighmon Dumps more sensitively nervous than ever. His seclusion became perpetual, his blind was always down, and he took his solitary walks in the dusk of the evening. He had been told that sea sickness was sometimes beneficial in cases resembling his own ; he, therefore, bargained with some boatmen, who engaged to take him out into the channel, on a little experimental medicinal trip. At a very early hour in the morning he went down to the beach, and prepared to embark. He had observed two persons, who appeared to be watching him ; he felt certain that they were dogging him ; and just as he was stepping into the boat, they seized him, saying, " Sir, we know you to be the great defaulter who has been so long concealed on this coast ; we know you are trying to escape to America, but you must come with us."

Sighmon's heart was broken. He felt it would be useless to endeavour to explain or to expostu-

late ; he spake not, but was passively hurried to a carriage, in which he was borne to the metropolis as fast as four horses could carry him, without rest or refreshment. Of course, after a minute examination, he was declared innocent, and was released ; but justice smiled too late—the bloom of Sighmon's happiness had been prematurely nipped.

He called in the aid of the first medical advice, grew a little better ; and when the doctor left him, he prescribed a medicine which he said he had no doubt would restore the patient to health. The medicine came, the bottle was shaken, the contents taken—Sighmon died !

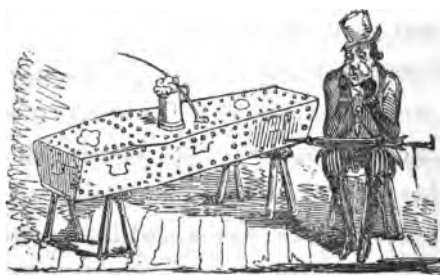
It was afterwards discovered that a mistake had occasioned his premature departure ; a healing liquid had been prescribed for him, but the careless dispenser of the medicine had dispensed with caution on the occasion, and Dumps died of a severe *oralic* acidity of the stomach ! By his

own desire he was interred in the churchyard opposite to Burying-ground Buildings, Paddington Road. His funeral was conducted with *almost* as much decorum as if his late father, the mute, had been present, and he was left with

“ At his head a green grass turf,  
And at his heels a stone.”

But even there he could not rest! The next morning it was discovered that the body of Sighmon Dumps had been stolen by resurrection men!

[SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE.]



## THE CROOKED STICK.



I HAVE rarely known any one, of either sex, who deliberated upon the matrimonial question until their hair silvered, and their eye dimmed, and then became numbered among the "newly wed," who did not, according to the old story, "take the crooked stick at last." All, doubtless, will remember the tale, how the maiden was sent into a green and beautiful lane, garnished on either side by tall and well-formed trees, and directed to choose, cut, and carry off, the most straight and seemly branch she could find. She might, if she pleased, wander on to the end,

but her choice must be made *there*, if not made *before*—the power of retracing her steps, *without* the stick, being forbidden. Straight and fair to look upon were the charming boughs of the lofty trees—fit scions of such noble ancestry! and each would have felt honoured by her preference; but the silly maid went on, and on, and on, and thought within herself that at the termination of her journey she could find as perfect a stick as any of those which then courted her acceptance. By-and-bye the aspect of things changed; and the branches she now encountered were cramped and scragged—disfigured with blurs and unseemly warts. And when she arrived at the termination of her journey, behold! one miserable, blighted wand, the most deformed she had ever beheld, was all that remained within her reach. Bitter was the punishment of her *indecision* and caprice. She was obliged to take the crooked stick, and return with her hateful choice, amid the taunts

and the sneers of the straight tall trees, who, according to the fashion of the good old fairy times, were endowed, not only with feeling and reason, but with speech !

Many, I fear me, are the crooked sticks which "the ancient of days," by a strange infatuation, compel themselves to adopt. And much might be gravely and properly said upon this subject, for the edification of young and old ; but the following will be better than grave discussion, and more to the tastes of those who value scenes from real life :

"Lady Frances Hazlitt, Charles ! Surely the most fastidious might pronounce her handsome ?"

"My dear fellow, you must permit me to correct your taste. Observe, I pray you, the short chin, and that unfortunate nose ; it is absolutely *retroussé*."

"It may be a little opposed to the line of



beauty—calculated to overset it, perhaps; but did you ever see such a glorious brow?

“Mountainous!”

“Such expressive eyes?”

“Volcanoes!”

“Psha!—Such grace!”

“Harry,” replied the young nobleman, smiling according to the most approved Chesterfield principle, removing his eye-glass, and looking at his friend with much composure, “you had better, I think, marry Lady Frances yourself.”

“You are a strange being, my good lord,” replied his friend, after a pause. “I would wager a good round sum, that, notwithstanding your rank, fortune, and personal advantages, you will die—or, at all events, not marry until you are—a veritable old bachelor. I pray thee, tell me what do you require?—A Venus?—A Diana?—A Juno?—A—a—”

“Simply, a woman, my dear fellow; not,

indeed, one of those beings arrayed in drapery, whom you see moving along our streets, with Chinese features, smoke-dried skins, and limbs that might rival those of a Hercules ; nor yet one of your be-scented, spider-waisted priminies, who lisp and amble—assume a delicacy which they never felt, and grace which they never possessed. My ideas of woman's perfections—of the perfections, in fact, which I desire, and—I may say"—(Lord Charles Villiers was certainly a very handsome and a very fashionable man, and yet his modesty, I suppose, made him hesitate in pronouncing the latter word)—“ I may—I think—say—*deserve*,” gaining courage as he proceeded—“ are not as extravagant as those required by your favourite Henri Quatre. He insisted on *seven* perfections. I should feel blessed if the lady of my love were possessed of *six*.”

“ Moderate and modest,” observed his friend, laughing ; “ I pray you tell me what they are ?”

“ Noble birth, beauty, prudence, wit, gentleness, and fidelity.” Mr. Henry Beaucherc drew forth his tablets, and, on the corner of the curiously wrought memorials, engraved the qualities Lord Charles had enumerated, not with fragile lead, but with the sharp point of his pen-knife. “ Shall I add,” he inquired, “ that these requisites are indispensable ? ”

“ Most undoubtedly,” replied his lordship.

“ Adieu, then, Charles—Lady Frances’s carriage is returning ; and, as you declare fairly off, I tell you that I will try to make an impression on her gentle heart : you certainly were first in the field, but as you are insensible to such merit, I cannot think you either deserve to win or wear it. —Adieu ! *au revoir !* ” And, with a deeper and more prolonged salute than the present courtesies of life are supposed to require, the two young fashionables separated—one lounging listlessly towards the then narrow and old-fashioned gate

which led from Hyde Park into Piccadilly, trolling snatches of the last *cavatina*, which the singing of a Mara or a Billington had rendered fashionable; the other proceeding, with the firm and animated step that tells plainly of a fixed purpose, to meet the respectable family carriage, graced by the really charming Frances, only daughter of the Earl of Heaptown.

\* \* \* \* \*

To look forward for a period of five and twenty years, blanches many a fair cheek, and excites the glow of hope and enthusiasm in those of vigorous and determined character; while the beauty trembles for her empire—the statesman for his place—the monarch even for his throne—those who have nothing to lose, and every thing to gain, regard the future as an undefinable *something* pregnant with light and life; to such, diamond-like are the sands that sparkle in the hour-glass of Time. while the withered hand which holds the mystic

vessel is unheeded or unseen. So be it—so, doubtless, it is best. One of the choicest blessings bestowed by the Creator on the creature, is a hopeful spirit!

\* \* \* \* \*

Five-and-twenty summers had passed over the brow of Lord Charles Villiers since Sir Harry Beauclerc noted on his tablets, the six *indispensable* qualities the young nobleman would require in his wife. The lord still remained an unmarried, and an admired man, seeking to find some lady worthy his affections. It is true that some of the young creatures, just come out, on whose cheek the blush of innocence and modesty still glowed, and whose untutored eyes prated most earnestly of what passed in the sacred citadel, called heart—such creatures, I say, did discover, to the sad annoyance of their speculating mothers, and sensible—(Heaven bless the word!)—*sensible* chaperons, that Lord Charles's *once* beautiful hair

was now indebted to "the Tyrian dye" for its gloss and hue; and that, moreover, a most ingenious scalp mixed its artificial ringlets with his *once* exquisite curls, that the belles (whom a few years had rendered staid mammas, and even grand—I cannot finish the horrid word) used to call, in playful poetry, "Cupid's bowstrings." Then his figure had grown rotund; he sat long after dinner, prided himself upon securing a cook fully equal to Ude—(I write it with all possible respect)—equal to Eustache Ude in his best days; descanted upon the superiority of pheasant dressed *en galantine*, to that served in aspic jelly; and gained immortal honour at a committee of taste, by adding a most *piquant* and delightful ingredient to Mr. Dolby's "*Sauce à l'Aurore*." These gastronomical propensities are sure symptoms of increasing years and changing constitution; but there were characteristics of "old boyishness" about Lord Charles, which noted him as a delight-

ful gentleman "*of a certain age.*" A rich silk handkerchief was always carefully folded, and placed within the bosom of his exquisitely made Stultz, ready to wrap round his throat when he quitted the delightful crush room of the delightful Opera, to ascend his carriage; then an occasional twinge reminded him of the existence of gout—a most unpleasant reminiscence in the galopade, which he was hardy—I had almost said *fool*-hardy—enough to attempt. Had he not been so perfectly well-bred, he would have been considered couchy and testy; the excellent discipline of the old school fortunately preserved him from those bachelor-like crimes, at all events in ladies' society; and whatever spleen he had, he wisely only vented on those who could not return it; namely, his poor relations, his servants, and occasionally, but not often (for he was a member of the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals,) on his dogs and horses. However, his figure was as erect, if not

as graceful as ever ; and many a fair lady sighed at the bare idea of his enduring to the end in single misery.

Sir Harry Beauclerc never visited London except during the sitting of Parliament; and it was universally allowed that he discharged his duties as M. P. for his native county with zeal and independence. Wonderful to say, he neither ratted nor sneaked ; and yet Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, treated him with deference and respect. He had long been the husband of her, who, when our sketch was commenced, was known as Lady Frances Hazlitt ; and it would be rare to behold a more charming assembly of handsome and happy faces than their fire-side circle presented at the celebration of merry Christmas. The younger portion of this family were noisily and busily occupied at a game of forfeits, while those who considered themselves the elders of the juvenile set, sate gravely discussing matters of domestic or



public interest with their parents, when a thundering peal at the portal announced the arrival of some benighted visiter. I am not about to introduce a hero of romance at such an unseemly hour—only our old acquaintance Lord Charles, who claimed the hospitality of his friend as protection against an impending snow-storm. When the family had retired for the night, a bottle of royal Burgundy was placed on the table as the sleeping cup of the host and his guest; old times were reverted to; and Sir Harry fancied that there was more design than accident in the visit with which he had been honoured. This feeling was confirmed by Lord Charles drawing his chair, in a confidential manner, towards his friend, and observing that “he was a lucky and a happy fellow to be blessed with so lovely a family and so amiable and domestic a companion.” Sir Harry smiled, and only replied that he *was* happy; and he hoped his friend would not quietly sink into

the grave without selecting some partner, whose smiles would gild the evening of his days, &c. &c. A fine sentimental speech it was, but ill-timed ; for the gallant bachelor suffered it to proceed little farther than " evening," when he exclaimed—  
" Faith, Sir Harry, you must have strange ideas. Evening ! I consider myself in the prime and vigour of existence ; and I have serious ideas of changing my condition—it is pleasant to settle before one falls into the sere and withered leaf. And although, as I said before, I feel myself in the very vigour of life, yet it is time to determine. You are considerably my senior——"

" Only a few months, my dear friend ; my birthday in May, yours in the January of the next year."

" Indeed ! Well, to tell you the truth (it is, however, a profound secret, and I rely on your friendship), I am really a married man !—There,

I knew I should surprise you. I shall surprise every body."

"Most sincerely do I wish you joy, my dear lord, and doubt not your choice is fixed upon one who will secure your happiness. I am sure Lady Frances will be delighted at an introduction. Your pardon one moment, while I relate a most extraordinary coincidence. Do you remember my noting down the six perfections which you required the lady of your choice to possess?—perhaps you recollect it was some five and—but no matter—well, the tablets upon which I wrote this morning,—only this *very* morning, I was looking over a box of papers, and, behold! there they were—and do you know (how very odd, was it not?) I put them in my waistcoat pocket," continued the worthy baronet, at the same moment drawing them forth,—“intending to show them to my eldest son—for there’s a great deal—I

assure you I speak in perfect sincerity—a great deal—my dear lord, what is the matter? you look ill?”

To confess the truth, Lord Charles appeared marvellously annoyed: he fidgetted on his chair; the colour heightened on his cheek; and he finally thrust the poker into the fire with terrific violence.

“Never mind the tablets, my good friend,” said he at last; “men change their tastes and opinions as they advance in life: I was a mere boy then, you know, full of romance.”

“Your pardon, my lord; *less* of romance than most young men,” replied the persevering and tactless baronet, who was, moreover, gifted with a provokingly good memory, “decidedly *less* of romance than most young men; and not such a boy either. Here are the precious mementos. First on the list stands ‘NOBLE BIRTH;’ right, right, my dear lord, nothing like it—that (*entre nous*) is Lady Frances’s weak point, I confess

she really carries it too far, for she will have it that not even a royal alliance could purify a citizen."

Lord Charles Villiers looked particularly dignified as he interrupted his zealous friend. "It is rather unfortunate," he observed gravely, "that I should have chosen you as my confidant on this occasion ; the fact is, that knowing how devilish proud all my connections are, and my Mary—what a sweet name Mary is!—you remember Byron's beautiful lines,

I have a passion for the name of Mary

—my Mary's father was only a merchant—a—a citizen—a very worthy—a most excellent man—not exactly *one of us*—but a highly respectable person, I assure you ; his name is Scroggins."

"Powers of fashion!" mentally ejaculated the baronet, "will it—can it be believed—the courted, the exquisite Lord Charles Villiers—'the glass of

fashion, and the mould of form'—the star, the idol of ton and taste—married, positively married to Molly Scroggins of Bunhill Row!"

"I am anxious, I do confess, that Lady Frances should receive Lady Charles Villiers *here*," persevered his lordship, after a very long pause; "and I can answer for it, that the native and untutored manners of my unsophisticated bride would gain hourly upon her affections."

"Of course—of course, we shall be most happy to receive her ladyship," stammered forth the baronet; "and doubtless her BEAUTY"—glancing at the tablets—

"Pardon me, Sir Harry," interrupted the nobleman; "you must not expect what in our world is denominated *Beauty*;—she is all animation—

'Happy nature, wild and simple'—

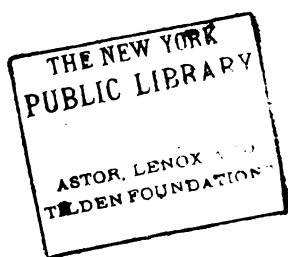
rosy and laughing, but not a beauty, believe me."

Again the astounded baronet pondered. "What a subject for Almack's!—the rosy (doubtless signifying red-faced), laughing (meaning romping) daughter of some city buttermilk, thrust into the peerage by the folly of a man who might have plucked the fairest, noblest flower in the land!"

"At all events," he said, when his powers of articulation returned, "your lady is endowed with both PRUDENCE and WIT, and nothing so likely to create a sensation in the *beau monde* as such a combination."

"Oh, yes—*prudence* I dare say she *will* have; *much* cannot be expected from a girl of seventeen; and as to *wit*, between you and me, it is a deuced dangerous and troublesome weapon, when wielded by a woman."

"A flirt and a fool, I suspect," again fancied Sir Harry, "in addition to her other qualifications."







v. 1, p. 177.

"GENTLENESS and FIDELITY," he ejaculated, fixing his eyes on the unfortunate tablets, while Lord Charles, evidently determined no longer to endure the baronet's untimely reference to the detestable memorials, snatched them (it is perfectly astonishing what rude acts *polite* persons will sometimes perform) from the hand of his friend, and flung them into the fire.

"Heavens and earth, sir! what do you mean by such conduct?" said Sir Harry, at the same time snatching them from the flames. "These ivory slates are dear to me as existence. I must say that I consider such conduct very ungenerous, ungentlemanly," &c. &c. One angry word produced another; and much was said which it would ill befit me to repeat. The next morning, even before the dawn of day, Lord Charles Villiers had quitted Beauclerc Hall, without bidding a single farewell either to its lady or its master.

\* \* \*

“There !” exclaimed the baronet, placing the fashionable “Post” in Lady Frances’s hand at the breakfast table one morning, about three months after the above scene had taken place ; “I knew how it would be ; a pretty fool that noble friend of mine, Lord Charles Villiers, has made of himself. I never knew one of these absurdly particular men who did not take the crooked stick at last. By Jove, sir,” (to his son) “you shall marry before you are five-and-twenty, or you shall be disinherited ! The youthful mind is ever pliable ; and the early wed grow into each other’s habits, feelings, and affections. An old bachelor is sure either to make a fool of himself, or be made a fool of. You see his lordship’s wife has publicly shown that she certainly did not possess the last of his requisites—FIDELITY—by eloping with her footman. I will journey up to town on purpose to invite Lord Charles here, and make up matters ; he will be glad to escape from

the *desagrémens* of exposure just now, as he is doubtless made a lion of, for the benefit—as Sir Peter Teazle has it—of all old bachelors.”

[MRS. S. C. HALL.]



## THE GERMAN GIBBET.

Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes.—RICHARD III.

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It was evening, towards the latter end of autumn, when the warmth of the mid-day sun reminds us of the summer just gone, and the coolness of the evening plainly assures us that winter is fast approaching—that I was proceeding homewards on horseback, fortified by a strong great coat against the weather without, and refreshed with a glass of eau-de-vie, that I might feel equally secure within. My road lay for some time along an extensive plain, at the extremity of which there rose a small and

thickly overspreading wood, which the road skirted for some distance; and, on a slight eminence, at an angle where the last rays of the setting sun threw their gleam across the path, were suspended the remains of a malefactor in chains. They had been hanging there at least ten years; the whole of the flesh was consumed; and here and there, where the coarse dark cloth in which the figure had been wrapped had decayed, the bones, bleached by the weather, protruded.

I confess I am rather superstitious, and certainly did push on, in order that, if possible, I might pass the place before the sun should have set; to accomplish which, I put my horse upon a fast trot, which I afterwards increased to a hand gallop. The sun, however, had set, and the twilight was fast changing into darkness as I rode up. I could not keep my eyes on the spot, for the figure swung slowly back-

wards and forwards, accompanied by the low harsh creaking of the irons, as it moved to the breeze.

What with exertion, and I may add fear, or something very like it, the perspiration fell in large drops from my forehead, and nearly blinded me; so that I could not refrain from imagining that the white bony arm (hand it had none) of the figure, relieved against the dark wood behind, was beckoning to me, as it waved in the wind. On passing it, I put my horse to full speed, and did not once check his pace, or look around, until I had left the German Gibbet (for so it was called) a good mile behind.

It was now a fine, clear, moonlight night, and I had not gone far when I heard the sound of horses' feet at a little distance behind, and about the same time began to feel myself unusually cold. I buttoned up my coat, but that did not make much difference; I took a large comforter

from my pocket, and put it round my neck. I felt still colder ; and urging my horse forward, I hoped that exercise would warm me ; but no, I was still cold. However fast I galloped, I still heard the sound of horses' feet behind, at apparently just the same distance ; and though I looked around several times, I could not see a living soul ! the sound got faster and faster, nearer and nearer, till at last a small grey pony trotted up, on which sat a tall, thin, melancholy looking man, with a long pointed nose, and dull heavy eyelids, which hung so low that at first he appeared to be asleep. His countenance, which was extremely pale and cadaverous, was overshadowed by a quantity of long thin white hair, which hung down to his shoulders. He was dressed in a thin white jacket, which he wore open, white fustian trousers, a white hat, his shirt collar open, and no cravat round his neck !



We rode for some time side by side, the stranger never once turning round, or lifting up his eyes to look at me ; I could not help regarding him attentively, until my eyes ached with the cold. I was obliged every now and then to let go the reins to blow my fingers, which I thought would drop off ; and on touching my horse, I found he was as cold as myself ! Yet the stranger looked not the least affected by it, for his cloak remained strapped to the saddle behind him, and, indeed, his jacket was flying open, and his shirt-collar unbuttoned as before.

This looked very strange !—there was something mysterious about him : so I resolved to be quit of him as soon as possible. But the faster I rode, the faster rode he : and though my horse appeared as powerful again as the one on which he was riding, yet I found that when it came to the push, his pony could have passed

me easily. But that was not his intention; for, when I slackened my pace, he slackened,—and on my pulling up, he pulled up also: still he never looked at me, and there we remained side by side, and I nearly frozen to death with the cold.

Every thing around us was perfectly quiet, and I felt this silence becoming quite appalling; at length, I exclaimed, “Sir! you seem determined we shall not part company, however it may be the wish of one of us.” The stranger, after making a slight inclination of his head, expressed, in the most gentlemanly manner, his sorrow that it should be thought he had intruded himself upon me, and his earnest desire that we might proceed together (seeing that our course was the same) on better terms. This was said with so much politeness, that I really could not refuse; being, moreover, convinced that if I had, it was totally out of my power

to enforce my refusal ; so we trotted on together.

The stranger immediately began talking most fluently, but continually shifted the subject and at length coming to a full stop, he suddenly asked me what was my opinion of all this ? I, who had been dreadfully afflicted by the cold, so as to have been disabled from giving any attention, felt quite at a loss what to say : —at length, as well as I was able (for my teeth chattered so much that I could scarcely speak plain), I stammered out, “whether he did not think it was very cold ?” Immediately his dull eyes lighted up, and I shall never forget their fiery and unnatural light, as, turning suddenly round, he stared me full in the face, saying, in the most joyous, mild, and melodious tone of voice, “Perhaps you will accept of my cloak ?” and adding, with peculiar emphasis, “he was sure I should be warm enough

then," instantly began to unstrap it from behind him. In vain I declared I could not think of accepting it, especially as he was more thinly clad than myself: he began to inform me, with the same peculiar expression, "that *he* never felt *cold*,"—and that he would be most happy if I would do him the honour to put it on. I kept refusing, and he persisting, till at last he became so importunate, that I rudely pushed it from me, saying, "that I would not accept of it." O! if you could have seen the change in his manner and appearance!—instead of the mild, placid look he had hitherto worn, his face was contracted by the strongest feelings of rage and disappointment; his eyes flashed fire from under his heavy knit brows; his mouth was curled with a kind of "sardonic" grin; and, hastily adjusting the cloak about him, he said with the most sinister expression, "Perhaps I would do him the honour *another* time?"

Then dashing the spurs into his beast, he was out of sight in a moment.

I felt much relieved by his departure: he was no sooner gone, than I got by degrees warmer and warmer; even my horse appeared to feel a difference, for he pranced and neighed, as if freed from some restraint, and in a very little time was as warm as myself.

I began to think there was something—there was really something—horridly unnatural about the stranger:—his hollow voice, pale complexion, and heavy eye,—above all, the strange coldness that came over me! I felt rejoiced that I was thus rid of him; and that I had not accepted his offer of the cloak (as then, in all probability, we should not have parted so soon); and now, so little did I need it, that I was compelled to unbutton my coat, and take my thick lambs' wool comforter from my neck.

Who could the stranger be?

I remembered to have heard that the German who was hung in chains, and whose gibbet I had passed, had suffered the sentence of the law for having burnt a house, and murdered in the most cruel and shocking manner, a person whom he strangled with his cloak. Now, it was also currently reported, (but only believed by the idle and superstitious,) that this man did not then die;—for it was said, that the devil, to whom after his condemnation he had sold himself, had, while he was suspended, in some way or other supported him; and had afterwards fed him on the gibbet in the form of a raven, until the fastenings decayed, so that he could release himself, when he substituted the body of a person whom he murdered for the purpose!

There were many persons now alive who had sworn to having seen the raven there, morning, noon, and night, and to have heard its

croaking even at midnight. Many accounted for this, by saying it came here to feed on the body ; but one of the villagers, who was known to be a stout fellow, having occasion to go by the gibbet one twilight, declared that he heard the man talking with the raven, but in a language he did not understand ; that at first he supposed he was deceived by his own fancy, or the creaking of the iron fastenings, but on approaching nearer, he distinctly saw the eyes of the man looking intently at him ; and he verily believed, had he stopped, he would have spoken to him, but that he was so alarmed he took to his heels, and never once looked behind or stopped to take breath, until he reached the end of the plain, a distance of above five miles. And it was further said, the German, when released from the gibbet, was obliged, in fulfilment of his vow, to do the devil's will on earth—that he was most dread-

fully pale, owing to the blood never having flowed into his face since his strangulation, for the devil, it is said, had only just kept his word ; that the German, as he was called, had since often been seen riding up and down the road, and that he entered very freely into conversation, and endeavoured to entrap the unwary to put them into the power of his master.

Could it be possible that this was the German ? Tut ! an idle thought ; and yet I remember there was something foreign in his accent ;—then the paleness of his face,—the strange circumstances that accompanied his presence,—the pressing and extraordinary manner in which he offered his cloak, which might have been some device to get me within his power,—the extreme cold with which I was afflicted,—the ominous beckoning, too, of the figure on the gibbet ;—each circumstance came forcibly before me ; and were he the German or not, I more than



ever rejoiced that I had thus easily got rid of him.

I now rode briskly on to a small inn, that was situated about half-way between the commencement and end of my journey, and arrived there about half-past eight o'clock. On alighting, the host, a fat jolly fellow, with a perpetual smile on his face, came out and welcomed me. "Show me into a private room," said I, "and bring me some refreshment;" the landlord replied he was very sorry his only room was at present occupied by a gentleman who had been there about ten minutes, but he was sure he would have no objection to my company. He departed to obtain his permission, and returned with the gentleman's compliments, and that he would be most happy in my company: so I followed mine host to the room; but what was my confusion when, on opening the door, I discovered, seated, the mysterious stranger, whose presence had before

caused me such annoyance! A sort of chillness instantly came over me, and I would have retired, when the stranger got up, and bowing politely, said, "he was exceedingly happy to accede to my request of allowing me to occupy the same room," and at the same time handed me a chair. It was impossible for me now to refuse; so, thanking him for his offer, I seated myself, and, as I before said, being rather chilly, asked him if he had any objection to a fire? I immediately perceived a strong alteration in his features, but it was only momentary; he instantly recovered himself, and said, "that, for his part, his cloak, pointing to one which hung on the back of his chair, was quite enough for him, however cold the weather might be;" and added, "if I would but put it on for one moment, he was sure I should be *warm enough then*." I had a sort of instinctive dread of this cloak, and I determined not to put it on; so starting

up, I rang the bell, and on the landlord's entering, asked his permission to have a fire. The stranger bowed his head, and fixing his eyes on the wall, remained quite silent. The landlord, I observed, rubbed his hands as he went out, saying, this was one of the coldest nights he had felt this year.

While they were about preparing to light the fire, the stranger sat quite silent; for my part I got colder and colder; a sort of melancholy chillness seemed to pervade the place; the large clock that was in the room had stopped, from some cause or other, about ten minutes before I arrived; and on the maid coming in, though before, a merry, cheerful-looking damsel, she presently became as melancholy and as grave as either of us, especially as, after numerous attempts, she was obliged to confess her inability to light the fire. It was now very cold, so the landlady came and did her best endeavours

to light a fire, but in vain ; afterwards the landlord, boots, hostler, and the cook, who never having been out of a perspiration for the last ten years of her life, was nearly killed by the sudden effect of cold she experienced on coming into the room : last of all I myself tried, but unsuccessfully. They all looked surprised, and the landlord observed it was very strange—it was not so cold, he was sure, any where else. The stranger all this time remained as quiet and immoveable as before.

I now desired the landlord to bring in tea, hoping by that means to warm myself. When the tea things were brought, the stranger drew a chair for himself to the table, and requested I would make tea ; I desired the maid to pour some water into the teapot, from a kettle which she held in her hand, apparently just from the fire : however, on pouring in some water, no steam arose ; far from it, the water appeared

to be scarcely warm. I questioned her what she meant by it, and how she expected I could make tea with cold water? she declared that it boiled when it left the kitchen fire, and she did not know how it could get cold since. I then told her to take the teapot and fill it from the large kettle, which she assured me was boiling on the kitchen fire; she returned, and on my tilting it up to pour out the tea, it ran gently for a few moments, and then congealed into a long icicle! The maid looked first at me and then at the stranger, and then went quickly out of the room.

I remained some time sitting intently gazing on the stranger, who sat with his dull heavy eyes still intently fixed on the wall. I can scarcely describe what I felt—I shook so dreadfully both with fear and cold, that I could hardly keep my seat—my teeth chattered—my knees shook—in short, I began to fear that if I stayed



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any longer, I should be frozen to death. At length he noticed my confusion, and starting up, he again said, "perhaps I would accept of his cloak." Now I was really dying with cold, and the cloak looked so warm and so tempting, that I could not help eyeing it wistfully; this the stranger perceived, and opening it, showed the lining, which was of the finest lambs' wool, looking infinitely warmer as well as softer and more comfortable than any thing I had ever seen. He then, in the most obliging manner, requested me to put it on, adding, in his own expressive way, he was sure I should be *warm enough then*. I felt myself wavering; but, summoning up my resolution, I determined I would not yield, so, quitting him abruptly, I ordered my horse, and being resolved, once and for ever, to rid myself of this odious stranger, I mounted as quickly as possible, and putting spurs to his side, for I heard the stranger calling loudly for his horse,



I galloped the whole of the way home, and I can safely swear that nothing whatever passed me on the road.

Now, said I, at any rate, I have distanced him; and knocking at the door, it was quickly opened by my wife, who had been anxiously expecting me. After our usual salutation, she informed me I should meet an old friend up stairs, who had been waiting my arrival. "With an old friend, a good bottle of wine, and a warm fire," said I, "I can forget every thing;" and hastening up stairs—it would be impossible to describe my confusion—before me was seated the identical stranger, with the mysterious cloak hanging over the arm of the chair on which he sat! He rose as I entered—rage prevented me from uttering a word. He bowed politely, saying, "that he hoped he was not an intruder; but, after our having passed some hours together on our journey, he thought he might make bold

to beg a night's lodging, having found himself benighted close to my house." I was so thunderstruck that I could not say a word in answer. My wife now entered the room, and complained of the cold. She said the fire had gone out soon after my friend arrived, "and, what is very strange," added she, "we were unable to light it again. I have been to order a bed to be made for your friend—and I have ordered the sheets to be aired, as the night is rather cold."—"Oh!" said the stranger, "you need not mind that—I *always sleep warm enough!*" and pointing to his cloak, he gave a most expressive but sarcastic smile. This was almost too much; yet what could I do? I had no excuse to turn him out. Suppose it should be the German?—tush! nonsense!—but, however I tried to rid myself of this thought, I never could entirely banish it; such strong hold has the idea of supernatural interference on a superstitious mind. I resolved,

however, in mere contradiction to my opinion, to put up with his company this once ;—and endeavouring to appear as unconcerned as possible, I made suitable acknowledgments in the best way I could.

After a painful silence, which was only disturbed by the chattering of our teeth, supper was announced, and hastily despatched, for every thing was cold. Silence again ensued ; till at length I caught up a candle, for I could bear it no longer, and asked the stranger if I should show him his room ; he consented, and bowing to my wife, took his cloak, and followed me.

When we came to his room, I observed the water was frozen in the ewer ; “ I will order the servant,” said I, “ to bring you some warm water in the morning to shave with.” He replied, “ that he had rather I would not give myself so trouble much on his account, for that he could lather his face with snow !” He then asked me


if I slept warm? "I am afraid," said I, "I shall not do so to-night." He placed his cloak in my hand, saying, with a chuckle, "I had only to throw it over me and my wife, and he was sure we should be *warm enough then!*"—I threw down the cloak, and rushed out of the room.

I joined my wife down stairs, who, on my upbraiding her with the folly of inviting a perfect stranger to sleep in the house, told me that he had introduced himself as an old friend of mine, who wished to see me on particular business. I then hinted my suspicions concerning him, and that I thought it was through him we were thus grievously tormented by the cold.

I went to bed, but not to sleep,—not all the blankets in the world could ever have made me warm. I hesitated whether I should not go and turn the stranger out, thus late as it was;—but.

I might be mistaken, after all ;—he was very gentlemanly, and behaved throughout with the greatest propriety, so that I could have no excuse for so doing. And though there were many strange circumstances attending his presence, still they might be accidental. I resolved, at least, to wait patiently for the morning, though I felt as if I was exposed to the air on a cold winter's night ; but I was doomed again to be disturbed. I had locked my room door (my constant custom upon going to bed), when about one o'clock, as I was lying, wide awake,—the stranger,—the German,—the fiend !—for I believe he was all three,—entered my room !—how, I know not,—I heard no noise. A horrid trembling immediately came over me,—my knees knocked together,—my teeth chattered,—my hair stood on end,—I could scarcely draw my breath. What could be his purpose ? to murder me ?—no—no, I see it all,—the cloak,—the mysterious

cloak, the source of all my and fears apprehensions ;—he thinks by that to gain his purpose, and fancying I am asleep, he comes, no doubt, to cast that upon me, and thus give the fiend, his master, in some way or other a power over me ! He approached the bed ;—my tongue clave to the roof of my parched mouth, and fear, an all-absorbing fear, had nearly choked me. He opened the cloak—another moment—and then—but rage, fear, and despair gave me strength :—I started up ;—“ Villain ! ” said I, “ I will not tamely bear it : ” and grappling with him, I threw the cloak from me. I now cared not what I did or said. “ Hence,” roared I, “ and seek the fiend you serve ! ” and accidentally in the scuffle I caught hold of his long pointed nose ;—he shrieked aloud with rage and pain.—“ Oh, oh ! Mr. T——,” said my wife, “ what *are* you about ? ” I received a heavy fall :—immediately the whole was gone. I assisted my wife into



bed: for it seems that I had lain half the night with the clothes completely off me; which, as often as she had endeavoured to replace, I had resisted, and on her persisting, I had eventually seized her by the nose, and we both tumbled out of bed together.

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## THE RED MAN.

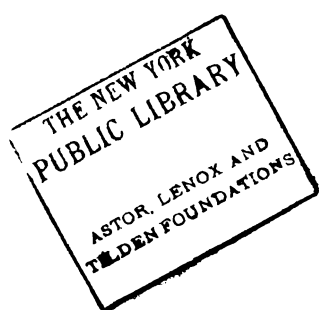
It was at the hour of nine, in an August evening, that a solitary horseman arrived at the Black Swan, a country inn about nine miles from the town of Leicester. He was mounted on a large fiery charger, as black as jet, and had behind him a portmanteau attached to the croup of his saddle. A black travelling cloak, which not only covered his own person, but the greater part of his steed, was thrown around him. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed hat, with an uncommonly low crown. His legs were cased in top-boots, to which were attached spurs of an extraordinary



length ; and in his hands he carried a whip, with a thong three yards long, and a handle which might have levelled Goliath himself.

On arriving at the inn, he calmly dismounted, and called upon the ostler by name.

"Frank !" said he, "take my horse to the stable ; rub him down thoroughly ; and, when he is well cooled, step in and let me know." And, taking hold of his portmanteau, he entered the kitchen, followed by the obsequious landlord, who had come out a minute before, on hearing of his arrival. There were several persons present, engaged in nearly the same occupation. At one side of the fire sat the village schoolmaster—a thin, pale, peak-nosed little man, with a powdered periwig, terminating behind in a long queue, and an expression of self-conceit strongly depicted upon his countenance. He was amusing himself with a pipe, from which he threw forth volumes of smoke with an air of great satisfaction. Oppo-





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site to him sat the parson of the parish—a fat, bald-headed personage, dressed in a rusty suit of black, and having his shoes adorned with immense silver buckles. Between these two characters sat the exciseman, with a pipe in one hand, and a tankard in the other. To complete the group, nothing is wanted but to mention the landlady, a plump, rosy dame of thirty-five, who was seated by the schoolmaster's side, apparently listening to some sage remarks which that little gentleman was throwing out for her edification.

But to return to the stranger. No sooner had he entered the kitchen, followed by the landlord, than the eyes of the company were directed upon him. His hat was so broad in the brim, his spurs were so long, his stature so great, and his face so totally hid by the collar of his immense black cloak, that he instantly attracted the attention of every person present. His voice, when he desired the master of the house to help

him off with his mantle, was likewise so harsh that they all heard it with sudden curiosity. Nor did this abate when the cloak was removed, and his hat laid aside. A tall, athletic, red-haired man, of the middle age, was then made manifest. He had on a red frock coat, a red vest, and a red neckcloth; nay, his gloves were red! What was more extraordinary, when the overalls which covered his thighs were unbuttoned, it was discovered that his small-clothes were red likewise.

"All red!" ejaculated the parson, almost involuntarily.

"As you say, the gentleman is all red?" added the schoolmaster, with his characteristic flippancy. He was checked by a look from the landlady. His remark, however, caught the stranger's ear, and he turned round upon him with a penetrating glance. The schoolmaster tried to smoke it off bravely. It would not do;

he felt the power of that look, and was reduced to almost immediate silence.

"Now, bring me your boot-jack," said the horseman.

The boot-jack was brought, and the boots pulled off. To the astonishment of the company, a pair of red stockings were brought into view. The landlord shrugged his shoulders, the exciseman did the same, the landlady shook her head, the parson exclaimed, "All red!" as before, and the schoolmaster would have repeated it, but he had not yet recovered from his rebuke.

"Faith, this is odd!" observed the host.

"Rather odd," said the stranger, seating himself between the parson and the exciseman. The landlord was confounded, and did not know what to think of the matter.

"After sitting for a few moments, the new-comer requested the host to hand him a nightcap, which he would find in his hat. He did so: it

was a red worsted one ; and he put it upon his head.

Here the exciseman broke silence, by ejaculating, " Red again !" The landlady gave him an admonitory knock on the elbow ; it was too late. The stranger heard his remark, and regarded him with one of those piercing glances for which his fiery eye seemed so remarkable.

" All red !" murmured the parson once more.

" Yes, Dr. Poundtext, the gentleman, as you say, is all red," re-echoed the schoolmaster, who by this time had recovered his self-possession. He would have gone on, but the landlady gave him a fresh admonition, by trampling upon his toes ; and her husband winked in token of silence. As in the case of the exciseman, the warnings were too late.

" Now, landlord," said the stranger, after he had been seated a minute, " may I trouble you to get me a pipe and a can of your best Burton ?

But, first of all, open my portmanteau, and give me out my slippers."

The host did as he was desired, and produced a pair of red morocco slippers. Here an involuntary exclamation broke out from the company. It began with the parson, and was taken up by the schoolmaster, the exciseman, the landlady, and the landlord, in succession. "More red!" proceeded from every lip, with different degrees of loudness. The landlord's was the least loud, the schoolmaster's the loudest of all.

"I suppose, gentlemen," said the stranger, "you were remarking upon my slippers."

"Eh—yes! we were just saying that they were red," replied the schoolmaster.

"And pray," demanded the other, as he raised the pipe to his mouth, "did you never before see a pair of red slippers?"

This question staggered the respondent: he



said nothing, but looked to the parson for assistance.

"But you are all red," observed the latter, taking a full draught from a foaming tankard which he held in his hand.

"And you are all black," said the other, as he withdrew the pipe from his mouth, and emitted a copious puff of tobacco smoke. "The hat that covers your numskull is black, your beard is black, your coat is black, your vest is black; your smallclothes, your stockings, your shoes, all are black. In a word, Doctor Poundtext, you are——"

"What am I, sir?" said the parson, bursting with rage.

"Ay. what is he, sir?" rejoined the schoolmaster.

"He is a black-coat," said the stranger, with a contemptuous sneer, "and you are a pedagogue."

This sentence was followed by a profound calm. Not a word was spoken by any of the company, but each gazed upon his neighbour in silence. In the faces of the parson and schoolmaster anger was principally depicted : the exciseman's mouth was turned down in disdain, the landlady's was curled into a sarcastic smile ; and as for the landlord, it would be difficult to say whether astonishment, anger, or fear, most predominated in his mind. During this ominous tranquillity, the stranger looked on unmoved, drinking and smoking alternately with total indifference. The schoolmaster would have said something had he dared, and so would the parson ; but both were yet smarting too bitterly under their rebuff to hazard another observation.

In the midst of this mental tumult, the little bandy-legged ostler made his appearance, and announced to the rider that his horse had been rubbed down according to orders. On hearing

this, the Red Man got up from his seat, and walked out to the stable. His departure seemed to act as a sudden relief to those who were left behind. Their tongues, which his presence had bound by a talismanic influence, were loosened, and a storm of words broke forth, proportioned to the fearful calm which preceded it.

"Who is that man in red?" said the parson, first breaking silence.

"Ay, who is he?" re-echoed the schoolmaster.

"He is a bit of a conjurer, I warrant," quoth the exciseman.

"I should not wonder," said the landlord, "if he be a spy from France."

"Or a travelling packman," added the landlady.

"I am certain he is no better than he should be," spake the parson again.

"That is clear," exclaimed the whole of the company, beginning with the pedagogue, and

terminating as usual with the host. Here was a pause : at last Doctor Poundtext resumed—" I shall question him tightly when he returns ; and if his answers are impertinent or unsatisfactory, something must be done."

" Ay, something must be done," said the school-master.

" Whatever you do," said the landlady, " let it be done civilly. I should not like to anger him."

" A fig for his anger !" roared her husband, snapping his fingers ; " I shall give him the back of the door in the twinkling of an eye, if he so much as chirps."

" Anger, indeed !" observed the exciseman ; " leave that to me and my cudgel."

" To you and your cudgel !" said the stranger, who at this moment entered, and resumed his place at the fireside, after casting a look of ineffable contempt upon the exciseman. The

latter did not dare to say a word; his countenance fell, and his stick, which he was brandishing a moment before, dropped between his legs.

There was another pause in the conversation. The appearance of the Red Man again acted like a spell on the voices of the company. The parson was silent, and by a natural consequence his echo, the schoolmaster, was silent also: none of the others felt disposed to say any thing. The meeting was like an assemblage of quakers. At one side of the fire sat the plump parson, with the tankard in one hand, and the other placed upon his forehead, as in deep meditation. At the opposite side sat the schoolmaster, puffing vehemently from a tobacco-pipe. In the centre was the exciseman, having at his right hand the jolly form of the landlady, and at his left the Man in Red; the landlord stood at some distance behind. For a time the whole, with the excep-

tion of the stranger, were engaged in anxious thought. The one looked to the other with wondering glances, but, though all equally wished to speak, no one liked to be the first to open the conversation. "Who can this man be?" "What does he want here?" "Where is he from, and whither is he bound?" Such were the inquiries which occupied every mind. Had the object of their curiosity been a brown man, a black man, or even a green man, there would have been nothing extraordinary; and he might have entered the inn and departed from it as unquestioned as before he came. But to be a Red Man! There was in this something so startling, that the lookers-on were beside themselves with amazement. The first to break this strange silence was the parson.

"Sir," said he, "we have been thinking that you are——"

"That I am a conjurer, a French spy, a

travelling packman, or something of the sort," observed the stranger. Dr. Poundtext started back on his chair, and well he might; for these words, which the Man in Red had spoken, were the very ones he himself was about to utter.

"Who are you, sir?" resumed he, in manifest perturbation. "What is your name?"

"My name," replied the other, "is Reid."

"And where, in heaven's name, were you born?" demanded the astonished parson.

"I was born on the borders of the Red Sea." Doctor Poundtext had not another word to say. The schoolmaster was equally astounded, and withdrew the pipe from his mouth: that of the exciseman dropped to the ground: the landlord groaned aloud, and his spouse held up her hands in mingled astonishment and awe.

After giving them this last piece of information, the strange man arose from his seat, broke his pipe in pieces, and pitched the fragments into the

fire; then, throwing his long cloak carelessly over his shoulders, putting his hat upon his head, and loading himself with his boots, his whip, and his portmanteau, he desired the landlord to show him to his bed, and left the kitchen, after smiling sarcastically to its inmates, and giving them a familiar and uncereemonious nod.

His disappearance was the signal for fresh alarm in the minds of those left behind. Not a word was said till the return of the innkeeper, who in a short time descended from the bedroom over-head, to which he had conducted his guest. On re-entering the kitchen, he was encountered by a volley of interrogations. The parson, the schoolmaster, the exciseman, and his own wife, questioned him over and over again. "Who was the Man in Red?—he must have seen him before—he must have heard of him—in a word, he must know something about him."



The host protested "that he never beheld the stranger till that hour: it was the first time he had made his appearance at the Black Swan, and, so help him God, it should be the last!"

"Why don't you turn him out?" exclaimed the exciseman.

"If you think you are able to do it, you are heartily welcome," replied the landlord. "For my part, I have no notion of coming to close quarters with the shank of the whip, or his great, red, sledge-hammer fist." This was an irresistible argument, and the proposer of forcible ejection said no more upon the subject.

At this time the party could hear the noise of heavy footsteps above them. They were those of the Red Man, and sounded with slow and measured tread. They listened for a quarter of an hour longer, in expectation that they would cease. There was no pause: the steps continued,

and seemed to indicate that the person was amusing himself by walking up and down the room.

It would be impossible to describe the multiplicity of feelings which agitated the minds of the company. Fear, surprise, anger, and curiosity, ruled them by turns, and kept them incessantly upon the rack. There was something mysterious in the visiter who had just left them—something which they could not fathom—something unaccountable. “Who could he be?” This was the question that each put to the other, but no one could give any thing like a rational answer.

Meanwhile the evening wore on apace, and though the bell of the parish church hard by sounded the tenth hour, no one seemed inclined to take the hint to depart. Even the parson heard it without regard, to such a pitch was his curiosity excited. About this time, also, the

sky, which had hitherto been tolerably clear, began to be overclouded. Distant peals of thunder were heard; and thick sultry drops of rain pattered at intervals against the casement of the inn: every thing seemed to indicate a tempestuous evening. But the storm which threatened to rage without, was unnoticed. Though the drops fell heavily; though gleams of lightning flashed by, followed by the report of distant thunder, and the winds began to hiss and whistle among the trees of the neighbouring cemetery, yet all these external signs of elementary tumult were as nothing to the deep, solemn footsteps of the Red Man. There seemed to be no end to his walking. An hour had he paced up and down the chamber without the least interval of repose, and he was still engaged in this occupation as at first. In this there was something incredibly mysterious; and the party below, notwithstanding their numbers, felt a vague and indescribable

dread beginning to creep over them. The more they reflected upon the character of the stranger, the more unnatural did it appear. The redness of his hair and complexion, and, still more, the fiery hue of his garment, struck them with astonishment. But this was little to the freezing and benumbing glance of his eye, the strange tones of his voice, and his miraculous birth on the borders of the Red Sea. There was now no longer any smoking in the kitchen. The subjects which occupied their minds were of too engrossing a nature to be treated with levity ; and they drew their chairs closer, with a sort of irresistible and instinctive attraction.

While these things were going on, the bandy-legged ostler entered, in manifest alarm. He came to inform his master that the stranger's horse had gone mad, and was kicking and tearing at every thing around, as if he would break his manger in pieces. Here a loud neighing and

rushing were heard in the stable. "Ay, there he goes," continued he. "I believe the devil is in the beast, if he is not the old enemy himself. Ods, master, if you saw his eyes: they are like ——"

"What are they like?" demanded the landlord. "Ay, what are they like?" exclaimed the rest with equal impatience.

"Ods, if they a'n't like burning coals!" ejaculated the ostler, trembling from head to foot, and squeezing himself in among the others, on a chair which stood hard by. His information threw fresh alarm over the company, and they were more agitated and confused than ever.

During the whole of this time the sound of walking over-head never ceased for one moment. The heavy tread was unabated: there was not the least interval of repose, nor could a pendulum have been more regular in its motions. Had there been any relaxation, any pause, any increase,

or any diminution, of rapidity in the footsteps, they would have been endurable ; but there was no such thing. The same deadening, monotonous, stupifying sound continued, like clockwork, to operate incessantly above their heads. Nor was there any abatement of the storm without ; the wind blowing among the trees of the cemetery in a sepulchral moan ; the rain beating against the panes of glass with the impetuous loudness of hail ; and lightning and thunder flashing and pealing at brief intervals through the murky firmament. The noise of the elements was indeed frightful, and it was heightened by the voice of the sable steed, like that of a spirit of darkness ; but the whole, as we have just hinted, was as nothing to the deep, solemn, mysterious treading of the Red Man.

Innumerable were their conjectures concerning the character of this personage. It has been mentioned that the landlady conceived him at

first to be a travelling packman, the landlord a French spy, and the exciseman a conjurer. Now their opinions were wholly changed, and they looked upon him as something a great deal worse.

The parson, in the height of his learning, regarded him as an emanation of the tempter himself; and in this he was confirmed by the erudite opinion of the schoolmaster. As to the ostler, he could say nothing about the man, but he was willing to stake his professional knowledge that his horse was kith and kin to the evil one. Such were the various doctrines promulgated in the kitchen of the Black Swan.

"If he be like other men, how could he anticipate me, as he did, in what I was going to say?" observed the parson.

"Born on the borders of the Red Sea!" ejaculated the landlord.

"Heard ye how he repeated to us what we

were talking about during his absence in the stable?" remarked the exciseman.

"And how he knew that I was a pedagogue?" added the schoolmaster.

"And how he called on me by my name, although he never saw or heard of me before?" said the ostler in conclusion. Such a mass of evidence was irresistible. It was impossible to overlook the results to which it naturally led.

"If more proof is wanting," resumed the parson after a pause, "only look to his dress. What Christian would think of travelling about the country in red? It is a type of the hell-fire from which he is sprung."

"Did you observe his hair hanging down his back like a bunch of carrots?" asked the exciseman.

"Such a diabolical glance in his eye!" said the schoolmaster.



“ Such a voice !” added the landlord. “ It is like the sound of a cracked clarionet.”

“ His feet are not cloven,” observed the landlady.

“ No matter,” exclaimed the landlord ; “ the devil, when he chooses, can have as good legs as his neighbours.”

“ Better than some of them,” quoth the lady, looking peevishly at the lower limbs of her husband.

Meanwhile the incessant treading continued unabated, although two long hours had passed since its commencement. There was not the slightest cessation to the sound, while out of doors the storm raged with violence, and in the midst of it the hideous neighing and stamping of the black horse were heard with pre-eminent loudness. At this time the fire of the kitchen began to burn low. The sparkling blaze was gone, and

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in its stead nothing but a dead red lustre emanated from the grate. One candle had just expired, having burnt down to the socket. Of the one which remained, the unsnuffed wick was nearly three inches in length, black and crooked at the point, and standing like a ruined tower amid an envelopment of sickly yellow flame; while around the fire's equally decaying lustre sat the frightened *colerie*, narrowing their circle as its brilliancy faded away, and eyeing each other like apparitions amidst the increasing gloom.

At this time the clock of the steeple struck the hour of midnight, and the tread of the stranger suddenly ceased. There was a pause for some minutes—afterwards a rustling—then a noise as of something drawn along the floor of his room. In a moment thereafter his door opened; then it shut with violence, and heavy footsteps were heard trampling down the stair. The inmates of the kitchen shook with alarm as the tread came

nearer. They expected every moment to behold the Red Man enter, and stand before them in his native character. The landlady fainted outright: the exciseman followed her example: the landlord gasped in an agony of terror: and the schoolmaster uttered a pious ejaculation for the behoof of his soul. Doctor Poundtext was the only one who preserved any degree of composure. He managed, in a trembling voice, to call out, "Avaunt, Satan! I exorcise thee from hence to the bottom of the Red Sea!"

'I am going as fast as I can,' said the stranger, as he passed the kitchen door on his way to the open air. His voice aroused the whole conclave from their stupor. They started up, and by a simultaneous effort rushed to the window. There they beheld the tall figure of a man, enveloped in a black cloak, walking across the yard on his way to the stable. He had on a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, top-boots, with enor-

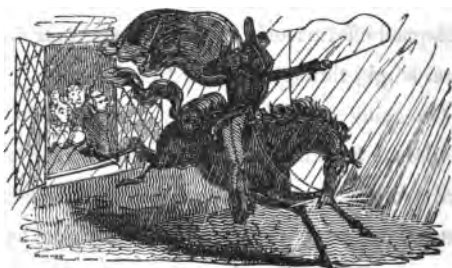
mous spurs, and carried a gigantic whip in one hand, and a portmanteau in the other. entered the stable, remained there about three minutes, and came out leading forth his fiery steed thoroughly accoutred. In the twinkling of an eye he got upon his back, waved his hand to the company, who were surveying him through the window, and, clapping spurs to his charger, galloped off furiously, with a hideous and unnatural laugh, through the midst of the storm.

On going up stairs to the room which the devil had honoured with his presence, the landlord found that his infernal majesty had helped himself to every thing he could lay his hands upon, having broken into his desk and carried off twenty-five guineas of king's money, a ten pound Bank of England note, and sundry articles, such as seals, snuff-boxes, &c. Since that time he has not been seen in these quarters, and if he should, he will do well to beware of Doctor

Poundtext, who is a civil magistrate as well as a minister ; and who, instead of exorcising him to the bottom of the Red Sea, may perhaps exorcise him to the interior of Leicester gaol, to await his trial before the judges of the midland circuit.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

[FORGET ME NOT.]



## THE SPLENDID ANNUAL.



My name is Scroppe—I *am* an Alderman—I *was* Sheriff—I *have been* Lord Mayor—and the three great eras of my existence were the year of my shrievalty, the year of my mayoralty, and the year after it. Until I had passed through this ordeal, I had no conception of the extremes of happiness and wretchedness to which a human being may be carried, nor ever believed that society presented to its members an eminence so exalted as that which I once touched, or imagined a fall so great as that which I experienced.

I came originally from that place to which persons of bad character are said to be sent—I mean Coventry, where my father for many years contributed his share to the success of parliamentary candidates, the happiness of new married couples, and even the gratification of ambitious courtiers, by taking part in the manufacture of ribands for election cockades, wedding favours, and cordons of chivalry; but trade failed, and, like his betters, he became bankrupt, but, unlike his betters, without any consequent advantage to himself; and I, at the age of fifteen, was thrown upon the world with nothing but a strong constitution, a moderate education, and fifteen shillings and eleven pence three farthings in my pocket.

With these qualifications I started from my native town on a pedestrian excursion to London; and although I fell into none of those romantic adventures of which I had read at school, I met with more kindness than the world generally

gets credit for, and on the fourth day after my departure, having slept soundly, if not magnificently, every night, and eaten with an appetite which my mode of travelling was admirably calculated to stimulate, reached the great metropolis, having preserved of my patrimony no less a sum than nine shillings and seven pence.

The bells of one of the churches in the city were ringing merrily as I descended the heights of Islington; and were it not that my patronymic Scropps never could, under the most improved system of campanology, be jingled into any thing harmonious, I have no doubt I, like my great predecessor Whittington, might have heard in that peal a prediction of my future exaltation; certain it is I did not; and, wearied with my journey, I took up my lodging for the night at a very humble house near Smithfield, to which I had been kindly recommended by the driver of a return postchaise, of whose liberal offer of the



moiety of his bar to town I had availed myself at Barnet.

As it is not my intention to deduce a moral from my progress in the world at this period of my life, I need not here dilate upon the good policy of honesty, or the advantages of temperance and perseverance, by which I worked my way upwards, until, after meriting the confidence of an excellent master, I found myself enjoying it fully. To his business I succeeded at his death, having, several years before, with his sanction, married a young and deserving woman, about my own age, of whose prudence and skill in household matters I had long had a daily experience. In the subordinate character of his sole domestic servant, in which she figured when I first knew her, she had but few opportunities of displaying her intellectual qualities; but when she rose in the world, and felt the cheering influence of prosperity, her mind, like a balloon

soaring into regions where the bright sun beams on it, expanded, and she became, as she remains, the kind unsophisticated partner of my sorrows and my pleasures, the friend of my heart, and the guiding star of my destinies.

To be brief, Providence blessed my efforts and increased my means; I became a wholesale dealer in every thing, from barrels of gunpowder down to pickled herrings; in the civic acceptation of the word I was a merchant, amongst the vulgar I am called a drysalter. I accumulated wealth; with my fortune my family also grew, and one male Scropps, and four female ditto, grace my board at least once in every week; for I hold it an article of faith to have a sirloin of roasted beef upon my table on Sundays, and all my children round me to partake of it: this may be prejudice—no matter—so long as he could afford it, my poor father did so before me;

plead that precedent, and am not ashamed of the custom.

Passing over the minor gradations of my life, the removal from one residence to another, the enlargement of this warehouse, the rebuilding of that, the anxiety of a canvass for common council man, activity in the company of which I am liveryman, inquests, and vestries, and ward meetings, and all the other pleasing toils to which an active citizen is subject, let us come at once to the first marked epoch of my life—the year of my Shrievalty. The announcement of my nomination and election filled Mrs. S. with delight; and when I took my children to Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, to look at the gay chariot brushing up for me, I confess I felt proud and happy to be able to show my progeny the arms of London, those of the Spectacle Makers' Company, and those of the

Scropsses (recently found at a trivial expense) all figuring upon the same pannels. They looked magnificent upon the pea-green ground, and the wheels, "white picked out crimson," looked so chaste, and the hammercloth, and the fringe, and the festoons, and Scropss' crests all looked so rich, and the silk linings with white tassels, and the squabs and the yellow cushions and the crimson carpet looked so comfortable, that, as I stood contemplating the equipage, I said to myself, "What have I done to deserve *this*?—O that my poor father were alive to see his boy Jack going down to Westminster, to chop sticks and count hobnails, in a carriage like this!' My children were like mad things: and in the afternoon, when I put on my first new brown court suit (lined, like my chariot, with white silk) and fitted up with cut steel buttons, just to try the effect, it appeared like a dream; the sword, which I tried on, every night for half an

hour after I went up to bed, to practise walking with it, was very inconvenient at first; but use is second nature; and so by rehearsing and rehearsing I made myself perfect before that auspicious day when Sheriffs flourish and geese prevail—namely, the twenty-ninth of September.

The twelve months which followed were very delightful, for independently of the *positive éclat* they produced, I had the Mayoralty in *prospectu* (having attained my aldermanic gown by an immense majority the preceding year), and as I used during the sessions to sit in my box at the Old Bailey, with my bag at my back and my bouquet on my book, my thoughts were wholly devoted to one object of contemplation; culprits stood trembling to hear the verdict of a jury, and I regarded them not; convicts knelt to receive the fatal fiat of the Recorder, and I heeded not their sufferings, as I watched the Lord Mayor seated in the centre of the bench,

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with the sword of justice stuck up in a goblet over his head—there, thought I, if I live two years, shall *I* sit—however, even as it was, it was very agreeable. When executions, the chief drawbacks to my delight, happened, I found, after a little seasoning, I took the thing coolly, and enjoyed my toast and tea after the patients were turned off, just as if nothing had happened; for, in *my* time, we hanged at eight and breakfasted at a quarter after, so that without much hurry we were able to finish our muffins just in time for the cutting down at nine. I had to go to the House of Commons with a petition, and to Court with an address—trying situation for one of the Scropkses—however, the want of state in parliament, and the very little attention paid to us by the members, put me quite at my ease at Westminster; while the gracious urbanity of our accomplished Monarch on his throne made me equally comfortable at St. James's. Still I

was but a secondary person, or rather only one of two secondary persons—the chief of bailiffs and principal Jack Ketch; there *was* a step to gain—and, as I often mentioned in confidence to Mrs. Scropps, I was sure my heart would never be still until I had reached the pinnacle.

Behold at length the time arrived!—Guild-hall crowded to excess—the hustings thronged—the alderman retire—they return—their choice is announced to the people—it has fallen upon John Ebenezer Scropps, Esq., Alderman and spectacle-maker—a sudden shout is heard—“Scropps for ever!” resounds—the whole assembly seems to vanish from my sight—I come forward—am invested with the chain—I bow—make a speech—tumble over the train of the Recorder, and tread upon the tenderest toe of Mr. Deputy Pod—leave the hall in ecstasy, and drive home to Mrs. Scropps in a state of mind bordering upon insanity.

The days wore on, each one seemed as long as a week, until at length the eighth of November arrived, and then did it seem certain that I should be Lord Mayor—I was sworn in—the civic insignia were delivered to me—I returned them to the proper officers—my chaplain was near me—the esquires of my household were behind me—the thing was done—never shall I forget the tingling sensation I felt in my ear when I was first called “My Lord”—I even doubted if it were addressed to me, and hesitated to answer—but it *was* so—the reign of splendour had begun; and, after going through the accustomed ceremonies, I got home and retired to bed early, in order to be fresh for the fatigues of the ensuing day.

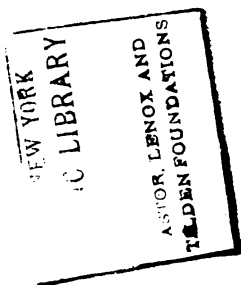
Sleep I did not—how was it to be expected?—some part of the night I was in consultation with Mrs. Scropps upon the different arrangements; settling about the girls, their places at



the banquet, and their partners at the ball; the wind down the chimney sounded like the shouts of the people; the cocks crowing in the mews at the back of the house I took for trumpets sounding my approach; and the ordinary incidental noises in the family I fancied the popguns at Stangate, announcing my disembarkation at Westminster—thus I tossed and tumbled until the long-wished-for day dawned, and I jumped up anxiously to realise the visions of the night. I was not long at my toilet—I was soon shaved and dressed—but just as I was settling myself comfortably into my beautiful brown broadcloth inexpressibles, crack went something, and I discovered that a seam had ripped half a foot long. Had it been consistent with the dignity of a Lord Mayor to swear, I should, I believe at that moment, have anathematised the offending tailor;—as it was, what was to be done?—I heard trumpets in earnest, carriages drawing up



v. 1, p. 244.



and setting down ; sheriffs, and chaplains, mace bearers, train bearers, sword bearers, water bailiffs, remembrancers, Mr. Common Hunt, the Town Clerk, and the deputy town clerk, all bustling about—the bells ringing—and *I* late, with a hole in my inexpressibles! There was but one remedy—my wife's maid, kind, intelligent creature, civil and obliging, and ready to turn her hand to any thing, came to my aid, and in less than fifteen minutes her activity, exerted in the midst of confusion, repaired the injury, and turned me out fit to be seen by the whole corporation of London.

When I was dressed, I tapped at Mrs. Scropps' door, went in, and asked her if she thought I should do. The dear soul, after setting my point lace frill (which she had been good enough to pick off her own petticoat on purpose) and putting my bag straight, gave me the sweetest salute imaginable.

"I wish your lordship health and happiness," said she.

"Sally," said I, "your ladyship's an angel;" and so, having kissed each of my daughters, who were in progress of dressing, I descended the stairs, to begin the auspicious day in which I reached the apex of my greatness. Never shall I forget the bows—the civilities—the congratulations :—sheriffs bending before me—the recorder smiling—the common-serjeant at my feet—the pageant was intoxicating ; and when, after having breakfasted, I stepped into that glazed and gilded house upon wheels, called the state coach, and saw my sword-bearer pop himself into one of the boots, with the sword of state in his hand, I was lost in ecstasy ; I threw myself back upon the seat of the vehicle with all imaginable dignity, but not without damage, for in the midst of my ease and elegance, I snapped off the cut steel hilt of my sword, by accidentally bumping the whole

weight of my body right, or rather wrong, directly upon the top of it. But what was a sword-hilt or a bruise to *me*? I was *the* Lord Mayor—the greatest man of the greatest city of the greatest nation in the world.

The people realised my anticipations, and “Bravo, Scropps!” and “Scropps for ever!” again resounded, as we proceeded slowly and majestically towards the river, through a fog, which prevented our being advantageously seen, and which got down the throat of the sword-bearer, who coughed incessantly during our progress, much to my annoyance, not to speak of the ungraceful movements which his convulsive barkings gave to the red velvet scabbard of the official glaive as it stuck out of the window of the coach.

We embarked in *my* barge: a new scene of splendour awaited me;—guns, shouts, music, flags, banners,—in short, every thing that fancy could paint, or a water-bailiff provide: there, in

the gilded bark, was prepared a cold collation, —I ate, but tasted nothing; fowls, *patés*, tongue, game, beef, ham, all had the same flavour,—champagne, hock, and Madeira were all alike to me—Lord Mayor was all I saw, all I heard, all I swallowed: every thing was pervaded by the one captivating word, and the repeated appeal to “my lordship” was sweeter than nectar.

At Westminster, having been presented and received, I desired—I—John Ebenezer Scropps, of Coventry—I desired the Recorder to invite the Judges to dine with me;—I, who remember when two of the oldest and most innocent of the twelve, came the circuit,—trembling at the sight of them, and believing them some extraordinary creatures upon whom all the hair and fur I saw, grew naturally—I, not only to ask these formidable beings to dine with me, but, as if I thought it beneath my dignity to do so in my proper person, deputing a judge of my own to do it for me: I

never shall forget their bows in return—Chinese mandarins on a chimney-piece are fools to them.

Then came the return: we landed once more in the scene of my dignity; at the corner of Fleet Street we found the Lady Mayoress waiting for the procession: there she was—Sally Scropps (her maiden name was Snob)—there was my own Sally, with a plume of feathers that half filled the coach, and Jenny, and Maria, and young Sally, all with their backs to *my* horses, which were pawing the mud, and snorting and smoking like steam-engines, with nostrils like safety-valves, and four of *my* footmen hanging behind the coach, like bees in a swarm. There had not been so much riband in my family since my poor father's failure at Coventry. And yet how often, over and over again, although he had been dead more than twenty years, did I, during that morning, in the midst of my splendour, think of *him*, and wish that he could see me in my greatness. Yes, even



in the midst of my triumph I seemed to defer to my good, kind parent—in heaven, as I hope and trust—as if I were anxious for *his* judgment and his opinion as to how I should perform the arduous and manifold duties of the day.

Up Ludgate Hill we moved—the fog grew thicker and thicker—but then the beautiful women at the windows—those up high could only see my knees and the paste buckles in my shoes; every now and then I bowed condescendingly to people I had never seen before, in order to show my courtesy and my chain and collar, which I had discovered during the morning shone the better for being shaken.

At length we reached Guildhall: as I crossed the beautiful building, lighted splendidly, and filled with well-dressed company, and heard the deafening shouts which rent the fane as I entered it, I really was overcome. I retired to a private room, refreshed my dress, rubbed up my chain,

which the damp had tarnished, and prepared to receive my guests. They came, and—shall I ever forget it?—dinner was announced; the bands played “O the roast beef of old England.” Onwards we went, a prince of the blood—of the blood royal of my country, led out *my* Sally—my own Sally—the Lady Mayoress! the Lord High Chancellor handed out young Sally—I saw it done—I thought I should have choked; the Prime Minister took Maria; the Lord Privy Seal gave his arm to Jenny; and my wife’s mother, Mrs. Snob, was honoured by the protection of the Right Honourable the Lord Chief Justice of the King’s Bench. Oh, if my poor father could but have seen *that*!

It would be tiresome to dwell upon the pleasures of the happy year, thus auspiciously begun in detail; each month brought its delights, each week its festival; public meetings under the sanction of the Right Honourable the Lord

Mayor; concerts and balls under the patronage of the Lady Mayoress; Easter and its dinner, Blue-coat boys and buns; processions here—excursions there. Summer came, and then we had swan-hopping *up* the river, and white-baiting *down* the river; Yantlet Creek below—the navigation barge above: music, flags, streamers, guns, and company; turtle every day in the week; peas at a pound a pint, and grapes at a guinea a pound; dabbling in rosewater served in gold, not to speak of the loving cup, with Mr. Common Hunt in full dress, at my elbow; my dinners were talked of, Ude grew jealous, and I was idolised.

The days, which before seemed like weeks, were now turned to minutes; scarcely had I swallowed my breakfast before I was in my justice room, and before I had mittimused half a dozen paupers for beggary, I was called away to luncheon; this barely over, in comes a deputation or a despatch, and so on till dinner, which was barely

ended before supper was announced. We all became enchanted with the Mansion House · my girls grew graceful by the confidence their high station gave them ; Maria refused a good offer because her lover chanced to have an ill-sounding name : we had all got settled in our rooms, the establishment had begun to know and appreciate us,—we had just become, in fact, easy in our dignity and happy in our position, when lo and behold ! the ninth of November came again—the anniversary of my exaltation, the consummation of my downfall.

Again did we go in state to Guildhall,—again were we toasted and addressed,—again were we handed in and led out,—again flirted with cabinet ministers and danced with ambassadors,—and at two o'clock in the morning drove home from the scene of gaiety to our old residence in Budge Row. Never in this world did pickled herrings and turpentine smell so powerfully as on that

night when we entered the house, and although my wife and the young ones stuck to the drinkables at Guildhall, their natural feelings would have way, and a sort of shuddering disgust seemed to fill their minds on their return home ;—the passage looked so narrow—the drawing-rooms looked so small—the staircase seemed so dark—our apartments appeared so low ; however, being tired, we all slept well, at least I did, for I was in no humour to talk to Sally, and the only topic I could think upon before I dropped into my slumber, was a calculation of the amount of expense which I had incurred during the just expired year of my greatness.

In the morning we assembled at breakfast ; a note lay on the table addressed, “ Mrs. Scropps, Budge Row.” The girls, one after the other, took it up, read the superscription, and laid it down again. A visiter was announced ;—a neighbour and kind friend, a man of wealth and

importance—what were his first words?—they were the first I had heard from a stranger since my job,—“How are you, Scropps, done up, eh?”

“Scropps!”—no obsequiousness, no deference, no respect;—no “my lord, I hope your lordship passed an agreeable night—and how is her ladyship, and your lordship’s amiable daughters?”—not a bit of it—“How’s Mrs. S. and the *gals*?” This was quite natural, all as it *had* been, all, perhaps, as it *should* be—but how unlike what it *was*, only one day before! The very servants, who, when amidst the strapping, stall-fed, gold-laced lacqueys of the Mansion House, (transferred with the chairs and tables from one Lord Mayor to another,) dared not speak nor look, nor say their lives were their own, strutted about the house, and banged the doors, and talked of their “*Missis*,” as if she had been an apple-woman.

So much for domestic miseries;—I went out—I was shoved about in Cheapside in the most

remorseless manner ; my right eye had a narrow escape of being poked out by the tray of a brawny butcher's boy, who, when I civilly remonstrated, turned round and said, " Vy, I says, who are *you* I vonder, as is so partiklar about your *hysight* ?" I felt an involuntary shudder—to-day, thought I, I *am* John Ebenezer Scropps—two days ago, I *was* Lord Mayor,—and so the rencontre ended, much to the advantage of the bristly brute. It was, however, too much for me ; the effect of contrast was too powerful : the change was too sudden ; and I determined to go to Brighton for a few weeks to refresh myself, and be weaned from my dignity.

We went ; we drove to the Royal Hotel : in the hall stood one of his Majesty's ministers, one of my former guests, speaking to his lady and daughter ; my girls passed close to him—he had handed one of them to dinner the year before, but he appeared entirely to have forgotten her. By

the by, when we were going out in a fly to take the air, one of the waiters desired the fly man to pull off, because Sir Something Somebody's carriage could not come up,—it was clear that the name of Scropps had lost its influence.

We secluded ourselves in a private house, where we did nothing but sigh and look at the sea. We had been totally spoiled for our proper sphere, and could not get into a better; the indifference of our inferiors mortified us, and the familiarity of our equals disgusted us; our potentiality was gone, and we were so much degraded that a puppy of a fellow had the impertinence to ask Jenny if she was going to one of the Old Ship balls. "Of course," said the coxcomb, "I don't mean the 'Almacks,' for they are uncommonly select."

In short, do what we would, go where we might, we were outraged and annoyed, or at least thought ourselves so; and beyond all bitterness



was the reflection, that the days of our dignity and delight never might return. There were at Brighton no less than three men who called me Jack, and *that* out of *fies* or in libraries; and one of these chose occasionally, by way of making himself particularly agreeable, to address me by the familiar appellation of Jackey. At length, and that only three weeks after my fall, an overgrown tallow-chandler met us on the Steyne, and stopped our party to observe, "as how he thought he owed me for two barrels of coal tar, for doing over his pigstyes." This settled it—we departed from Brighton, and made a tour of the coast; but we never rallied; and business, which must be minded, drove us before Christmas to Budge Row, where we are again settled down.

Maria has grown thin—Sarah has turned methodist—and Jenny, who danced with his Excellency the Portuguese Ambassador, who was called angelic by the Right Honourable the

Lord Privy Seal, and who, moreover, refused a man of fortune because he had an ugly name, is going to be married to Lieutenant Stodge, on the half pay of the Royal Marines—and what then? —I am sure if it were not for the females of my family, I should be perfectly at my ease in my proper sphere, out of which the course of our civic constitution raised me. It was unpleasant at first:—but I have toiled long and laboured hard; I have done my duty, and Providence has blessed my works. If we were discomposed at the sudden change in our station, I it is who was to blame for having aspired to honours which I knew were not to last. However, the ambition was not dishonourable, nor did I disgrace the station while I held it; and when I see, as in the present year, *that* station filled by a man of education and talent, of high character and ample fortune, I discover no cause to repent of having been one of his predecessors. Indeed, I ought to apologise for

making public the weakness by which we were all affected ; especially as I have myself already learned to laugh at what we all severely felt at first—the miseries of a **SPLENDID ANNUAL**.

[THEODORE HOOK.]



## THE FIFESHIRE APOTHECARY.



WHETHER, in consequence of an epidemic prevailing, or of the season, which was Christmas and the consequent repletion attendant on it, had caused such an unusual influx of customers to the shop of Andrew, chemist and druggist in the town of Fife, or no, certain it is he and his boy had been more than usually employed in compounding aperients and emetics for the inhabitants of the good city ; never before had such a demand on his gallipots and bottles been made—never before had blue pill and jalap been used in such profusion, and never before had Andrew

felt more sincere pleasure than he derived that evening from the market-house clock striking eleven, his signal for closing ; with alacrity his boy obeyed, and in a few minutes departed, leaving him to enjoy solitude for the first time during the day, and to calculate the quantity of drugs made use of during it ; this was not small, —  $14\frac{1}{2}$  oz. computation, had he prepared for the good townfolk of Fife ; innumerable had been the cases of *cholera morbus*, and plum-pudding surfeits, he had relieved that day, and the recollection of the proportion of evil he had been the means of alleviating, gave him the most pleasing sensations ; the profit also accruing from his day's labour, contributed no small share of pleasing thoughts, and one half hour more had passed, ere it entered his mind the time for closing had more than arrived ; he had, however, just arisen for the purpose, when a stranger entered. Now, Andrew, though an industrious man, would wil-

lingly have dispensed with any other call for his services for that evening, and not altogether so obligingly as usual did he welcome his customer, but awaited his commands without deigning a question. The stranger was not, however, long in opening his commission, neither did he appear to take Andrew's inattention at all amiss; he seemed one of those happy beings upon whom outward circumstances make little or no impression, who could be either civil or otherwise, as should happen to suit his humour, and who cared little for any opinion but his own; his broad and ample shoulders, over which was cast a large coachman's coat, with its innumerable capes, with his hands thrust into the pockets, and his round, ruddy, good-humoured face showed the cares and troubles of the world had made little impression on him. Andrew had seen many a wild Highlander in his time; but either there was something peculiar in his

customer, or his nerves were a little deranged by his exertions during the day, but an undefined sensation of fear came over him, for which he could not account, and his first impulse was to run to the door for assistance; yet then he bethought himself he might, perchance, fall into the hands of those night prowlers, who, reports say, make no scruple of supplying students with the living subject if they cannot procure dead ones. I cannot state this as a fact, but it occurred to Andrew he had heard so,—and more, did he leave his shop, his till would be left to the tender mercies of the stranger; he was, therefore, compelled to summon courage, and demand the stranger's business. This was not so difficult to him, perhaps, as we may imagine, Andrew having formerly served in the militia; but it appeared his fears had alarmed him far more than there was any occasion, for, on asking the stranger's business, he in the most polite

manner only requested him to prepare a box of moderately strong aperient pills ; this at once relieved his fears, though it did not entirely remove them, and Andrew quickly set about the necessary preliminaries. Blue pill and jalap once more were in request, but, so much had the stranger's sudden appearance agitated him, he could not recollect their places so readily as usual, and he was more than once on the point of mixing quite the reverse of what he intended ; the stranger observed to him he appeared agitated, but politely begged he would wait a little and compose himself, as he was in no hurry ; here all Andrew's fears returned, and in spite of all his efforts his hand shook as though he had the palsy, and never had the preparation of a box of pills appeared so irksome to him ; it seemed as though the very medicine itself had this evening conspired to torment him—three times longer than it usually took him had he



now been, and though the town clock had already told the hour of midnight, still Andrew was at his post, grinding and pounding, and often, as he delayed for a moment from mere inability to proceed, the stranger politely besought him to rest a few minutes and compose himself, and Andrew, for very shame, was compelled to resume his occupation. At length his labours drew to an end, and he prepared the label, pasted it on, neatly covered the box with blue paper, and presented it to the stranger.

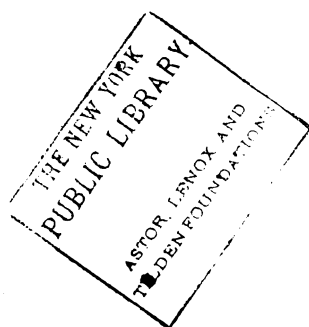
“ I will thank you for a glass of water,” said he, as he bowed to Andrew, on receiving it ; “ and I see, Sir, you have given me a smartish dose. ‘ All these pills to be taken at bed time, but so much the better, they will perform the required duty sooner. I have, ere now, mastered a leg of mutton ; and some writers affirm the human stomach can digest a tenpenny nail,—so here goes.”

It was in vain Andrew assured him he had made a mistake in the directions, and that one pill was sufficient; in vain he remonstrated with him on the danger of taking a larger dose; pill after pill disappeared from his alarmed view, while, between every three or four, in the same equable and polite tone came, "I will thank you to prepare me another box, and compose yourself, Sir; I'm in no hurry." Who could the stranger be? Andrew was now at the very climax of alarm; the perspiration stood on his brow, and his hands trembled so as to render it almost impossible to reach down his jars without damaging them; strong doses he had certainly often prepared after a city feast, for the attendants on it, but this outdid it all. A man that could devour a leg of mutton, digest a tenpenny nail, and take a box of blue pills at a mouthful, had never entered his imagination, much less did he ever expect to see such a being in person.

but be he who he may, he was again obliged to commence his labour. The stranger had now finished his box, and Andrew had no alternative but to commence again, or stare him in the face—the latter he could not do, as his imagination had now metamorphosed him into something more or less than man; once more, therefore, did Andrew ply at the pestle, while the stranger, as if to beguile the tedium of waiting, began to grow more loquacious. Had Andrew ever sought after the Philosopher's Stone, the Universal Solvent, or the Elixir of Life? Did he put much faith in Solomon's Balm of Gilead, or Carrington's Pills, or did he believe in the Metempsychosis? In vain he assured him he studied nothing but the Edinburgh Dispensatory; that his shop bounded his researches; the stranger took it for granted he must be able to give or receive information, and question after question did he put, to which Andrew assented,

without knowing their purport. At length he seemed to have exhausted all his subjects, sat himself on the chair, as if to compose himself to sleep, and in a short time gave unequivocal proofs of it. Andrew now began to breathe more freely, and ventured to cast his eyes towards his strange customer ; and, after all, there was nothing to be alarmed at in his appearance, except he noticed the breath from his nostrils appeared more like the steam of a tea-kettle than the breath of a human being—still there was nothing extraordinary in his appearance ; he had a good jovial English farmer's face, and a dress that well suited it ; to be sure a smile, or rather grin, lurked in the corner of his mouth, even while asleep, as if he mocked poor Andrew's perplexity ; he did not, however, allow much time for observation—he seemed to be intuitively aware Andrew had ceased his operations, and he awoke with his usual polite manner. “ Oh, I

see you have finished; have the goodness to prepare me one box more; but let me pray you to take your leisure and compose yourself, for I am in no hurry." Andrew, who had fondly hoped his labour was at an end, now found himself obliged to renew it again with vigour, while the stranger aroused himself, rose from his chair, yawned and shook himself—spoke of the comfortable nap he had enjoyed, was sorry he had kept Andrew up so late, or rather early, for it was now morning. Andrew, though internally wishing him anywhere but in his shop, yet constrained himself politely to answer, that his commands gave him much pleasure. Again did he renew his toil. Box after box did he prepare without intermission; and the hours of one, two, and three had been tolled in succession, by the market clock; bitterly did he lament his destiny—long before this he ought to have been snug and comfortable in his warm bed. Anger now began





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to assume the place of fear, as he grew more accustomed to his visiter's company; and often did he determine in himself to refuse preparing any more, still his courage was not yet at that pitch; probably his exertions, as I said before, might have injured his nerves—however, he could not rally himself enough to do it.

The stranger, with his usual smile or grin, stood looking on, employing his time by beating the devil's tattoo on his boot, while at intervals came forth the phrase, "Another box, but don't hurry yourself." At length, mere inability to proceed any farther, supplied the place of courage; his arms and sides ached to such a degree with his labour, as to cause the perspiration to stand on his brow in great drops, and he declared he could proceed no farther. The alteration in the stranger's countenance told him he had better left it unsaid, and his hands instinctively grasped the pestle with renewed vigour, but his repent-



ance came too late ; the stranger's hand was already across the counter, and in a second more had grasped Andrew's nose as firmly as if it had been in a vice. Andrew strove in vain to release himself—the stranger held him with more than human force ; and his voice, instead of the polite tone he had before used, now sounded to his terrified ears what his imagination had pictured of the Indian yell. The pain of the gripe deprived him of voice to assure his tormentor he would compound for him as long as he would wish ; still he contrived to make signs to that effect, by stretching his hands towards his mortar, and imitating the action of grinding ; but his tyrant was relentless—firmer did he close his fore-finger and thumb. Andrew could not shake him off ; like a person afflicted with night-mare, he in vain essayed his strength, though agonised with the fear of losing his prominent feature in the struggle. The stranger,

at length, as if endowed with supernatural strength, lifted him from the ground, balanced him in the air for a moment, gave him a three-fold twitch, drew him head foremost over the counter, and let him fall. When he came to his senses, he found himself lying outside his bed, his only injury being a broken nose, from a fall on the floor.

[MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]



THE GRIDIRON;  
OR, PADDY MULLOWNEY'S TRAVELS IN FRANCE

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A CERTAIN old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont upon certain festive occasions, when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by *drawing out* one of his servants who was exceedingly fond of what he termed his "*thravels*," and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps, more than all, long and faithful services, had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics, who, if his

master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "Throth you won't, Sir ;" and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the "subject matter in hand," he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former service—general good conduct—or the delinquent's "wife and childher," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing. On such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, (after making certain "approaches" as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some *extravaganza* of his servant,) might, perchance, assail Pat thus: "By the bye, Sir John (addressing a distinguished guest), Pat has a very curious story, which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember, Pat (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid

to himself)—you remember that queer adventure you had in France?”

“Throth I do, Sir,” grins forth Pat.

“What!” exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, “was Pat ever in France?”

“Indeed he was,” cries mine host; and Pat adds, “Ay, and farther, plase your honour.”

“I assure you, Sir John,” continues my host, “Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French.”

“Indeed,” rejoins the baronet; “really I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people.”

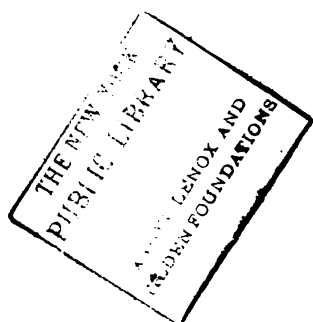
“Throth then, they’re not, Sir,” interrupts Pat.

“Oh, by no means,” adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

“I believe, Pat, ’twas when you were crossing the Atlantic?” says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the “full



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and true account"—(for Pat had thought fit to visit *North Amerikay*, for "a raison he had," in the autumn of the year ninety-eight )

"Yes, Sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic," a favourite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost, as the Atlantic itself.

"It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, a comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital; "whin the winds began to blow, and the sæ to rowl, that you'd think the *Colleen dhas* (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the boord, at last, and the pumps was chok'd (divil choke them for that same), and av coorse the wather gained an us, and throth to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors calls it, and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever;



accordianly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboard, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortal hurry we wor in—and faith there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the *Colleen dhas*, went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar away from her.

“Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket an the ind av a pole as well as we could, and thin we sailed iligant, for we darn't show a stitch o' canvass the night before, bekase it was blowin' like bloody murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae.

“Well, away we wint, for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-lookin' eyes but the canophy iv heaven, an the wide ocean—the

broad Atlantic—not a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky; and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim. And then, soon enough throth, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum—throth *that* was gone first of all—God help uz—and oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face—'Oh! murther, murther, captain darlint,' says I, 'I wish we could see land any where,' says I.

' 'More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy,' says he, for sitch a good wish, and throth it's myself wishes the same.'

" 'Oh,' says I, 'that it may plaze you, sweet queen iv heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute* island,' says I, 'inhabited wid' Turks, sure they

wouldn't be such bad Christians as to refuse uz a bit and a sup.'

" 'Whisht, whisht, Paddy,' says the captain, 'don't be talkin' bad of any one,' says he; 'you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarters in th' other world all of a suddent,' says he.

" 'Thru for you, captain darlint,' says I—I called him darlint, and made free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes uz all equal—'thru for you, captain jewel—God betune uz and harm, I owe no man any spite'—and throth that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and by gor the *wather itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowld—well, at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as cryshthal. But it was only the

more crule upon uz, for we wor beginnin' to feel *terrible* hungry ; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—by gor I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and 'thundher and turf, captain,' says I, 'look to leeward,' says I.

" 'What for?' says he.

" 'I think I see the land,' says I. So he ups with his bring-'m-near—(that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, Sir) and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

" 'Hurra!' says he, 'we're all right now ; pull away my boys,' says he.

" 'Take care you're not mistaken,' says I ; 'maybe its only a fog-bank, captain darlint,' says I.

" 'Oh no,' says he, 'it's the land in airnest.'

" 'Oh then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, Captain?' says I ; 'maybe it id be in *Roosia*, or *Proosia*, or the Garman Oceant,' says I.

“ ‘Tut, you fool,’ says he—for he had that consaited way wid him—thinkin’ himself cleverer nor any one else—‘tut, you fool,’ says he, ‘that’s *France*,’ says he.

“ ‘Tare an’ ouns,’ says I, ‘do you tell me so? and how do you know it’s *France* it is, captain dear?’ says I.

“ ‘Bekase this is the Bay o’ Bishky we’re in now,’ says he.

“ ‘Throth I was thinkin’ so myself,’ says I, ‘by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard o’ that same;’ and throth the likes av it I never seen before nor sinse, and, with the help o’ God, never will.

“ Well, with that, my heart began to grow light, and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—so says I, ‘captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.’

“ ‘Why then,’ says he, ‘thundher and turf, says he, ‘what puts a gridiron into your head?’

“ ‘Bekase I’m starvin’ with the hunger,’ says I.

“ ‘And sure, bad luck to you,’ says he, ‘you couldn’t ate a gridiron,’ says he, ‘barrin’ you wor a *pelican o’ the wildherness*,’ says he.

“ ‘Ate a gridiron!’ says I; ‘och, in throth I’m not sitch a *gommo* all out as that any how. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dress a beef-stake,’ says I.

“ ‘Arrah! but where’s the beef-stake,’ says he.

“ ‘Sure, couldn’t we cut a slice aff the pork,’ says I.

“ ‘By gor, I never thought o’ that,’ says the captain. ‘You’re a clever fellow, Paddy,’ says he, laughin’.

“ ‘Oh there’s many a thrue word said in joke,’ says I.

“ ‘Thrue for you, Paddy,’ says he.

“ ‘Well, taen,’ says I, ‘if you put me ashore

there beyant,' (for we were nearin' the land all the time,) 'and sure I can ax thim for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I.

" 'Oh, by gor the butther's comin' out o' the stir-about in airnist now,' says he; 'you gom-moch,' says he, 'sure I towld you before that's France—and sure they're all furriners there,' says the captain.

" 'Well,' says I, 'and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim?'

" 'What do you mane?' says he.

" 'I mane,' says I, 'what I towld you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim.'

" 'Make me sinsible,' says he.

" 'By dad maybe that's more nor me, or greater nor me could do,' says I—and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the Garman Ocean.

" 'Lave aff your humbuggin',' says he, 'I

bid you, and tell me what it is you mane at all, at all.'

" '*Parly voo frongsay,*' says I.

" 'Oh your humble sarvant,' says he; 'why, by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy.'

" 'Throth, you may say that,' says I.

" 'Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says the captain, jeerin' like.

" 'You're not the first that said that,' says I, 'whether you joke or no.'

" 'Oh, but I'm in airnest,' says the captain—'and do you tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'that you spake Frinch?'

" '*Parly voo frongsay,*' says I.

" 'By gor that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows Banagher bangs the devil—I nivir met the likes o' you Paddy,' says he—'pull away boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won't get a good bellyful before long.'

" So with that it was no sooner said nor done



—they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sthrand, an iligant place for ladies to bathe in the summer—and out I got, and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was afther bein' cramp'd up in the boat, and perished with the cowld and hunger; but I contrived to scramble on, one way or the other, tow'rds a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin out of it quite timptin' like.

“ ‘ By the powdhers o' war, I'm all right,” says I; ‘ there's a house there’—and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childher, ating their dinner round a table quite convaynient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p'lite intirely—and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

“ So I took aff my hat, and making a low bow, says I, ‘ God save all here,’ says I.

“ Well, to be sure, they all stopt ating at wanst, and begun to stare at me, and faith they almost looked me out of countenance—and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more to be token from furriners, which they call so mighty p’lite ; but I never minded that, in regard of wantin’ the gridiron ; and so,’ says I, ‘ I beg your pardon,’ says I, ‘ for the liberty I take, but its only bein’ in disthress in regard of ating,’ says I, ‘ that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I, ‘ I’d be intirely obleeged to ye.’

“ By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before, and with that, says I (knowing what was in their minds), ‘ indeed it’s thrue for you,’ says I ; ‘ I’m tathered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough, but it’s by raison of the

storm,' says I, 'which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin',' says I.

" So then they began to look at each other agin, and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they took me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity—with that, says I, 'Oh! not at all,' says I, 'by no manes, we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow.

" Well, Sir, with that, throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all—and so says I—'I beg pardon, Sir,' says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver—'maybe I'm undher a mistake,' says I; 'but I thought I was in France, Sir: aren't you furriners?' says I—' *Parly voo Frongsay?* '

“ ‘ We munseer,’ says he.

“ ‘ Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I, ‘ if you plaze?’

“ Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had sivin heads; and faith myself began to feel flustered like, and onaisy—and so says I, making a bow and scrape agin, ‘ I know it’s a liberty I take, Sir,’ says I, ‘ but it’s only in the regard of bein’ cast away; and if you plaze, Sir, says I, ‘ *Parly voo Frongsay.*’

“ ‘ We munseer,’ says he, mighty sharp.

“ ‘ Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I, ‘ and you’ll obleege me.’

“ Well, Sir, the ould chap began to munseer me, but the divil a bit of a gridiron he’d gie me; and so I began to think they were all neygars, for all their fine manners; and throth my blood began to rise, and says I, ‘ By my sowl, if it was you was in disthress,’ says I, ‘ and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it’s not only the gridiron

they'd give you, if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and the dhrop o' dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte*.'

" 'Well, the word *cead mile failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last ; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might undherstand—' *Parly—voo—Frongsay*, munseer ?'

" 'We munseer,' says he.

" 'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron, says I, 'and bad scrán to you.'

" 'Well, bad win' to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.

" 'Phoo!—the divil sweep yourself and your tongs,' says I, 'I don't want a tongs at all at all ; but can't you listen to *raison*,' says I—' *Parly voo Frongsay* ?'

" 'We munseer.'

“ ‘ Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I,  
‘ and howld your prate.’

“ Well, what would you think but he shook his owld noddle, as much as to say he wouldn’t; and so says I, ‘ Bad cess to the likes o’ that I ever seen—throth if you were in my country it’s not that-a-way they’d use you; the curse o’ the crows an you, you owld sinner,’ says I, ‘ the divil a longer I’ll darken your door.’

“ So he seen I was vex’d, and I thought, as I was turnin’ away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and says I, turnin’ back, ‘ Well, I’ll give you one chance more—you owld thief—are you a Chrishtan at all at all? are you a furriner?’ says I, ‘ that all the world calls so p’lite. Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language?—*Parly voo Frongsay*?’ says I.—“ ‘ We munseer,’ says he.

“ ‘ Then thundher and turf,’ says I, ‘ will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?’

“ Well, Sir, the devil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me—and so with that, ‘ the curse o' the hungry an you, you owld negarly villian,’ says I ; ‘ the back o' my hand, and the sowl o' my fut to you ; that you may want a gridiron yourself yet,’ says I ; ‘ and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you,’ says I ; and with that I left them there, and kem away—and in throth its often since that *I thought it was remarkable.*”

[LOVER'S LEGENDS OF IRELAND.]



## HEREDITARY HONOURS.

A TALE OF LOVE AND MYSTERY.



## CHAP. I.—THE MEETING.

THERE is a certain country not far distant from our own: in a certain small town, close to the metropolis of this country, there once lived a certain young lady of the name of Laura. She was the daughter and sole heiress of an honest gentleman, an attorney at law—and was particularly addicted to novels and falling in love. One day, she was walking in the woods, in a pensive manner, observing how affectionate the little birds



were to each other, and thinking what a blessing it was to have an agreeable lover—when, leaning against an elm tree, she perceived a young man habited in a most handsome dress, that seemed a little too '— for him, and of that peculiar complexion—half white, half yellow—which custom has dedicated to romance. He wore his long dark locks sweeping over his forehead ; and fixing his eyes intently on the ground, he muttered thus to himself: “ Singular destiny !—fearful thought ! Shall I resist it ?—shall I fly ? No ; that were unworthy of the name I bear ! For four hundred years my forefathers have enjoyed their honours ; not a break in their lineage : shall I be the first to forfeit this hereditary distinction ? Away the thought ! ” The young gentleman walked haughtily from the tree, and just before him he saw Miss Laura, fixing her delighted eyes upon his countenance, and pleasing herself with the thought that she saw before her an earl marshal, or a grand

falconer at the least. The young gentleman stood still, so also did the young lady ; the young gentleman stared,—the lady sighed. “Fair creature!” quoth the youth, throwing out his arm, but in somewhat a violent and abrupt manner, as if rather striking a blow than attempting a courteous gesture. Full of the becoming terror of a damsel of romance, Laura drew herself up, and uttered a little scream. “What !” said the youth mournfully, “do *you*, too, fear me?” Laura was affected almost to tears :—the youth took her hand. They met again, and oft ; and oh, how devotedly Laura loved the young cavalier ! She was passionately fond of rank : it seldom happens in the novels liked by young ladies that a lover is permitted to be of less rank than a peer’s son. Accordingly, she reflected with indescribable rapture on the certainty of having a gallant whose forefathers had enjoyed something four hundred years in the family ! . But what was that some-

thing? She was curious;—she interrogated her lover as to his name and rank. He changed colour, he bit his lip, he thrust both hands into his breeches pockets. “I cannot tell you what I am,” said he: “no, charming Laura, forgive me; one day you will know all.”—“Can he be the king’s eldest son?” said Laura to herself. After all, this mystery was very delightful. She introduced the young gentleman to her father. “Ah!” quoth the former, squeezing the attorney’s hand, “your family have been good friends to mine.”—“How?” cried the attorney, “are we then acquainted? may I crave your name, sir?” The lover looked confused, he mumbled out some excuse,—just at present he had reasons for wishing it concealed. Our unknown had a long military nose; he looked like a man who might have shot another in a duel. “Aha!” said the attorney, winking, and lowering his voice,—“I smell you, sir, you have killed your man, eh!”—“Ha!”

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cried the stranger: and slapping his forehead wildly, he rushed out of the room.

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#### CHAP. II.—THE LAWYER MATCHED.

It was now clear: the stranger had evidently been a brave transgressor of the law; perhaps an assassin, certainly a victorious single combater. This redoubled in Laura's bosom the interest she had conceived for him. There is nothing renders a young lady more ardent in her attachment than the supposition that her lover has committed some enormous crime. Her father thought he might make a good thing out of his new acquaintance. He resolved to find out if he was rich: if rich, he could marry him to his daughter; if poor, he might as well inform against him, and get the reward. An attorney is a bow, a crooked thing with two strings to it.

It was in the wood that the lawyer met the stranger. The stranger was examining a tree. "Strong, strong," muttered he; "yes, it is worth buying."—"Are you a judge of trees, sir?" quoth the attorney. "Hum,—yes, of a peculiar sort of tree."—"Have you much timber of your own?" "A great deal," replied the stranger coolly. "Of the best kind?"—"It is generally used for scaffolding."—"Oh! good deal!" The lawyer paused. "You cannot," said he archly, "you cannot conceal yourself: your rank is sufficiently apparent."—"Good heavens!"—"Yes; my daughter says she heard you boasting of your hereditary distinctions—four hundred years it has existed in your family."—"It has indeed!"—"And does the property—the cash part of the business go with it?"—"Yes; the Government provide for us."—"Oh, a pension! hereditary too?"—"You say it."—"Ah! 'tis the way with your great families," said the lawyer to himself,

"always quartered on the public."—"What's that he mutters about quartered?" exclaimed the stranger with emotion. "It is from our taxes that their support is drawn," continued the lawyer. "Drawn, sir!" cried the stranger aloud. "And if it be not the best way of living, hang *me*!" concluded the lawyer. "*You*!" faltered the stranger, clasping his hands: "horrible supposition!!!"

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### CHAP. III.—ENLIGHTENED SENTIMENTS.

"You will really marry me then, beautiful Laura," said the stranger, kneeling on his pocket-handkerchief. Laura blushed. "You are so—so bewitching—and—and you will always love me—and you will tell me who you are."—"After our marriage, yes,"—said the stranger, somewhat discomposed. "No; now, now," cried Laura

coaxingly. He was silent. "Come, I will get it out of you. You are an eldest son."—"Indeed I am," sighed the stranger. "You have an hereditary title?"—"Alas! yes."—"It descends to you?"—"It does."—"You have a—a—the means to support it?"—"Assuredly."—"Convince me of that," said the lawyer, who had been listening unobserved, "and my daughter is yours, let you have killed your man a hundred times over!"—"Wonderful liberality!" cried the stranger enthusiastically, and throwing himself at the lawyer's feet.

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#### CHAP. IV.—CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THE stranger wore a splendid suit of clothes. The mystery about him attracted the admiration and marvel of the people at the little inn at which he had taken up his lodging. They were talking

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about him in the kitchen one morning when the boots was brushing his coat. A tailor from the capital, who was travelling to his country seat, came into the kitchen to ask why his breakfast was not ready. "It is a beautiful coat!" cried the boots, holding it up. "What a cut!" cried the chambermaid. "It is lined with white silk," said the scullion, and she placed her thumb on the skirts. "Ha!" said the tailor,—“what do I see! it is the coat of the Marquis de Tête Perdu: I made it myself.” “It is out—it is out!” cried the waiter. “The gentleman is a marquis. Gemini, how pleased Miss Laura will be!”—“What’s that, sir? So the strange gentleman is really the Marquis de Tête Perdu!” asked the landlady. “John, take the *fresh* eggs to his lordship.”—“Impossible!” said the tailor, who had fixed on the fresh eggs for himself. “Impossible!” and while he laid his hand on the egg-stand, he lifted his eyes to heaven.



"Impossible! the Marquis has been hanged this twelvemonth!"

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CHAP. V.—THE DEPARTURE.

"Good heavens! how strange," said the lawyer, as he dismissed the landlord of the little inn. "I am very much obliged to you—only think—I was just going to marry my daughter to a gentleman who had been hanged!" Laura burst into tears. "What if he should be a vampire!" said she; "it is very odd that a man should live twelve months after hanging." Meanwhile the stranger descended the stairs to his parlour; a group of idlers in the passage gave way hastily on both sides. Nay, the housemaid, whom he was about, as usual, to chuck under the chin, uttered a loud shriek, and fell into a swoon. "The devil!" said the stranger, glancing suspiciously round. "am I known then?"—"Known!

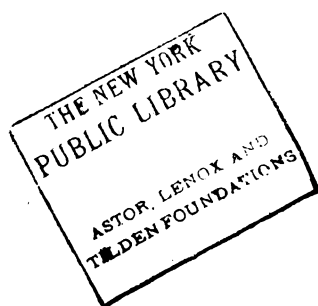
yes, you *are* known!" cried the boots. "The Marquis de Tête Perdu."—" *Sacre bleu!*" said the stranger, flinging into the parlour in a violent rage. He locked the door. He walked up and down with uneven strides. "Curse on these painful distinctions—these hereditary customs!" cried he vehemently, "they are the poison of my existence. I shall lose Laura; I shall lose her fortune; I am discovered. No, not yet; I will fly to her, before the boots spreads the intelligence. I will force her to go off with me—go off!—how many people have I forced to go off before!" To avoid the people in the passage, the stranger dropped from the window. He hastened to the lawyer's house—he found Miss Laura in the garden—she was crying violently, and had forgotten her pocket-handkerchief; the stranger offered her his own. Her eyes fell on a marquis's coronet, worked in the corner, with the initials "T. P." "Ah! it is too true, then," said she, sobbing; "the—the Marquis de Tête

Perdū—.” Here her voice was choked by her emotion. “Damnation! what—what of him?” With great difficulty Laura sobbed out the word “H—a—ng—e—d!”—“It is all up with me!” said the stranger, with a terrible grimace, and he disappeared. “Oh! he is certainly a vampire,” wept the unfortunate Laura; “at all events, after having been hanged for twelve months he cannot be worth much as a husband!”

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#### CHAP. VI.—THE JEALOUSY.

“Ah, miss!” said the tailor, as he passed through the country town on a high trotting horse, and met the unfortunate Laura walking homeward with “The Sorrows of Werter” in her hand: “Ah! so the spark has carried himself off! How could you be so taken in? What! marry a——” “I know what you would say,” interrupted Laura, haughtily, “and I beg you will be silent.”—“You knew him, then?”





v. 1, p. 305.

"Ay, by sight. I have seen him on trying occasions, sure enough. But you will meet him no more, I guess: he is wanted in town to-morrow morning." — "Gracious heaven! for what?" said Laura, thinking the Marquis de Tête Perdu was again apprehended for not having been hanged sufficiently. "Why, be prepared, miss; he is going to tie the noose." "Wretch! perfidious wretch" shrieked Laura, as her fear now changed into jealousy; "do you mean that he is going to lead another to the altar?" — "Exactly miss!" said the tailor, and off went his high trotting horse.

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#### CHAP. VII.—THE DENOUEMENT.

"POOR cousin Jack!" said the lawyer, as he was eating his breakfast; "he has been playing very naughty pranks, to be sure; but he is our cousin, nevertheless. We should pay him all

possible respect. Come, girl, get on your bonnet; you may as well come with me; it will divert your mind."—"La! papa; but, to be sure, there will be a great crowd. It is a most affecting sight; and, after all, I think a drive may do me good."—"That's right, girl," said the father; and they were soon on the road to the capital. They arrived at an open space, but filled with spectators; they beheld a platform, raised above the heads of the people; Laura grew very faint with anxiety and heat. She heard the spectators talking to each other. "They say," observed one, "that it was with great difficulty he was persuaded to the calling; it has been four hundred years in the family; he took himself away, but came back when he heard the fees were augmented,—you know he gets all the clothes." "There's poor cousin Jack," quoth the attorney, "how pale he is!" Laura looked. To the side of cousin Jack, who was about to be hanged,

moved a well-known figure. "The *Marquis de Tête Perdu!*" cried the lawyer aghast! "My lover! my lover!" screamed Laura. "My eye! that's the hereditary hangman!" said a bystander with open mouth. "Hereditary hangman!" said an English lord, who was by chance an attendant at the spectacle. "Hereditary hangman!—what a burlesque on the peerage!" Is it a burlesque truly, or is the one about as wise as the other?

{NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.}





## STORY OF CASSEM ;

OR, AVARICE PROPERLY REWARDED



THERE dwelt at Bagdad, an old merchant, named Abou Cassem, noted for his avarice. Although he was very rich, his clothes were nothing but patches and rags ; his turban was of the coarsest cloth, and so dirty that it was difficult to distinguish the colour. But of his whole dress, his *papooshes* [slippers] were what merited most the attention of the curious ; the soles were armed with large nails, and the upper leathers were an assemblage of botches ; the famous ship Argo had not so many pieces in it ; and ever since they

had been *papooshes*, which was about ten years; the most skilful cobblers in all Bagdad had exhausted their ingenuity to keep them together. They were even become so heavy that they passed into a proverb ; and when any one wanted to express a thing that was remarkably clumsy, Cassem's *papooshes* were always the object of comparison.

One day, this merchant was walking in the *bazaar*, when an offer was made him of a large quantity of crystal, of which he made an advantageous purchase ; and hearing some days after that a perfumer, whose affairs were in a ruinous state, had some excellent rose-water to sell, which was his last resource, he instantly took advantage of the poor man's misfortunes, and bought his rose-water for half the value. This new bargain put him into good-humour ; however, instead of giving an entertainment to his neighbours, according to the custom of the mer-

chants of the East, when they have made a fortunate purchase, he found it more convenient to go to the public baths, where he had not been for a long time. As he was undressing, a person whom he took to be his friend, for the covetous rarely have any real ones, told him that his *papooshes* were the ridicule of the whole city, and that he ought to buy a new pair. "I have thought of it a long time," replied Cassem; "however, they are not yet so bad but they may serve a little longer." During this conversation he was quite undressed, and retired to the bath.

While he was bathing, the Kazeer of Bagdad came likewise to bathe. Cassem coming out before the judge, passed first into the dressing-room, and having put on his clothes, he sought in vain for his *papooshes*, in the room of which he discovered a new pair. Our avaricious merchant, persuaded, because he wished it so, that the

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person who had just rebuked him about his old slippers, had made him a present of the new pair, put them on his feet without hesitation, and quitted the place, overjoyed at the thought of being saved the expense of buying.

When the Kazee had done bathing, the slaves looked about for their master's *papooshes*, instead of which they could only find a vile old pair, which were readily known to be Cassem's; the Kazee's officers went directly in search of the suspected thief, and finding him with the stolen effects upon him, after exchanging *papooshes*, the Kazee sent him to prison; and as he was reputed to be as rich as he was covetous, he was obliged to compromise the matter with the Kazee, by the payment of a considerable sum of money.

On his return home, the afflicted Cassem, for very spite, threw his slippers into the Tigris, which ran under his windows. Some days afterwards, a fisherman, pulling up his net, found

it heavier than usual, which was owing to the weight of the *papooshes*, the nails of which had caught hold of his net, and broke several of the meshes. The poor fisherman, enraged at Cassem and his slippers, took it into his head to fling them in at the windows; and he threw them with such force that he overset the crystal vases which decorated the cornices and mantel-piece of the room, and one of them likewise struck the bottle containing the rose-water, and dashed it to pieces.

Figure to yourself, if you can, the agonies of Cassem, on beholding this scene of devastation. "Cursed *papooshes*," exclaimed the covetous wretch, tearing his beard, "you shall not do me any farther mischief." So saying, he took up a spade, repaired to his garden, and dug a hole to bury them. One of his neighbours, who for a considerable time had owed him an ill office, seeing him turning up the ground, ran to the

governor and acquainted him that Cassem had just dug up a hidden treasure in his garden. This was sufficient to arouse the cupidity of the commandant, and our miser in vain remonstrated, assuring him that he had not discovered any gold, but was only burying his cursed slippers; the governor had made sure of money, and the unfortunate Cassem could not obtain his liberty without giving a handsome present.

The distracted old man gave his *papooshes* most heartily to the devil, and went and threw them into an aqueduct at a great distance from the city, imagining that he should hear no more of them; but the devil, who had not done playing his tricks with him, directed them to the conduit of the aqueduct, by which means they intercepted the current of the waters, and caused an inundation in the adjoining gardens. The owners, on discovering the cause, took the slippers to the Kazee, and demanded satisfac-

tion for the damage they had occasioned. The unhappy master of them was once more committed to prison, and condemned to pay a fine which amounted to a larger sum than the two former ones together. After which, the Kazee, who would by no means detain his property, restored to him his choice *papooshes*.

Cassem, that he might be finally delivered from all farther harm from the slippers, now determined to burn them; but as they had imbibed a great deal of water, he set them on the terrace at the top of his house to dry by the sun. But fortune had not yet exhausted her quiver against the unlucky man, and she now dealt him a more cruel stroke than all the rest. A young dog in the next house, perceiving the slippers, leapt from his master's terrace over to Cassem's, seized one of them in his mouth, and played his gambols with it, till at last he let it fall over the parapet, and, unhappily, it alighted

on the head of a woman with child, who was passing along the street before Cassem's door. Fear, added to the violence of the blow, made the poor woman miscarry. Her husband carried his complaint to the Kazee, and Cassem was condemned to make him a recompense proportioned to the injury he had done to his wife.

Upon this fresh misfortune, our miser ran home, and, taking his *papooshes* in his hand, he once more repaired to the Kazee. "Behold! my lord," said he, with an impetuosity which diverted the judge, "the instruments of all my sufferings; these cursed *papooshes* have reduced me to poverty; deign, therefore, to publish a decree that I may not be made responsible for the ills they will doubtless occasion hereafter." The Kazee could not refuse this reasonable petition; and Cassem at length, by dear-bought experience, learned the fatal effects of vile



avarice. It was not long, however, before the *papooshes* again,—but here, from a deficiency in the manuscript, the *tale* is cut short.

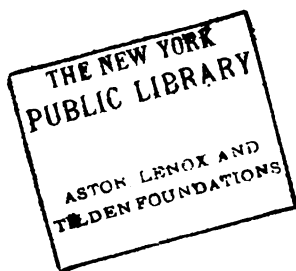
[THE ORIENTALIST.]



# CRUIKSHANK AT HOME.

*Second Series.*







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THE



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# CRUIKSHANK AT HOME.

---

MARY OGILVIE.

A TALE OF THE SQUIRE'S EXPERIENCE.

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## CHAPTER I.

Come, Jacques, and I will show thee faithfully,  
How, 'mid the sottish circles of this world,  
Still there are heads that think, and hearts that feel  
And love; who find love's warm requiting answer  
Strike to their inmost core. How my heart glows  
With joyaunce at the thought!

*Scrap Stanzas.*

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“So, this is my sweet Lillybrae at last!” I said  
to myself, as I mounted the height, and glanced  
round upon the quiet dwelling, and all that I so  
well remembered.

“There is certainly nothing remarkable about it after all,” was the chilling exclamation which my near approach to the domicile and its rural appurtenances, which my imagination had so often pictured to me, when far distant, as one of the most interesting spots on earth, called forth. The time of the day when I had arrived was late ; it was towards evening—and it was the autumn period of the year. I thought the farm had a bare, cold, look ; and seemed now, from its mean exterior and sequestered situation, the very seat of an exiled and insipid retirement ; of an existence without variety, and almost without enjoyment. How could my imagination have dwelt upon such a common-place object ! It was nothing but a plain farm-house, with its roomy kitchen, its little parlour, and its inner spence,—its barns and outhouses, with a small garden at one end, and a clump of corn-stacks in the rear.

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The wind blew chill in my face as I turned up the hill towards it. I thought it looked bleak and barren ; and I had just learned at the inn, on my way, that "bonnie Mary Ogilvie," its only interesting inmate, was on the eve of marriage with a young farmer in the neighbourhood ; and of course it was folly in me to concern myself about the house or her.

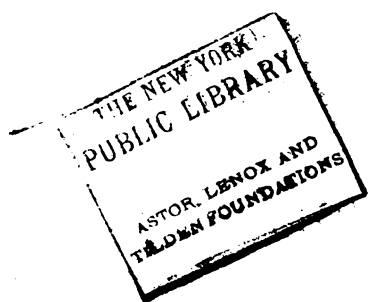
But I looked to the right as I went musing onward, and *there* still remained the identical Lillyburn wood, where Mary and I used to wander, and to pick cowslips and gather blackberries, when we were children ; and there was still the little green broomy hill, behind which I used to watch for her, when she grew tall and modest, and would not look at me when any one was by. But the hill seemed, after all, only a bare and withered knoll ; I thought the wood looked now diminutive and scattered, as the trees whistled mournfully in the wind ; and my heart

smote me with a conviction of the instability of our dearest enjoyments.

I passed on, somewhat sadly, listening to the cold breeze sighing through the firs, until I came to a small rude bridge, and I stopped in the midst of it, and, looking down the stream, contemplated the little rushy linn, or pool, wherein I used to fish, and where Mary used to watch by my side; and it was her delight to take the speckled trout gently off the hook, and to throw them back into the linn, for she said, "To kill the pretty fluttering fish would teach me to be cruel," and she could not bear to see them gasping in agony on the grass, while we ourselves were so happy. Long ago, I now remembered, when Mary and I used to wade, barefooted, in that lovely stream, the sun gleaming like gold on the surface; and we were wont to watch the little waves as they formed running shadows on the clear sandy bottom; but many a sea and stream



v. 2, p. 4.



have I looked upon since, though on none so charming as this seemed then. As I continued to look musingly down its windings, I repeated to myself the beautiful stanza of Burns, which has become hackneyed on account of its very expressiveness :—

“ We twa hae paidled in the burn,  
When simmer days were fine;  
But seas between us braid hae roar’d,  
Sin’ the days o’ lang syne.”

But the days of wading are now no more, and Lillyburn seems but a paltry rivulet, and Mary Ogilvie is about to be another’s after all, and—

“ Pshaw !” I exclaimed to myself, after a pause of some time, and at the same instant hitting my horse smartly with my whip, without the least occasion or intention ; “ this is all childishness and folly. I am sure I have seen enough of life to put all such romance out of my head.”

The stroke I had given my horse made it start



off at a speed that would have brought me to my own home in a few minutes ; but as I approached close to Lillybrae House, after saying these words, I checked the startled animal, and passed nearer to the windows than I should probably have done, had no such wise speech been uttered. Fortunately I did not seem to be observed. The night might be chill without, but the fire blazed cheerfully within, and I could see the servants busy at their work in the large and convenient kitchen.

I passed close to the house, slowly, and in watchful silence, for the road swept by one end of it. I observed a door standing open. I stopped, and, listening a few moments, heard a voice ; it was a woman's ; and, like a strain of former years, sounded home to my heart. I was all ear, for I could see nothing of her from whom the voice proceeded ; and, like those who have been born

blind, upon *sound* was fastened on the instant my whole soul and attention.

The voice was Mary Ogilvie's, now in the fulness of womanhood; and it was so musical—so rich—so feminine—so heartily innocent, as I thought—so purely, yet pleasingly Scotch!

“And are ye sure ye saw him? that it was Mr. George himsel’?” she said. “How does he look? Did ye hear him speak?”

“Yes,” answered another female voice; “he was asking at the waiter o’ the inn, what was the news o’ a’ the neighbourhood.”

Mary hastily inquired, “Who did he ask for? He wadna speer for our folk or for me—Did he?” Then checking herself, she added, “He would be dressed grand, nae doubt. Had he a proud look?” My horse made a slight noise; I heard the females start within, and then Mary’s voice exclaim, “Gude sake! there’s somebody—look!” I struck the spur into my horse’s sides, and was at my

father's gate before I recovered from the agitated feeling caused by this simple incident.

The congratulations and inquiries of my relatives put Mary Ogilvie almost out of my thoughts, until I had retired to bed. As soon, however, as my head was laid on that pillow on which I had slept from childhood, until my departure for those remote scenes from which I now so gladly had returned ; solitude, and the circumstances of my arrival, after a long absence, awakened all my recollections, and drew the past and present fully before me.

My father's connections in Edinburgh and the East of Scotland were very good, but his property in this neighbourhood was very small. Neighbouring proprietors lived at some distance from us, and consisted chiefly of the upstart vulgar, who assumed a jealous stateliness, but had no dignity, and who, having little accomplishment of mind, possess the coarseness and barrenness of the

lower class, without their simple good feeling, plain sense, and warmth of heart ; we, therefore, associated but little with any of them. The family of the Ogilvies, however, were much superior to all the farmers round. Mary's mother had been educated in Edinburgh to expectations much higher than the rank of a middling farmer's wife ; and Mary, herself, surpassed much in accomplishments, and more in beauty, all the farmers' daughters or ladies that I knew. I could not keep from her society almost from my childhood ; and I loved her, as children differing in rank are sometimes permitted to love, because nature is irresistible, and early passion unspeakably delightful. The love of the innocent has little reference to *circumstance*, that "unspiritual good"—that capricious distributor of the good and evil of life—that tyrannical separator of those whom nature has joined together ; and the love of the young has little reference to the many

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things in human passion and weakness, of which they are as yet pleasingly ignorant, and which after-life is unhappily to develope. We had separated just when she was becoming more shy, from a feeling of inferiority in *circumstances*; and when, with regard to myself, future prospects and foreign novelties began to dance before my imagination, and to drive from my thoughts my pretty blue-eyed Mary Ogilvie.

I had now returned from "seeing the world;" from that necessary preparation for the craft of advancement, an experience of the heartlessness of polished society, and some knowledge of the intricacies of human selfishness. But Mary Ogilvie had continued on the spot where she was born; was about to marry one in her own simple sphere, to let out the affections of her heart upon her husband and children, and likely to remain ignorant of the many bitter discoveries which are made in the process of building ad-

vancement in fortune upon "knowledge of the world."

Next morning I found my mind more calm, and I strove wisely to reason myself into a reconciliation with the loss of the object of my early life. I contrasted the supposed prospects of *my* life with the dulness of *hers*, or of that of a simple country gentleman, as I might be, united to her; ridiculed the idea of boyish love interfering with a man's career in life, thought of the excitements of dissipation, and anticipated the triumphs of personal distinction.

My mind was so occupied with these thoughts, that I was more taciturn at breakfast, with my rather and other relatives, than was at all consistent with the happiness I had expressed on arriving once more among them. Before we rose, a country carle was introduced, to wit, Mary Ogilvie's father. He came forward with patriarchal manliness, and, grasping my hand

into his hard fist, congratulated me on my safe return ; saying, also, that he hoped the good had not been driven out of me among foreign gentles, and that I had not exchanged Scotch plainness for foreign affectation, nor Scotch piety for foreign vice. I assured the old man that I valued too highly many things which belonged to home to throw them away for so unworthy an equivalent ; and added, that although I had, doubtless, left a portion of my early innocence behind me, I had gone abroad for improvement, and hoped I had not altogether missed my aim.

“ I have a message for you from our Mary,” he said, gravely ; and, taking me aside, “ she is about to be married to Mr. Blair, of Craiglands, their booking is to take place this night, an’ ye must come down to Lillybrae, as an early friend, for Mary’s sake, an’ see her booked. Now ye’ll come early, Mr. George, and see Mary for auld lang syne. I’ve seen the day when I wadna hae liked to

carry to you the news o' her marriage to another, but it's no for the pet lamb to company wi' the proud stag ; and poortith often parts gude company."

When the old man was gone, I could not help feeling surprised at my own weakness, and at the little effect of my recent prudent reasoning ; for, although I never had seriously thought of marrying Mary Ogilvie myself, nor suspected that my early love for her amounted to anything like a passion that should disturb my peace, or mar my fortune, I now felt, at the idea of her being for ever given to the arms of another, a pang, which was like tearing my heart asunder. I debated with myself whether I should go to Lillybrae early in the evening, and see Mary alone ; but, at length, decided in the negative ; for I thought, whatever affection there might be between us, we had evidently different destinies in life ; and, as I did not mean to interrupt her marriage with the farmer, our meeting alone,



and recurring to early scenes, would be a trial to our feelings, unnecessarily painful, if not dangerous.

I, therefore, went late \*; and, when I again drew near to the house, I became so affected with my recollections and present feelings, that I deliberated whether I should turn back and not go at all, or else seek an interview with Mary, and offer to make her my own bride. I stopped on the threshold of the door, thus debating with myself. "This indecision," I at length said, "is the evidence of a weak mind, and I have something else to do in life besides gratifying a juvenile passion. I *will* go in, and be witness of the marriage of Mary Ogilvie."

Her father received me at the door with

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\* At the time when this marriage took place, it was quite customary for the Squire to attend the weddings and funerals of his respected tenants.

patriarchal solemnity, and I found the persons expected already assembled. I went boldly forward, with the air of the Squire, who countenances, by his presence, the marriage of one of his tenants. Mary stepped across the room gracefully, and met me with warmth ; but humility and reserve seemed to struggle in her bosom, with other feelings ; and the dignity and distance I assumed seemed to relieve her, and to prompt her to the manner most fitting the occasion. She introduced to me her intended husband, a fair-faced, farmer-looking youth, with modesty ; and a little conversation between us, concerning the countries abroad which I had visited, and the scenes I had witnessed since I had been an inhabitant of these valleys, tended to relieve mutual embarrassment, and to allow the business for which we had met to proceed agreeably. My anxiety to hide my feelings, however, induced changes in my manner, which would have made

me appear ridiculous in any other company more capable of observing it: for as my first reserve threw a restraint on all present, unfavourable to their enjoying the social pleasure for which they had met, my subsequent jocular freedom, if not even familiarity, was, I believe, as out of character as it was unexpected.

The first proceeding in a regular marriage in Scotland, is the booking. In country parts, the parties, with a few of their young friends, meet usually in some public-house, if not in that of the parents of the bridegroom, and send for the Session clerk, (the person who keeps the parish register,) who inserts their names in his book, previous to his publishing the bans of marriage in the church. This meeting is not unfrequently the most generally agreeable of all those occasioned by the marriage; for it is like one of those pleasures which steal upon us unawares, without being too dearly bought by preparation; and not

having been previously devoured by extravagant expectation, is less apt to turn to bitterness and disappointment.

On the occasion of a rural booking, there is no preparation,—no feasting, no ceremonious rivalry, no restraint from the presence, of even the parents of the parties. It is a meeting of two lovers, and their companions of both sexes, in whose presence they take the first public step towards the accomplishment of their vows by marriage; and these last are generally also young men and their sweethearts, who may themselves soon meet for the same object. The dress of those “bidden to the booking,” “is set in order;” perhaps, but little changed: no finery appears; but bright faces and light hearts are there; for it is the season of youth, love, and hope: the cares of after-life do not trouble their joyous dreams, and little has yet occurred to any of them to infuse sourness into the cup of existence. It is

much like Hallowe'en night, as described by Burns :—

“ The lasses feat, and cleanly neat,  
Mair braw than when they're fine ;  
Their faces blith, fu' sweetly kyth ;  
Hearts leal, an' warm, and kin'.”

A Scotch booking is truly a meeting of love and confidence ; for the principal party pledge themselves to each other, as future husband and wife, in presence of their young friends ; and indulge with less reserve in the innocent playfulness of fondness, so natural to light-hearted youth in the season of courtship. The other pairs present, invariably catch the contagion of love from the bride and bridegroom ; the females resign themselves with less reserve to their lovers ; and kind feelings and *leal* hearts, make a booking night be often referred back to in after days, among the sad hours which may be experienced,

“ When youth and genial years are flown,  
And all the *Life* of life is gone.”

Nothing could be more simple than Mary Ogilvie's dress this evening. The utmost neatness and grace in her apparel was obtained by its being merely fitted to her form, without the smallest artifice: a form which now swelled in the delicate fulness of womanhood. Her hair was confined with a simple snood, in the old Scotch fashion,—its flowing profusion was tied fancifully over her head; and her eyes sparkled with a modest, yet seductive expression, which sent a kind of death to my heart.

In truth, I dared not to look at her; and when I observed that every other male person present had his mate, who reciprocated his feelings, and received gratefully his whisper of love, and that I was an isolated being, who might sit there as a spectator of the happiness of others, and wrap myself up, if I pleased, in the consciousness of

my gentility, and look on to see Mary Ogilvie in the arms of another,—I groaned inwardly from the pain of the struggle with my feelings. I now began to think it unwise, if not cruel in Mary, to invite me to her booking; but again I reflected, that the day had been appointed previous to my return home; and that she had requested me to meet here before the arrival of the others, no doubt to give me an opportunity of preventing her marriage in my own favour, if I had so chosen. I saw clearly that it was *I* that was to blame; for she evidently felt embarrassed as well as myself. The ardent admiration of her intended husband she treated with kindness, but by no means appeared to return it with that heartiness and feeling which would have been felt towards the husband of her choice, by such a girl as Mary.

The clerk soon attended with his book; upon which the customary refreshment was handed

round: and the laugh and joke, not always the most refined, but not the less hearty and joyous, circulated freely. The names were about to be entered, when some one, in a humorous way, objected to the business proceeding in the place where we were; asked if it was ever heard of, that a booking was finished in a private house? and proposed, that all present should proceed in a body to Mrs. M'Glashan's change-house, in the Clachan, and attend to the business in an orderly way, as our fathers had done before us; that it might not hereafter be said, that Craighlands and his lady-like bride\* had been married with less ceremony than was used with the least farmers in the country.

This proposal having been seconded with great alacrity by all the men present, they soon per-

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\* In Scotland, persons are designated bride and bridegroom, from the time they are booked until the marriage.



suaded the females to prepare to go to the Clachan, only a mile distant, to finish the booking. The company consisting of eight couples, beside myself and the Session Clerk, soon rose, and set forth to cross the fields towards the Clachan. The night was fine, but chill. Most of the girls wore cloaks; and as they and the young men walked in pairs in the dark, they drew close together, excusing themselves by the cold; and soon the girls allowed their partners to share their cloaks, while each man, for convenience, put his arm round his lass's neck; and thus they walked on, whispering and laughing to each other, in all the warm confidence of innocent country love.

To the whole party walking onwards to the Clachan, this was probably the happiest portion of the evening. It was very different with me. I was the only youth of all who was without a female companion, and was forced to walk

behind the happy couples, along with the chattering old clerk, for want of better company. Few situations could, in my present state of mind, have been more trying to my feelings ! There was my own Mary Ogilvie, whose form and early fascination had still haunted my imagination in many distant lands, now walking in the embrace of another, and about to be his for life ! while I went after them a condescending spectator, stifling my cherished love, yet totally uncertain as to my destiny in life, and for what I was making all this sacrifice.

I saw, however, that I was taking life, and the comparative good to be found in its different situations, upon the word of others ; and had not experience of my own to enable me to judge, whether the prospects or chances of fortune, which I imagined lay before me, were in reality a good so certain and so preferable, as that they ought to induce me to crush the feelings of my

heart, and to forego the certain and quiet bliss of an undistinguished life in the arms of Mary Ogilvie. In the course of this walk behind the booking party, all the former conflict in my mind was aroused and renewed. I felt humbled in my own eyes at my irresolution, as I sometimes blamed myself for heartless pride, in preferring uncertain ambitious views, city demoralisation, city show, folly, and dissipation, to unaffected love, humble virtue, purity, and peace! Again I thought that I ought to have more spirit than to marry a farmer's daughter, without fortune; perhaps to waste my days in country seclusion, growing my crops, and rearing calves and children.—So wayward is the heart of man, and so little does he know what is good for him in the present life.

When we arrived at Mrs. M'Glashan's public house in the Clachan, and I was ushered in with many congees, along with the booking party, and

seated in "the big room;" and when, in process of time, the good people had taken a hearty draught of "the Clachan yill," the happiness, fun, and hilarity enjoyed by all, diverted my anxiety, and I could not help joining in the loud laugh, and comparing, with a sigh, the unaffected and hearty enjoyment of these country people with the stately nothingness, the insipidity, formality, and heartlessness, the envy, emulations, and humiliating chagrins which so mix with, and embitter the glittering pleasures of "good society."

Mary Ogilvie, however, was evidently rather striving to be happy than really feeling so; and she seemed to return her lover's looks of extreme fondness rather with a sentiment of gratitude for his preference, than as at all reciprocating what he evidently felt. She made a few brief inquiries of me, respecting the things I had seen in my travels, and endeavoured to converse with ease;

but she was, in general, silent and abstracted; and as she at times, under the influence of some half stifled emotion, turned her blue eyes upon mine, they sent a feeling home to my heart that was almost intolerable.

The names of Mary and her husband having been registered in the parish book, the healths of the bridegroom and bride duly drank, and the arrangements for the wedding agreed upon, I rose, and left the party, in a state of mind in which there was little of self-esteem or gratulation, and not little of present suffering, and the painful feeling of future uncertainty. The wedding was not to take place for three weeks after, that the banns might be published three successive Sundays in the kirk; and, in the interim, I gladly availed myself of an occasion to visit Edinburgh, to divert my mind, and confirm me in the resolution of forgetting Mary Ogilvie. I returned from my journey just in time

to hear her marriage proclaimed for the last time in the church, and to be reminded of her invitation to the wedding, which was to take place on the following Tuesday.



## MARY OGILVIE.



## CHAPTER II.

ON the Monday night following, being the one previous to that of the wedding, the same parties who had attended at the booking met at Lillybrae, to perform the ceremony of the washing of the feet, and throwing of the stocking, agreeable to ancient custom. I had no particular invitation to this meeting, but yet I determined to go, from the same kind of self-tormenting impulse, which induces us often to place ourselves in the way of things in life, only calcu-

lated to pain our feelings, or to make us melancholy.

When I arrived at Lillybrae in the evening, and entered the apartment where Mary Ogilvie was, I perceived a degree of distance, or rather a pride and dignity in her manner of addressing me, that affected me keenly, as conveying a reproach to myself, and as a natural expression on her part, of my avoiding her in private, and my apparent apathy at her marriage with another. This was a love meeting, like the former ; but, for some cause or other, there seemed to be much more of seriousness and sentiment over it than on the former occasion.

The serious feeling, and reflecting moralising of the uncontaminated Scotch character seemed now to shine out through occasional and characteristic roughness, and checked the buoyant flow of their national humour this evening, by solemn and somewhat religious impressions. There was



that grave sedateness in the countenances of the bride and bridegroom, which indicated an impression of the importance of the step they were about to take, and which was partaken of by the rest of the company ; who, in the language of the prophet and king, seemed in a proper mood to “ join trembling with their mirth.” The company assembled seemed to feel this night to be the last in which their interesting friend Mary, and the youth whom she had accepted for a husband, were to belong to themselves, for that now they were to be separated from all who were yet left behind to the uncertain chances of the single state, and were to be united for life ; were entering into the bonds, and engaging with the cares of marriage, for better or for worse, and for all the sweets and bitters which were reserved for them in futurity, and which should make up the draught of mature life.

These feelings were not a little deepened by

the presence and occasional remarks of Mary's father, who looked with the anxious eye of experience upon the commencement, to one so dear to him, of so lasting an undertaking. He sat in an old-fashioned great chair, on one side of the capacious chimney, and opposite to his daughter and the bridegroom ; while the rest of the company formed a circle round the large oaken-table. —There was a solemnity, and even something like majesty, in the look of the old carle, a reverend bald-headed man, with the rugged weather-worn features of a Scotch farmer but which carried a strong impression of sense and benevolence.

The conversation was cheerful but not gay ; and there were long pauses, during which the young men looked in the faces of their partners, and whispered ; and all watched the countenance of the old man, and seemed to expect some expression of his feelings on the important occasion of

the marriage of his daughter. The carle did not obtrude himself, however, until one Robin Gibb, a "wild loon," whom nothing could make serious, made some ludicrous observation, and accompanied it with a burst of half-suppressed laughter.

Every one else present seemed to feel a kind of shock at this unseasonable merriment : a solemn pause ensued, while all eyes were turned to the reverend face of the old man. At length, looking round him indulgently, and then in the faces of the bridegroom and bride, he thus feelingly addressed his company.

"I am well pleased to see young folks merry when they meet ; for youth is the season of joy and hope, and disappointment and sorrow will soon enough arrive : but, Sirs, marriage is a serious covenant, and not to be treated as a joke, mair than any other serious step in life, where the consequences extend through many years. Now, happiness and love are in your thoughts

through the day, and in your dreams through the night : but life is not all pleasure ; many heartless days and tedious nights may be to come ; and from marriage to the grave there may many things occur between two frail mortals, that may be sair to thole.

“ But I dinna wish to dishearten you, bairns,” he continued ; “ I am weel pleased wi’ your marriage. And, Mary, my bonnie daughter, thou’s gaun to be accountable to another, an’ from under my care. Be loving and obedient to thy gudeman, as thy dear mother was to me ; and, as she is now gone, dinna let even thy duty to thy new connection allow thee to forget or cause thee to neglect thy auld widowed father ;—for I am now a lone man in the world ; and auld folk are weak, an’ a bairn’s neglect is a sore trial to a doting parent—an’ thou’s all I hae to comfort me in my solitary age ; an’ thee and thine are all that tie me to this earth !”

Mary, whom I had watched, struggling with her feelings, now burst out into tears, at this solemn appeal of her father ; and I could scarcely contain myself, as on looking round the company I observed the young women looking up into the serious faces of their own sweethearts, while the large tears streamed down their cheeks.

“Gie me thy hand, Mary, my love, and dinna greet,” continued the old man, “for thou’s all my hope ; an’ I know thou’ll be a kind daughter to me, as long as I am spared in this sinfu’ world. And now, Sirs,” he added, wiping his face, and looking round, “excuse the weakness and strong affection of an old man ; and remember my words, and dinna expect owre mickle frae the world, for it’s full o’ deceit ; but seek God to guide you, and think soberly.” He found himself affected, and rose to retire. No one could speak. “Gude night, Sirs,” he added, “make yourselves happy ; and I hope we’ll all meet

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again on the morn, at Mary's marriage, in peace and with a blessing."

The seriousness of the company was deepened by this affecting exhibition of the feelings of the widowed farmer, and of his only daughter ; and as the young men now looked grave, and spoke at intervals, the eyes of the females glistened with sentiment, in sympathy with the thoughts of the principal pair and the old man, whose present feelings they applied, by anticipation, to themselves. They had witnessed one of those involuntary gushes of gathered fraternal sentiment—that artless pouring forth of our dearest and tenderest affections, which gives to simple minds such pure and melting pleasure.

They now began to illustrate their thoughts, by telling sad tales, and referring to tragic events ; mixing their serious discourse with traditional histories of hapless love, wayward fortunes, and broken hearts. A youth called Cun-

ningham, who had more the appearance of a student of Divinity than a farmer, told, with much effect, a tale of his neighbourhood, of a marriage without love; and to the smothering of love for another, which was soon followed by a burial, and by tears and lamentations. As the company were musing on the tragic story, he called upon his sweetheart, who sat thoughtfully by his side, to sing them an old ballad, called "The flower of Avonwood Lee," which he said he had often made her sing to him when she was a "wee wee lassie, because he delighted to see her greet at a waefu' tale."

The young man's sweetheart was a laughing dark-eyed girl, and it was almost incredible the transition which now appeared from her habitual look of lightness and *fun*, to the artlessly tragical expression which, under the influence of present feeling, lengthened her countenance and swam in her speaking black eye. Without the least hesi-

tation to attempt to excuse herself, the girl, giving a shrill hem, and extending one foot a little, to beat the time, she, to an old Gaelic air, which had little in it but a mountain wildness and plaintive expression, sang, in a sort of recitative, the following rude rhyme:—

O, did ye e'er hear of bonnie Alleen,  
The flower of Avonwood lee?  
And did ye e'er hear of her brothers brave,  
Wha fought by the Warlock Tree?  
And did ye e'er hear of Todscliff Tower,  
That frowns o'er the dashing tide?  
Or, of gallant Graeme, its stately lord,  
The Lothian's boast and pride?

The bonnie Alleen sat in her bower;  
And, O, she was fair to see!  
For her skin was white, and her een were bright  
As the stars in the lift sae hie.  
Now the gallant Graeme was a hunting then,  
And he's stepped her bower within;  
And he's doff'd his cap, and he's bent his knee  
Her heart's true love to win.



And they hae met by the moon's yellow light,

And he's kiss'd her beneath the tree :

" O, come wi' me, my pretty Alleen,

And the Lady Graeme you shall be!"

He blew a blast, till glen and shaw

Pour'd out his merry men bold;

And they've placed her on a milk-white steed,

And borne her to Todsciff hold.

O, long she has sat in Todsciff Tower,

And a weary wife was she,

For the Graeme was proud, and his friends were great,

And their faces she dar'd na see.

And the sea-maw akreight wild o'er the black castle wa',

And the waves below dash'd wearilie;

And she thought o' her hame and her brothers brave,

And the bonnie bras of Avonwood lee.

A lady gay had come down from the south,

With riches and jewels most precious to see :

" O, leeze me," she said, " on the gallant Graeme;

For I'm won with the glance of his bright black ee!"

So he's ta'en her east, and he's ta'en her west,

And he's feasted her in ha' and bower;

But little has he thought on his bonnie dame,

That mourn'd in gloomy Todsciff Tower.

Then the merry bells did ring, and the tapers did blaze,  
When he wedded the southern lady gay:  
But a weird voice was heard, 'boon the evelrie,  
Saying, " Woe to the Graeme for the deed done this day!"

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O mirk was the night, and fearful the storm,  
When they pu'd Allcen frae her lonely bed;  
And piercingly she shriek'd, and the water-spirit laugh'd,  
As the green sea swirled o'er her bonnie head!  
For they hae drown'd the bonnie Allcen;  
And nae mair shall she chaunt by Avonwood lee:  
And her brothers hae slain the cruel Graeme,  
Where his ghost still howls by the Warlock Tree.

The way this tragical tale was sung, and the present mood of the company, made it be listened to with the most eager interest by all; and none seemed to hang on the words of it with more intense feeling than Mary Ogilvie herself, who obviously applied it to her own case. When it was ended, and as her husband asked her if the song had affected her, she replied something

which I could not hear, but which was spoken with an eye and voice bespeaking that suppressed emotion and mellow kindness which seemed to say, "I will try to love you, for you deserve it, and it is my duty! and it is fearful dangerous for an humble maiden to think of any one above her own condition."

During the time the ballad was warbled forth by the black-eyed girl, who mournfully drew out some of the passages, and was occasionally joined by the plaintive psalmody voices of some of the other females in a way never to be done but by a native of these parts, I enjoyed that high delight which is felt in calling up and renewing early emotions and associations; for, as some of the females still let their tears out with the unchecked simplicity of pure nature, the simple notes of the girl touched my heart with the fresh sensations of childhood; and I was transported back to the cloudless and imaginative morning of life!

## CRUIKSHANK AT HOME.

Soon after this, as the night wore on, Mary Ogilvie rose, and, accompanied by the other females of the company, proceeded to her own apartment, where the necessary conveniences were ready for the washing of her feet. Water was also placed in the room where the men remained, for the washing of the feet of the bridegroom. I did not remain, however, to witness this part of the ceremony, nor even the throwing of the stocking; but dropping off in a bustle, like a discontented intruder as I was, I wandered sadly home in the dark, and soon crept up in a dissatisfied, if not misanthropic spirit, to my own solitary chamber.

Next morning I appeared at breakfast at my father's table, already dressed more gay than usual, preparatory to the wedding. Some lady visitors, as well as my father, rallied me very unmercifully on my nuptial engagements among the farmers, and on my thoughtful countenance

in the midst of all these doings. They all affected to sympathise with me, and to condole much with me for the loss of my country beauty ! My father protested, that I ought to have sent a challenge to my farmer rival at least ; and the ladies proposed getting up and putting in rehearsal some drama, or appropriate piece, such as the story of Boaz and Ruth, by way of a marriage entertainment.

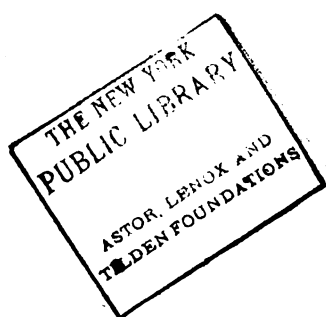
To me, all this banter was far from agreeable : sacred as I deemed the feelings of love to be, and seriously, after all, as this event might influence my peace and happiness. I rose from the table ; and though the marriage party were not to assemble until noon, finding myself unable to enjoy society, or my own studies, I rambled forth to kill the time, until I involuntarily found myself on the farm of Lillybrae, and near to the scene of the approaching wedding.

After descending the hill, I wandered on with-

out any intention, and into the little irregular mass of scattered planting, called Lillyburn Wood, where Mary and I had so often strayed in our infancy ; my mind completely absorbed in stating to myself the *pros* and *cons*, and collecting the comparisons and probabilities of happiness, had I married her, with what I might reasonably anticipate in the prospects which seemed before me. I went on conning over the advices and lectures which had lately been bestowed upon me by an experienced friend, and now concluded sensibly with him that love was a species of disease of the feelings, very natural at my period of life, and could scarcely be escaped by a mind of some sensitiveness, as mine was, and liable of course to impressions from every object combining beauty of form and warmth of sentiment, such as were often most seductively united in a beautiful and romantic female. I considered, with my sensible friend, that of the pleasures of life, those of love,

however delightful, formed but a part, and that liable to a thousand interruptions, and open to a thousand vexations ; and at best, like all passions, it tended to its own decay: that should I give way to and gratify this passion at this early period of my life, it would be, in all probability, at the expense of many other natural desires, and the forfeiting of other enjoyments, as well as to the interrupting of many duties, which my education and situation in the world seemed to demand of me ; and finally, that I might at a fitter period, and in circumstances more generally suitable, become as much attached to some other female more calculated as a companion for me in the enjoyment of those elegancies to which my fortune might entitle me.

At every step in this wise reasoning, I thought myself gaining strength to overcome my juvenile folly, my long-cherished love fit, when turning round the foot of the green mound I have men-







v. 2, p. 45.

tioned, I heard steps tripping softly on the grass, and instantly after was met full in the face by Mary Ogilvie.

Our start, at first, was nothing; the colour, that mounted into both our faces, was only what might have been expected; but we both seemed to have lost our strength in an instant: and, for myself, it was the beating of my heart, as I looked at her in her white wedding dress, and, as I saw the effect that the same observation of me had upon her, that totally disconcerted me, and almost took away my breath.

We continued to gaze upon each other for a little time, as in mutual astonishment, why we should have individually come hither, and met on this morning, on the most treasured scene of our early love. I held out my hands to her instinctively. She seemed to recover herself, and gave me hers, in a manner which would express the frank confidence of the early friend, yet mixing

with the humility of the consciousness of her relative situation now, and the modest confusion of the bride. She said something, expressing surprise at my being so far from home at this hour, and at finding me lingering about this spot ; but, without waiting for my reply, she began to account for herself being here in the wood, by saying that, while the servants were busy, making preparations for the expected company, she had strolled abroad, to be out of the way, and had wandered thus far.

I stood gazing on her as she confusedly told this story, still holding her hands ; and replied, with more of passion than wisdom, that she needed not be thus particular in giving me an account of herself ; and that the time was when she would not have thought of making excuses for meeting me in this wood. She looked at me with surprise when I uttered this speech, as well she might ; and, withdrawing her hands,

she began to say, "Ay, and *I* have seen the day, Mr. George, when ——" and her heart seemed to fill at her own thoughts.

"When what, Mary?" I said, as she paused. "Speak! I love to hear you speak as you used long ago."

"When," she answered, "I would not have needed to make excuses for meeting you in any place; and when, if it had been told me that ye would hae been absent frae the howms of Lillybrae for years and years, and that ye came back without ever asking to see me, or speak to me, as ye used to do, if it were na mair," she added, mournfully, "but to gar me greet, by talking to me of our happiness when we were bairns, I wadna hae believed them; and if ye really like to hear me speak as I did langsyne," she went on, her voice trembling as she spoke, "what for did ye not come to Lillybrae and speak to me, George?"

This last sentence was spoken in a tone so affecting, and with a look up into my face of such appealing expression, that it smote me to the soul with agonising conviction of injustice, and even cruelty to her, and took from me the power of giving utterance to the excuse which I meditated. I hesitated and stammered. "Mary Ogilvie," I at length said, "I cannot now tell you all the reasons; but, believe me, my heart was not in them, Mary. I denied myself much, much in not seeing you at least to talk of former happier days; but I learned that you were about to be married to a young man, of whom your father approved, and I knew not but that you might have forgotten me and our early love. And you know, Mary," I continued, taking both her hands again and looking into her eyes, "we have other things to do in life than idling about these bonnie woods, picking primroses and reading love tales; for the

scenes of early youth are but like a dream, and pass quickly away, and the feelings may be very different in after years. But *my* heart, assuredly, was not in fault, Mary ; I have not forgotten these days, nor this pretty bank, nor your lovely blue eyes and golden locks, nor the day when we wandered to the Craigs of Glenvee—nor—you are in tears, Mary ; I did not mean to pain you.”

“ Oh, George ! ” said she, while the tears fell fast from her swimming eyes, “ how can you speak so to me now, and not a word until my very wedding day ! and yet, I know you do not mean to pain me ; I know your warm heart, but you’ll be designed for some grand lady, and I never should have thought about the like of you.”

As I was about to reply, she took her hand from mine, and, holding it up before my mouth, exclaimed, “ Now, dinna speak nae mair to me,

George! dinna talk to me of bygone days, I canna bear it the day, for I'm but a weak woman, and I am gaun to be married to a youth of my ain station; but yet—now, dinna speak!"

"One word more, Mary," I said, completely overpowered, "and then forget ——"

"I canna forget! No, I winna forget!" she exclaimed, with a look of despair. "Farewell, George!" and she tried to get away.

"Will you leave me that way, Mary?" I said, almost calmly: "it is our last meeting, as remembered lovers, the very last in this wood." I drew her to me, she fell into my arms, our tears mingled, she broke from me after a sob or two, staggered with agitation as she glided off round the foot of the green mound, leaving me like one in the midst of a dream. I stood stock still for some moments, in the bewilderment of shuddering agitation; then, throwing myself on the soft turf, to recover my feelings,

I pondered on the shortness of those scenes that live longest in our remembrance, and on the fewness of those illumined pages of the book of life, which are more precious to the heart, and dearer to the imagination, than all the rest of the dull and blotted volume,—and, when I thought of our youthful meetings, I sobbed aloud.





## MARY OGILVIE.



## CHAPTER III.

I STILL lay reclining upon the side of the green hill, musing on the thousand circumstances which stand in the way of our enjoying the highest draught of delight with which our existence is furnished, and the few and distant angel visits of pure and glowing passion that are vouchsafed to us amid the "waste of wearisome hours," which renders oblivious to the memory, when past, so great a portion of life; and was still dwelling in imagination upon the regretful and beseeching expression of Mary

Ogilvie's eyes, as they had lately glistened on me through her tears, and still thought I felt her warm kiss burning on my lips, for my nerves had not yet recovered from the searching throb of that exquisite moment, and I felt exhausted from the hurry of my spirits and the high excitement of the last dear interview.

I was roused from this state, which I have but imperfectly described, by the noise of the galloping of horses, the firing of musketry, and the other clamours occasioned by the riding of *the broose*; a body of about twenty horsemen, of the wedding party, who were now at full gallop towards Lillybrae, to bring home the bride, and and the women assembled with her, to the house of her husband. I started up, and soon perceived the company arrive at the door of the farm-house, headed by Davie Cunningham (the stripling who had told the tragic tales at the booking, and to whose lot it seems the stocking

fell on the night of the feet washing); who, on a light handsome mare, had "won the broose," and, consequently, a right to divide among the company at the door the customary libations, and to dance the first dance with the bride at night.

The *broose*, as it is called, is generally undertaken by a few of the marriage party who have the best horses, or are most regardless of their necks, in going home with the bride; and sometimes the trial of horsemanship takes place both in going and returning. On the present occasion it was attempted only in going for the bride; and while the men plentifully regaled themselves with malt liquors, many took up their partners, and set them on *pads* behind them, on their heavy country horses; but the bride was placed on a pillion by herself, and thus prepared to leave her father's house. I could not bear to be observed, and walked about a mile forward, at a little distance aside from the party's road.

I was resting on an elevated spot, where in former years Mary and I had often sat, arm locked in arm, and admired the goodly prospect beneath us, and counted the small vessels which sailed past in the distant firth, when the renewed firing of fowling-pieces, and the shouts of the gathered villagers announced the returning approach of the cavalcade, in which the bride appeared conspicuous, dressed in plain white, and mounted on a handsome black pony. I involuntarily drew near to see the party pass, and was duly saluted, as I stood, by the men ; but when the bride came up, I, by some unaccountable impulse, pulled off my hat, as if instinctively acknowledging the supremacy of love over the adventitious distinctions of birth, or as acting one of those inexplicable or absurd parts which a man will sometimes be found to perform, who is under the paramount influence of feeling. My little Mary Ogilvie, now a blooming woman, sat

gracefully, like a queen, among the troop of rustic, brown-complexioned farmers ; and, as she passed, cast a single meaning and melancholy glance towards me, while I stood uncovered, straining my eyes in a despairing stare after her.

From this ridiculous posture, I was again roused by a familiar slap, or rather stroke, on my shoulder, laid on with the heavy hand of the Session Clerk ; who, having in my boyhood been my occasional preceptor, made no apology for this liberty ; but after laughing knowingly at my start, exclaimed—

“ Hoot, Maister George, my gentleman, dinna forget yoursel', and stand there glowring like a wild cat after the bride. Ye'll excuse my freedom ; but dinna ye mind what the minister's text was last Sabbath ; to wit, ‘Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife?’ Tut, man ! there's as gude fish in the sea yet, as ever was brought up by huik, or net, or sawmon leister ; an' giff ye

hae patience a wee, ye'll get a leddy o' your ain, may be as bonnie as Mary Ogilvie hersel', an' a heap o' siller wi' her, man. Ay, Maister George," with another slap on the back, "a wife an' *siller!*"

This officious memento was one of those by which a man is, sometimes rudely enough, reminded that the world reasons on general views of interest and expediency, and pays little regard to the present feelings and private wishes of that large number of persons who still love to indulge, unconfessed to others, a little pleasing romance, in hope, or in recollection, mixed up with the insipid realities of life. I entered, however, into some discourse with my unbidden counsellor, who accompanied me almost home; and I soon after mounted my horse, and proceeded to the farm of Craiglands, to witness the very marriage ceremony of my interesting Mary Ogilvie.

When I entered the house, I found the ceremony just about to take place, and that I had been impatiently looked for; for the young farmers were anxious to get to the wedding dinner and the mirth; and the women, who bustled about, were apprehensive that the pies and the pasties would get out of season. The minister was already seated in the chief apartment, the company sitting in pairs round, and was telling his joke to the most forward of those present, and enjoying that consequence and deference which appertains to a country clergyman among his ordinary parishioners. The women did not seem to me now to look so interesting as they had done on the night of the booking; there seemed over them a stiffness and ceremony from dress and emulation, which interfered with the general unaffectedness of their character, and went far to destroy that charm which is ever over pure nature and general rural feeling.

A Scotch marriage has been described by much abler pens than I can boast; let me, therefore, be brief. The clergyman, a reverend old man, sat beside Mary's father; and, after a short silence, commanded by himself, altering his jocular tone, and looking steadfastly in the faces of the bride and bridegroom, he gave an extemporaneous explanation of the duties implied in the solemn and irrevocable engagement which the party he addressed were about undertaking, with brief and pithy expressions, mixed effectively with the dignified and heart-reaching language of Scripture. When he had ended his address, he rose, and stretching out his arms, as a signal to the company, the whole stood up and made a circle round the room, the bridegroom and bride in the centre. In this situation, he uttered a short prayer for the youthful couple, with the penetrating voice, and much in the strong, denunciatory language of the old Covenanters.



Mary Ogilvie's colour went and came ; but she never once looked towards me. When she and the bridegroom were desired to join hands, she trembled evidently ; and when the usual question was addressed to her, if she was willing to take the man whom she held by the hand, to be her lawful husband, until death should separate them,—in attempting to answer “yes,” her tongue seemed parched, and her breath had become short ; and in making a second attempt to speak audibly, there appeared an earnest striving to articulate, and an expression of agony on her countenance, like that of a criminal uttering with choking difficulty, the word which is to seal his own doom for ever.

My feelings were wrought to distraction by the interpretation I could not but put upon this extreme agitation. When the minister said, “I declare you married persons,” she seemed to recover for a moment, and smiled strangely ; but

on her father's approaching her to congratulate her on what was just finished, she threw herself into his arms, and, bursting out into a torrent of weeping, sobbed as if the heart would have burst from her bosom.

The whole company were thrown into consternation by this strange and unexpected occurrence; and while the bridegroom and all present seemed confused between their own feelings and anxiety for the amiable bride, their superstitious apprehensions were much increased by the low dismal howl, with which the silence was at this moment broken, being set up on the instant by the aged watch-dog behind the house,—one of those unaccountable noises made by the dumb animals, which, in many parts of Scotland, is considered a sure forerunner of death or some other calamity.

On hearing this, the whole present seemed enchained in amazement and foreboding terror!

Some shook their heads ; and, in ominous looks and whispers, presaged some disastrous event to the newly married pair. In the bridegroom's countenance, disappointment and fear striving against manliness and hope, made him a very picture of mental conflict ; and as for myself, my mind was now excited to a sort of stoical apathy, as if it was moved to that pitch beyond which it refused to be carried.

After a few moments more of confusion, the pale and lovely bride was assisted out of the room, apparently nearly insensible ; and I saw her not until I found her seated at the dinner table, to which we were called, after a brief period spent in the confused murmurs of moralising foreboding. I entered among the first, and observed her in her appointed seat in pensive silence ; and when the company came gradually into the room, she rose up with a melancholy smile, and an unconscious dignity, of which, till

now, I had thought a farmer's daughter utterly incapable. When she observed me, she curtsied with a look of pleasure, as if she had said, "Now it is over, and I am happy." I was placed near to her, and opposite to her father, congratulating myself on my present composure, and rejoicing to observe the return of hers, when the old man was called upon to pray for a blessing upon the repast.

This is an observance never omitted in Scotland upon occasions of importance, and is a solemn mode of expressing, and interweaving with it, those religious sentiments with which every public event in life is sanctified and associated. An address to the Deity never fails to arouse the habitually religious feelings common in the country here ; but, on the present occasion, after what had taken place,—the state of mind of the bride, the foreboding thoughts, mixed with vague imaginings of sudden death, in fearful and cala-

mitous forms, and the phantoms of superstition which cast a gloom over all present, together with the general reverence with which the patriarchal vehicle of prayer was regarded, made his present communication with heaven be participated in by this company with breathless silence, and something like enthusiastic solemnity.

He stood up, and the company rose with him. There was perfect silence for a little. He began his prayer; and in a tone low, but intensely earnest, besought the immediate presence of "Him who is from everlasting to everlasting God! the author of all existence, and the searcher of all hearts." By degrees his tone became high and sonorous, as he brought before our minds the grand or fearful images of an invisible world. His grey hair seemed to move on his bald temples, with the parental fervour of his feelings; and his countenance was worked into an expression of sublimity, as, with his hands clasped

together, and his eyes turned upwards, his strong language seemed to pierce, as he expressed it, through the very joints and marrow of whatever lies at the bottom of our deepest apprehensions of truth and consciousness of connexion with Deity. The *unction* with which he gave forth the affecting language of the apostles and prophets aroused all my early associations of religious sentiment, which had long lain dormant in my heart as I wandered in foreign parts. My flesh crept from the effect of the sepulchral tone and fervent awfulness with which he brought together time and eternity, the connections formed by mortals on this footstool, and their dissolution in the grave. But when I gazed on his face, as he prayed that the marriage now solemnised on earth might be ratified in heaven ; and that the pair present, who had now been joined together in time, might, after the brief separation of death, be again united in eternity, when earthly connections had passed away

no more to be severed from each other, and might with saints and ministering spirits join the everlasting anthem in the mansions of the just, when time should be no more ;—my mind was carried forward to a separation from Mary Ogilvie, so perfect, so hopeless, so eternal, even beyond time and the grave, that my feelings, which had lately been screwed to the tightest pitch, would be controlled no longer ; and in the midst of the high-wrought solemnity of the prayer, I also burst into a convulsion of involuntary tears ; and covering my face with my hands, was obliged to give way to the torrent, and sobbed aloud in excessive and bursting agitation !

This second manifestation of mental distress, occurring in a moment of high religious excitement, threw the whole present again into much consternation. I rushed hastily out of the room ; and my feelings were now so thoroughly awakened, that I continued for a long time in a state of mind

such as to prevent me from again offering to appear among the company. I still suffered so much in endeavouring to smother my passion, that I believed myself an enemy to my own happiness, and was but partially soothed by the thought, that I had made passion give way to reason ; for I tried in vain to flatter myself as having acted with firmness, in giving up to the arms of another the woman whose image was interwoven with my existence, and whom my obstinacy had consigned, perhaps to as much suffering as I endured.

I sat in an upper room alone, enjoying a sort of bitter satisfaction, in the opportunity of indulging sad and desponding reflections, on the die being irrevocably cast, against my dearest feelings : my head resting on both my hands on the table, and my eyes covered with my handkerchief, when I thought I heard a foot trip across the room, and presently felt a slight tap on my shoulder ;



when looking up, I beheld Mary Ogilvie herself stooping thoughtfully over me.

“George!” she said anxiously; “why do you sit there by yourself, and the company below talking of you, and wondering at your absence, and your strange conduct?” I looked up in her face, but answered not. “My father,” she went on, “has persuaded me to go to you myself, and to beg of you to rouse yourself, and come down among the folks below.—*Do come, Mr. George!*”

I still continued to look at her in silence. We gazed for a few moments in each other’s faces, with strange meaning: she took my hand, evidently alarmed by my steadfast look; and, with the same beseeching expression in her countenance which she had had in the little wood, continued—

“George,” she said, “come down among the company, and countenance my wedding, an’

dinna affront me to the people: an' dinna detain me here with you, for you know it is not right. Will you not speak to me, Mr. George?"

I only sighed deeply, for my tongue was somehow paralysed. "We were happy many a day nae doubt, when we were almost bairns!" she went on: "but as for our being man and wife, I see, Mr. George, it was never ordained to be. Ah! collect yourself!" she added, bending over me, "and resin' yoursel' to the will of Providence! and dinna allow yoursel' to vex the feelings, or disturb the outward bearing o' your—— your hapless and sair-hearted Mary Ogilvie!" Her lip quivered as she spoke to me, and a few tears trickled down her cheeks; but she turned away her head, as chiding herself for giving way to these endearing, but now improper expressions; and, as I still gazed in her countenance, which beamed with soft sentiments, as I perceived her bosom again heave with emotion, and pressed her

warm hand within mine, I would have given worlds to have recalled a few hours, before she was lost to me for ever.

I promised to do her bidding, and she left me. I then rose, and taking a few turns across the room, to collect my energies, I next descended, to join as I could the festivities of the wedding. I considered that as the die was now cast by my own adherence to my purpose, I should not allow feelings, which I might hereafter, perhaps, be disposed to treat with ridicule, to make me miserable, and incapacitate me from the pursuits belonging to my station in society ; but that it became me now to follow steadily the path of fortune which I had chosen ; and I half agreed to Mary's popular philosophy, that, though we had, as children, been happy and inseparable, it was never ordained by Providence that we should be united in after years.

When I rejoined the wedding people, the dinner

was long over ; liquor went plentifully round, and good humour and laughter had resumed their reign. The musicians of the village were already in attendance ; and beginning to draw their screeching bows in the next apartment reminded all who had swallowed sufficient of the exciting potations to incline them to dance, that it was suitable and seasonable for them now to begin to leap to their merry ministrations. Soon, agreeably to the clamorous desires of the majority, the large room adjoining was cleared, tables and drinkers were set into corners, an elevated seat was adjusted for the fiddlers, and the lads and lasses began to enjoy their characteristic and favourite amusement of agile dancing.

The lively movement of the Scotch reel, with the occasional variation of a simple country dance, formed the grand entertainment of the evening. The elder portion of the company sat beside the bowl, admiring the happiness and agility of the

young people; and, as the night wore late, and the liquor got into their heads, they fell to arguing together upon religion, the never-failing resource, and general *finale* of a Scotch *conversazione*.

What between the hearty happiness which I witnessed, particularly among the dancers, the liberal drinking, the occasional rustic song from the younger folks, and the orthodox arguments of the elder men, my mind could not refuse considerable amusement from the medley scene; but I saw little of the bride during the whole of the evening, until the last scene of all, which I have yet the pain to describe.

A Scotch wedding is never considered by the guests as over till *the bedding* of the married pair; that is, the nearest friends generally remain until the young people have retired, and must then *see* them in bed together, a custom probably founded upon the peculiarity of the Scotch law

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which makes acknowledgment of each such a situation, alone legal marriage. To avoid this unpleasant and indelicate custom, Mary and her husband had taken the opportunity of the deep engagement of the dancers and arguers to retire, under lock and key, into their own apartment, leaving some of the elder people to prevent anything of the kind, and dismiss the remains of the company.

The moment, however, that this was suspected, the whole of the younger people collected before their departure, and insisted on forcing their way into the chamber, and on witnessing the bedding, according to established use and wont. I know not what infatuation detained me in the house until the last ; but I had thought that at least no further trial of my feelings was reserved for me. In this, however, I was mistaken ; for in the zealous muster of all that remained, I was roughly laid hold of by some one with the free-

dom inspired by liquor, and soon hurried, with the crowd, into the very chamber where lay my Mary in bed with her husband.

I had not power to retreat, but stood behind the others, to witness this finishing scene. Some of the elder relatives of Mary's husband now produced a large bottle of brandy and the bride cake; and, as the company stood round the room, all drank the healths of the newly married pair, with wishes for a numerous offspring, expressed in no very studied language.

The contending emotions of bitter self-condemnation were again beginning to agitate me, from what I witnessed, and from the very anticipation of having to submit to the simple ceremony of wishing health and happiness to attend this union, when I was saved the pain by another and most unlooked-for circumstance. The young men and women, being now drest for their departure, stood round in pairs, as on the night of the booking

and such as were little in view began to whisper and fondle, as on that occasion ; when some one's lass, pointing to the late hour, indicated on the dial of an old-fashioned case clock that stood near the centre of the room, expressed much anxiety to get home ; upon which, her partner, watching his opportunity, stepped forward, and moved back the index an hour, by way of excuse for prolonging their stay. Whether, in doing this, he had loosened the clock, which seemed to have been badly fixed, I know not ; but just as an elderly man, with a glass in his hand, had, in a solemn, but, as I thought, doubting manner, wished health to the bride and her husband, and that they might live a long life of conjugal endearment, the clock, beginning to strike the hour, seemed to move, being agitated by its own machinery, until swaying forward its tall length, it fell on its face in the open space in the centre of the room, like Dagon, the god of Ashtaroth,



before the Ark of the Israelites, and was dashed into twenty pieces on the floor !

Mary and her husband started, and sitting up in bed, looked forth on the destruction in nervous amazement: and the first words that were spoken while all stood round, were by a solemn little elderly man, who, as the clock rattled on the floor, with a wild smile exclaimed, “ There is an end of Time !”

This concluding incident of the falling and destruction of a favourite clock, which had stood in this one spot from time immemorial, to have taken place on the owner's marriage night, as a conclusion to the other remarkable occurrences, was regarded by every one present as crowning all the alarming apprehensions which they had hitherto entertained, and they seemed individually impressed with feelings which no one dared to express to his neighbour. In the midst, also, of the pause, wherein nothing appeared but super-

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stitious looks and the shaking of heads, the watch dog below was again heard setting up his low and doleful howl, which echoed in the silence of night, and seemed to paralyse the whole with dread ; so that the men at once seemed to become sober, and the women cowered and clung to their partners, anxiously wishing to get off out of the house, lest a worse thing should befall.

Astonishment, partaking of superstition, and a strange paralysing excitement again began to render me unconscious almost of what was going forward, when, before I was aware, I found the company gone, and myself standing alone in the centre of the room, staring down upon the broken clock ; then lifting up my head, my eyes were met full by those of Mary Ogilvie, who was steadily gazing upon me, with one of those unconscious searching looks, which seemed to speak a thousand things to me, which could not be uttered.

This never-to-be-forgotten glance was the last which I obtained, or which perhaps I could have borne from Mary on this trying day,—its unutterable expression is almost too much for me, even now, to think of. I instantly rushed down stairs, mounted my horse, I know not how, rode home, dark as it was, as if I would have broken my neck ; for I know not whether my own mind, or the minds of those whom I left behind, were in a state of the greater confusion.



## MARY OGILVIE.



## CHAPTER IV.

TIME, they say, flies quickly on, and summers and winters flit rapidly away into the oblivion of the past. Nothing, however, can be more bitterly false, in many of the circumstances of life; and so I found it. Certainly I did many things as the world do them, when I returned to it, and was successful—successful even in my ambition as to a marriage connection; but somehow I rejoiced not, even when my wish was accomplished. Why should I detail the common

scrambles of worldly advancement, or the insipid process of a common courtship? The latter is even more thoroughly wretched and uninteresting.—A set speech and a studied look, a bow, a simper, consultations of bargaining parents and suspicious lawyers, an ugly association of parchment deeds, seals, witnesses, and red tape.

“This is my wedding day!” said I to myself, at length; and quoting sarcastically the words of the old fool in the play, one morning, as I pulled on my gloves, and surveyed myself in the mirror, on the day of my own marriage. I was almost ashamed of my calm composure, and that I should feel quite as usual on so important an occasion; that I was not flurried and impatient on my wedding day like other people; while, at the same time, the servants were in a state, as if it were *they* that were to be married, and not myself, they were all in such a panic of hurry and disorder.

When I came down stairs, all the domestics, as if they had been watching for me, came round me for orders, concerning twenty things that had been suggested among them, and that each, in the thought of his individual importance, considered as a serious matter, of which *he* should have charge on this great day. They all marvelled at the paucity of my orders, and the coolness of my manner, and seemed much disappointed that I had not some hurrying business, or some great charge to assign to each on this uncommon morning. "A pox take the fools!" said I, in the spirit of quotation, and recollecting the testy exclamation of Swift to the rabble who followed him in the streets of Dublin. "Why should they not allow me to go quietly, and *be married*, as I intended!" But I recollected that it became a man of the fortune which I now possessed, and the consequence of which I now was, to spread forth my wants and my wishes over a large

surface, and to do every thing in that stately and magnificent way that would be making an exhibition of myself, and all that I owned, to please others, who look for such entertainment from men of wealth, and that all this was only a necessary effect of my greatness.

I had forgotten something, however, and re-ascended to my room ; I walked several times backwards and forwards, for something worked in my mind,—thoughts intruded that came from far, and from distant time, quite unsuitable for a wedding day.

“ Why,” said I, at length, impatiently, “ should I be thus incessantly pondering and thinking? My mind’s activity is a torture to me ! Why cannot I marry and beget children as other people do, without thinking about the matter?” Still I mused, and one image flitted across my mind after another ;—among others, that of my destined bride, who was, doubtless, at this moment

adorning herself to receive me. "She is 'a fine woman,'" thought I, "that is undoubted, and brings me a large fortune and high connections. I am envied by all who know us ; and yet, somehow, I am not the least overjoyed about it. She has preferred me to much greater personages, and loves me too, she says ; and really I do admire her very much—but——"

I took off my hat as I mused, and accidentally looking into the mirror, as I passed, observed something which changed the whole current of my thoughts, and quite disturbed my composure. It was merely the lock of hair on my temples, which appeared to-day, as I thought, more curled, and as it was of old, than usual : and I called to remembrance that into this temple lock Mary Ogilvie used to twist her fingers when she was a girl ; and when she grew nearer to womanhood, she had often, as we sat, pulled it out and spread it with her soft fingers about my face, and admired



it,—and then she would look into my eyes and smile lovingly, until she blushed and turned away her head—and then, as I drew her towards me, she scarcely refused the kiss into which she had seduced me.

As “busy meddling memory” conjured up these things one by one, and many more, I became fixed to the spot like a statue, until their array drew from me a sigh so deep that it almost choked me, and convulsed my frame to the very extremities. I had flattered myself before this that I had done with such things, and wondered at the depth of nature’s workings. Was there any one else existing like me? I never remembered to have heard from any other a sigh so deep, except once from a widowed friend, when his infant daughter looked playfully up in his face, and by some artless question reminded him of his spouse that was gone; his merry countenance became quite distorted, while he

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drew a sigh that shook beneath him the very chair on which he was sitting. Good God! thought I, how valuable is that thing which we call feeling, to the few that possess it! Yet what a price do they pay for it! How it breaks in upon their tranquillity, and makes fools of them in the eyes of the rest of the world!

A carriage drew up in front of my house, and thundering knocks at the door commanded me to be "myself again." Two relatives, in full dress, were ushered in, who came to fetch me to meet my bride; and as I descended and passed through the hall, the mustered servants peeped from every corner to look at me, as if I ought to have been different on this day from what I was on the preceding one, or on that which was to follow. As the carriage with my cockaded servants rattled along St. George's Street, I said within myself, Well, I have sacrificed much for fortune and that species of greatness—verily I have my reward,

and I shall make the most of it ; and I determined from henceforth to carry myself with all possible dignity, “ to follow after ” the favour of great men, and to measure, to the utmost of my power, the real value of the happiness that mere riches, and so forth, would bring to a mind like mine.

I found my bride waiting for me, surrounded by her ladies, and dressed sumptuously. She looked like a queen, and smiled upon me—like Queen Elizabeth, I suppose—for the expression of her eye was, as I fancied, as cold as marble, and barren of sentiment, save the empty glow of vanity, from finding herself to-day the personage of greatest importance in an elegant circle ; and she seemed to regard me with complacency as the man who was to be the supporter of her dignity, and a being necessary to show her forth honourably to the world. I was afterwards praised by her for the dignity with which I demeaned

myself on this day, for, at the ceremony I certainly looked as coldly great as the highest authority on fashionable manners could have dictated. Indeed I scarcely heard the few words of the fashionable clergyman, who minced the matter to us in a most gentlemanly way ; and was not so unpolite as to trouble us with any thing in word or manner which might cause us to think the engagement we were entering into of any importance after the deeds were signed, or even to remember the *ceremony*.

We drove off, accompanied by many attendants, to my new seat of Alderhall, where we sat down, as the newspapers say, to a sumptuous dinner. But how strange our associations—the simpering clergyman and his petite “grace before meat,” and his kid gloves, and his white hands, as he spread them forth gracefully to say his say—and the gold rings on his soft fingers, only sent back my thoughts to the bald head and awful

address to the Almighty, of the aged farmer, at Mary Ogilvie's wedding dinner. Recollections, thoughts, which never were entirely absent, crowded upon me again in spite of every effort. I became lost for a moment in distracting fancies and melancholy regrets—but the sudden *amen* of the polite churchman recalled me to the outward acting of the part that became me.

Our party was brilliant and select, but mostly of my bride's inviting; and it did not become me to object to lords and men in power, who increased my dignity, and might materially forward my ambitious views. Among this party I certainly upheld myself with considerable state; and my very silence, when I was involuntarily thinking of very different and inferior personages, inspired my guests with becoming respect, and greatly pleased my bride.

Thus I spent my own splendid wedding night, among a party with which I had little in common,

acting my part, as is often done in similar circumstances, to every one's satisfaction but my own. At length the company departed, and the joyful moment was now at hand when I was to "ascend the bridal couch." I was fatigued in spirits, sick of my visitors, and drowsy from the lateness of the hour, the effects of feasting, and of the evening's libations, of which I had unconsciously taken an unusual share.

I was ushered ceremoniously to our chamber, and began to undress, without remarking any change of circumstances, and that my bride was already in bed. "Well," said I internally, and yawning, "Thank God, it is all over now!" But I cast my eyes carelessly round, and found I was in a strange and magnificent bedchamber, and——

Why should I talk farther about commonplace events? It is with feelings I have to do, and feelings make us all egotistical. Time passed on,

and I was now a gentleman of large fortune and larger expectations, but I was unhappy.

I was sitting one morning in my dressing gown, in my drawing room, in Queen Street, Edinburgh, drumming idly on the glass of the window with my fingers, musing disconsolately, as I looked over to the Firth of Forth, and on the green banks of the Fife shore, and reasoning with myself why I should be discontented. I had early in life, and easily, obtained fortune and connexions, which caused me to be honoured and envied in the best circles, in the assemblies of which my wife and I shone with considerable lustre. In short, I had nothing to do but to follow pleasure, and in my house were often entertained large parties of gay and fashionable society.

But my wife had found of late, with concern, that I had fallen off greatly in my dignified deportment, and therefore annoyed and even

scorned me. I sometimes, as she thought, kept too great a distance from those with whom it was an honour for us to be acquainted ; and then I had an absent manner, and often made too free with persons who were, in comparison, *nobody*. I was enthusiastically fond of music ; and she taxed me with often seeming to forget that she was present, and even my own consequence, while I smiled with pretty misses, who could play with taste, or sing for me a touching song.

But, in truth, I was tired of splendid parties, and confusion, and compliments, and parade, and many other things in which the heart has neither part nor lot, and wished ardently for a little of life in my own way, and some society to my own taste. My wife sat, a pretty bust, above the level of my table, and often repeated to company the fine things which she had said languidly to myself before marriage, and which I then believed to indicate some heart—some of



the qualities I wished the woman to possess who should be my wife ; but she was without heart, or sentiment, or softness ; and one look of Mary Ogilvie's eyes spoke more, a thousand times, than all she ever uttered. I now dared not company with a few friends whom I really loved ; for if I did, I was certain thereby to distress my lady, and disturb the peace of my own home ; and, in short, I felt as the Jewish King did, " like a sparrow alone upon the house top ;" for, though I had builded me houses, and planted me vineyards, though I had men servants and women servants, I was, after all, without a companion whom it interested me to please, and on whom my affections might rest. I had no one like-minded, who might rejoice with me when I rejoiced, and weep with me when sadness came over my spirit.

My thoughts now, as on every similar occasion, recurred, in spite of myself, to my early

love, and again dwelt upon her whose form and attractions still mingled with every thought and feeling which gave any interest to my existence. This was the real secret of my obvious disquietude, and hidden wretchedness; and, in spite of every resolution, in spite of all that philosophy taught, and all that worldly prudence dictated, my passion seemed to acquire strength from its very hopelessness.

It was this that lay at the root of those singular musings that haunted me in private and in public, "in the field and by the way," and constantly sent my fancy, for ideas of real delight, to times of youth, and scenes now remembered only as a pleasing dream. The earliest years of my life, the pure dawn of my feelings, the first shooting of my young ideas, the enthusiastic expansion of my intellects, were all associated with the smiles, and innocent looks, and glowing sentiments of Mary Ogilvie; our communion

together had been like the communion of saints ere Paradise was polluted by iniquity ; the glances of young imagination that often beamed upon her transparent countenance, the sensibility that spoke in her lucid eye, so warm that it burned the heart in which it dwelt, yet so deep, and appearing so mild, that none could *know it* but he who was the blessed object of it, and who participated in it ;—that sensibility, those looks, yet struck upon the most delicate and the tenderest strings of my heart, calling up, *indeed*, those precious “thoughts that lie too deep for tears,” and drawing out those sighs that breathe feelings inexpressible and somewhat unearthly.

While I still sat at the window, and in the midst of this reverie—a mood of the mind which is often designated as mere weakness by those who know not its unchangeable foundation, and its real pains and pleasures, but which, at any

rate, I indulged, as a maiden does her tears, in private; my servant entered the apartment, and intimated that a man, having the appearance of a farmer, and dressed in black, was below, and begged to see me. I started at the intimation, and requested that the person might be shown up to where I then was. The servant left the drawing-room, but immediately returned, and with a smile said that the man declined entering the house, and especially going up stairs, for he said, that "the rooms are too grand for him to go into them dressed as he is, and he hopes your honour will just speak to him in the passage."

I rose from my seat, and on going down stairs, observed Mary Ogilvie's father standing in the hall, uncovered, his grey hair and pale reverend face contrasting strongly with the fresh mourning which he wore. He seemed to observe me with earnest attention, as I descended in my morning

dress; and, as I drew near, bent his stiff body in a profound reverence to me. I held out my hand, and, grasping his, shook it cordially: the old man said nothing, but his eye glistened with the pleasure he seemed to feel at this reception. I opened the door of my library, into which he, after some hesitation, and looking down to his antique top boots, consented to accompany me.

I was alarmed by the indication of his apparel, and asked him, hastily, if he had lost any relatives, and if his daughter was well?

“My daughter is in good health,” he answered, with country solemnity; “but there hae changes happened in your former neighbourhood, Mr. George—changes which only the all-seeing eye of Providence could penetrate, for we little expected them; and I hae no errand to you, sir, wherewith to disturb you; but I just thought that if ye be not greatly changed

yourself', by the mammon of this world's prosperity, you might like to hear the news frae Lillybrae; for surely," he went on, shaking his grey locks, "ye hae not forgotten the days that are gone, and the green fields where ye used to wander, an' the warm hearts o' them that used to pet you and tell you auld tales, when ye were a sedate thoughtfu' boy, and wha often, sir, speak o' you still, and long to hear of your temporal and spiritual welfare."

I was moved almost to tears in the mood in which I was, by this unaffected expression of true regard from the good old man, such a thing had now become so new to me; but before I could reply, he went on to say, in his own simple manner:—

"You see, sir, I just couldna leave this grand ceety, where I hae wandered up an' down till I'm like to fa' wi' fatigue, without knocking at the

knocker o' your great house, now since ye has gotten sic wealth, and are become like Joseph in the house o' King Pharaoh, and asking to get to see you, that I might bring you tidings o' what has happened in the country of your fathers."

"Mr. Ogilvie," I said, impatiently, "I am most heartily glad to see you, and greatly obliged by your visit; but tell me, I pray you, at once, who is dead, and what changes have taken place?"

"I am just about to tell you, sir," he went on, solemnly; "but do not be impatient, or murmur when ye hear of changes, for this is a changeable world; and it was not for naething that the dumb dog yowl'd sae eerily, and the auld clock fell on its face and brak to pieces on the night that my Mary was married; and that ye yoursel' bursted out into sobbing, when we were in solemn exercise, pouring out our hearts

to the Lord for a blessing on the union. But ye'll hae forgotten all that, Mr. George, nae doubt."

"No, no!" I exclaimed, eagerly, "nor shall I ever forget it; but I pray you again, Mr. Ogilvie, to tell me, quickly, what has taken place?"

"Sir," he answered, "be patient, and I'll tell you the whole tale. I was weel pleased at the time wi' Mary's marriage; for Craiglands was a man of worth, and was in good circumstances; but the strange occurrences of the wedding night seemed to have settled down in his mind: he did not seem perfectly satisfied; and though he said nothing to Mary, and she did every thing to make him happy, yet he had taken it deeply into his thoughts that *he* was not the man that she loved in her heart; and from the awful warnings o' the wedding day, and also some words that his father had said to him when on his death-bed, he was persuaded within himself



that some fatal event was soon to separate them. In this state of mind, whenever he went from hame, or when any danger was in his way, he pondered on the warnings o' his wedding night, and literally lived as though every day might be his last.

“Mary soothed his mind, and had reasoned him almost entirely out of his apprehensions: he had begun to forget his fears, and was sitting at home one night with Mary, conversing in family comfort, when a man from this ceety of Embro' rode up to the farm door, on a sair wearied horse, and delivered a letter. The letter was frae some lawyer o' the ceety, anent some affairs o' his late father's, and summoned him peremptorily to set forth, and to appear in Embro' the very next day. The apprehensions of the thoughtful young man came again upon him on this, and he passed a sleepless night, striving against his fears and his forebodings.

“He rose early on the following morning, and Mary strove to cheer his spirit. He had a fine spirited horse, which stood saddled at the door as he was ready to go. He went to the door, and looked round him wi’ a sort of confused look, as if he was thinking that this might be the last day he was to look upon the sun, and the fair meadows of Craiglands, and the distant haughs of bonnie Lillybrae.

“He returned and stalked about strangely, as if seeking something; he went ben to the spence, and took a gazing look of his father’s portrait; he came back again, and stood looking at Mary. She had her own fears, but concealed them; and exhorted him to go on his way in the name o’ the Lord, without fear; and that He would be the protector of him and of her, until his safe return! The young man parted from Mary with strong feeling, unable to free himself of the notion that he might never see her more! He mounted

his beast; and as he rode off my daughter, who stood looking after him, saw him put his napkin to his eyes: but when he came to the brow of the hill, where the road descended, he stopped for a little and looked back, like Lot's wife; then turning slowly round, he put spurs to his horse and immediately disappeared.

“Young Craiglands spurred on with good heart, for nearly twenty miles; in the course of which he fell in with another traveller,—a talking man, whom I have since seen, whose company and crack helped to beguile the wearisomeness o' the way. The strange man took farewell o' my son-in-law at a cross road, which obliged him to proceed by himsel' down a long wild tract, through what was once a wood, but what was now only a desolate stunted strath, full of boggy deeps and patches of black heather, besides heights and hollows where man or beast seldom tried to penetrate. It is a long desolate road; there is but

as ingle cot-house to be seen in five miles' ride. I never passed along it but once ; and oh ! it was lonesome and dreigh ! and here, no doubt, the solitary man had his down owie an' sad thoughts as he travelled through this wilderness, where the very mew o' the piesweep\* would make you wae, and the whir o' the mountain-hen owre your head would make you fear'd.

“ Another road to Embro' led out o' this dismal waste, when ye come to a wee brook that blusters below and beside you, among grey rocks and bushes ; but the near side is steep, just as ye enter by a little gate, to a path that leads by the nearest cut to the great road ; and this gate is sometimes slightly closed, or but half open. As Craiglands was entering here, the half-open gate swung by accident a little forward, and the horse struck against it ; while its rider gave it a hasty curb,

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\* Curlew.

which further provoked and startled the animal. It first started back, then gave a spring forward; and now the gate swinging back a second time, the horse was struck with violence on the breast. The spirited animal now reared up, and then sprang aside in the direction of the brook which brawled below; and in another instant, in spite of every effort of its unhappy rider, it plunged down the precipice into the rocky channel of the stream.

“In the sudden descent, Craiglands was unhorsed, and fell by himself, with terrible force; and, although the depth of the bank was scarce fifteen feet, he was whirled round, and pitched upon his head; and when it struck upon the rock, his neck gave a crack, for it was clean broken; and the unfortunate man expired on the instant, without a quiver or a groan.

“A woodman, who was on the opposite side of the stream, saw the whole accident. It was not

three minutes from his coming to the gate before he was in eternity ; the man at once ran forward, and saw my braw son-in-law a stiffening corpse ; while the horse, with but little injury, got up and scrambled out on the sloping side of the brook."

When the old man came to this part of his story, he was hardly able to articulate. " Good heaven ! " I could not help exclaiming, " and is Mary's husband already dead ? "

" Yes ; " said the farmer, wiping his face ; " he is now gone to the world of spirits, where we must all shortly appear : but let me tell you the rest o' my tale.

" It wasna until the day after, that he was carried hame to his own house. Mary had passed an eerie night, and next day was restless and anxious, yet could scarce tell the reason why. I went daundering over to Craiglands' farm in the morning, as I was wont to do. We spoke of

William, who was absent ; and ever and anon she said, ‘ I dinna know what so strangely affects me about my puir gudeman, but I wish all may be right.’ Some fancy led us to go to the door, although we did not yet expect him hame. We stood unconsciously, looking wishfully in the direction of Edinburgh ; when, as we watched, we observed a crowd of people peering above the hill, just where he had stood and looked back on the morning of his departure.

“ We gazed at the approaching crowd in fear and silence. At length Mary, laying her hand on her side, as if to hold down her heart, said, ‘ Father, yonder comes some wae sight, I darena look any longer ; run and meet it, an’ bring me the tidings, for I ken it’s grief and sorrow :’ and when she had spoken this, she flew ben into the farthest corner of the house. I couldna stir for my life ; but the crowd soon came up ; for there were women and auld men following, wi’ weeping

and lamentation ; and they brought forward what looked to be a straighted corpse, but I soon found it was my buirdly son-in-law, laid on a board, his feet foremost ; and thus he had been carried towards his own house, his horse being led by the bridle behind him.

“ Mary was again out. I heard her skreigh : I followed her back into the spence ; and, after a moment of distracted consternation, she took my hand in both hers, and, striving against her thoughts, said, calmly, ‘ Father, this is a sair sight for me to see ; but it is not altogether unexpected, for I have had a warning from Providence in my ain private thoughts ; but I canna yet see what is intended for me in this changeable world. But, O, father, remember I’m the weaker vessel ; and when ye see me o’erwhelmed with consternation at the trials of life, that comē on us suddenly, like an armed man, stand by me, father, and remember the weakness of a woman !’



“For three days the whole country round sounded with the tale of this awful visitation. On the fourth, the mourners, as they gathered, blackened the green knowes of Craiglands, for great was the company, and they came frae the east and the west; and the lads that had but lately danced at his bridal, and the auld men that had drunken freely out o’ his bicker, now laid my braw son in the cauld yird; and, as they grat round his grave, they said to ane another, ‘The judgments o’ the Lord have lighted among us, and wha may tell what a day shall bring forth!’”

The last words of this melancholy narrative the old man was hardly able to utter; for the tears streamed down his pale face, his voice shook exceedingly, and I was almost as much affected as himself. How could I be otherwise than deeply affected by the tale? from being myself so much the cause of the disquietude of him who was now

thus strangely cut off,—from the exhibition I had made of myself at their marriage, and from the deep interest I felt in every thing that concerned Mary Ogilvie.

The good old man seemed soothed and consoled by the interest I had shown in his grief, and my participation in his feelings. He almost smiled through his tears; and, wiping his eyes, said, “Sir, in coming to call at your splendid mansion, I considered that I was drawing a bow at a venture, and might never get at all to see you, for I ken it’s hard to carry a full cup; I ken that rich men walk in a vain show, and think shame to hae either heart or feelings like poorer men. But I hae proved and tried you frae your youth up. I hae yearned to see how ye would bear prosperity, if it were to be your lot; and great is my pleasure to see that ye’re neither spoiled in your kind heart, nor yet blown up into a bubble of fashion.”

The old man then went on to describe to me how collectedly Mary Ogilvie had acted under the present afflicting change, and what pleasure it would give her to hear of me, and of this interview.

"Tell Mary," I said with warmth, as, after drinking a single glass of wine, he rose to go, "that I have not forgotten her, nor the days of our childhood; and that, if she has a friend *on earth*, she has one in me:" and, having said this, I took a ring from my finger, and begged the old man to carry it to her from me, as a memento of our youthful friendship.

I parted from the worthy farmer as from a father. The smile of gratitude and pleasure now on his sorrowful countenance, was like the sun shining after rain; and, as he receded from my door with a less tardy step, he looked as if he was, like myself, thinking that the joy and grief of life, in their respective light and dark draperies,

frequently seemed to be friendly companions, and chose to journey hand in hand on their way together.

The news I had received was not without its painful consideration ; yet the whole was a *morceau* of nature's furnishing, addressed to the heart, which served to chase from my mind the *ennui* of sloth and fashionable pleasure ; and I was upon the whole relieved and soothed, and furnished with a subject of interesting reflection. The circumstance of Mary Ogilvie's being already a widow, raised thoughts which alternately pleased and tortured me, until the hour arrived which brought my Italian preceptor ; and I engaged in study, as a further refreshment to my mind.

I give myself credit for some ingenuity in contriving the plan of engaging a master, and revising my Italian ; for by it, I always made certain of little time to spend in my own way ; it formed a plea for avoiding many parties and engagements

to me irksome and disagreeable; and by it I snatched many hours of "literary leisure," from the vain race after tasteless pleasure, or which I should have wasted in the society of those who merely regarded me as the representative of my estates and my equipage, but who would not know me for a day, were any circumstance to deprive me of these adventitious advantages: but I could not, by any reasoning or soothing, escape the anger of my gay lady, who persecuted me constantly for not following her fully through the whirlpool of dissipation and fashion.

I passed the morning at home, until, forgetting a promise I had made to my spouse, I went to prepare to go out to dine with a friend. I was just ascending the stairs to dress, when I was followed by a servant with a *note* from my haughty lady, reminding me of my engagement to her, to accompany her to an evening party and ball, at the house of a Lady Chetwynd, who had

lately started in the race of fashion, and was running her career as fast as she could get the good people of Edinburgh to run with her. I was forced to disappoint my own friend, and submitted to my wife's wishes with the best possible grace, knowing what, after all, I owed to her, as well as to my present place in society. We therefore went in the evening, and took our places among the brilliant assembly.

I was pleased with,—I even enjoyed the ball much, for a time ; for I ever loved to observe the young beauties in the early part of an evening of this kind, while as yet all was impatient expectation, as they stepped across the rooms, on their entrance, with the light yet firm tread of buoyant youth and flowing spirits—and as they afterwards gracefully exhibited their elegant forms in the airy mazes of the dance. It was grateful to my spirit to observe the pleasure that sparkled in their eyes, as they kept time to the light French and Vene-

tian music ; for the sounds of banqueting and gay revelry, with the splendour of dress and of beauty in the hours of festivity, strike pleasingly upon the warm fancy of youth, and often draw up the feelings to rapturous sensations.

But, unhappily, the rich and gay often hunt down pleasure, until they exhaust themselves in the pursuit ; gorge themselves with it until it becomes nauseous ; drain the varied cup to the very bottom, and finding the dregs become bitter or loathsome, they then will exclaim with the sated voluptuary, "Vanity of vanities—all is vanity!"

But if I sometimes suffered myself to receive pleasure in scenes like these, still the tenor of my life was, notwithstanding all my splendour, but weariness and woe. Let no man say that my private misery, my incurable discontent, was irrational and blameable, unless they can show how the secret cravings of the affections can

satisfied with husks, or how the swelling current of nature can be choked up or changed in its course. What sadness and regret often embittered my thoughts, as I dwelt on former times, and contrasted what I suffered with what I might have enjoyed ! How these regrets preyed upon my heart, as I lay in my lone and sleepless bed, while my lady revelled away the hours of sleep abroad without me ! What hopeless thoughts, and joyless nights of weary reflection, what tossings to and fro, until the dawning of the day !

I was awakened one night, or rather morning by a loud knocking at the door of my room (we then lived in Brunswick Square, London); and my servant's voice, crying "Master ! master ! for God's sake get up, and come down stairs instantly !"

"What is the matter, John ?" I asked, starting from my dream.



“It is my mistress,” he answered, “brought home almost dead.”

I hurried on some part of my dress, and, on descending, found my lady insensible, attended by a surgeon, whose only reply to my eager inquiries was, that, “as to her danger, it could not at present be properly ascertained; but that a few hours would, probably, decide her fate.”

After a few hours spent in painful watching over her, and anxious suspense, during which time she was out of one swoon and into another, in the morning an unfortunate event, arising out of her then condition, and which the surgeon feared, took place; she fevered immediately, and, as the day advanced, all hopes of her recovery were abandoned.

Had I been, by this distressing occurrence, forcibly torn from the vortex of fashionable pleasure, with all its selfish sensitiveness, and all its effeminacy, and forced, by ordinary decency, to

confine myself as an unwilling attendant upon a sick bed, my state would have been truly pitiable. But to me, attendance in the sick chamber of a wife, had her case been hopeful, was comparatively a pleasure. My habits of thinking and acting were such, that I was seldom unprepared for those occasions of solemnity or sorrow which are so interwoven with other things in the mingled yarn of which the web of our fate is constructed, and which seem always to be suspended over our heads as by a hair. My lady, it appeared, had, on the night in which she was brought home for dead, been very successful at play, and was in a humour of more than ordinary hilarity ; and in stepping into her carriage, on leaving the party, she happened giddily to turn round, and, missing her footing, fell awkwardly back ; and now the consequences were likely, from the condition she was in, to be fatal.

For three days I watched her. and listened to her ravings with melancholy apprehension. On the fourth, she seemed near her end, and began gazing in my face with restored reason and appalling steadfastness, as if she were taking her last look of me ; then striving to move her hand to me, she beckoned me close to her, and merely said, " Kiss me."

I stooped over and kissed her burning lips—she was not Mary Ogilvie, but she was my wife, and an elegant and accomplished woman. What a thought!—to see her dying before me, in the midst of the world's enjoyments.

A few tears came to her relief, as she lay gazing up at me ; she then said, in a whisper, " George, I know I have been very foolish—you are too good for me—I cannot—" but, in striving to utter something more, she gave another piteous look, and, with a struggling sigh, expired.

Alas ! thought I, when I had leisure to think, that the dance of life should thus suddenly terminate in the silence of death, with the sons of happiness and prosperity, while life is scarcely begun, while they but blossom in the sunshine of youth, and are yet in the greenness of their years. Within two short years I had been interested in two marriages, wherein anticipations were entertained of long life, and provision seemed laid up for much happiness. Young Craiglands stood in his manhood, like a strong man glorying in his strength ; and my proud lady, decked in bridal glory, moved among her high-bred circle, with the firm and springy step of flowing health, and was given to my arms as the presumed mother of a long line of posterity.

But while the song of joy yet tingled in each of their ears—while the torch of life blazed bright — it was suddenly extinguished in the

darkness of death—their forms already sleep in the dust, and the moralising mind ponders sadly, and preaches solemnly, as it relates their tale.



## MARY OGILVIE.



## CHAPTER V.

ANOTHER year passed tardily over my head as a youthful widower, while I again wandered abroad over the wide world, seeking novelty and finding sameness, and wondering why it was that, when I could purchase almost every thing I wished, yet could I not purchase happiness. Something still was wanting ; and I at length left the vineyards of Italy, and the vales of Switzerland, and journeyed towards my early home, to look once more, at least, on the interesting scenes of my youth.

When the well-known smell of the fields in the West of Scotland once more saluted me, I stopped for a few minutes to bait my horse, at the little village of Craeford, and deliberated by which of two roads I should proceed to my paternal property, now about three miles distant. One of the roads passed just between Craiglands and Lillybrae ; but I objected to taking that way, for my mind would not yet suffer me to run the hazard, by going near any of those places, of perhaps meeting with Mary Ogilvie. I had parted from the companion with whom I travelled, at Edinburgh ; for, in revisiting these interesting scenes, I wished not to be encumbered with the society of any one who might interrupt my unavoidable reflections.

I took the other road, though much the longest. The day was yet young ; and when I came to a height, I stopped to survey the woods and valley, so well known from my childhood. The sun

shone beautifully ; the green heights and hollows lay in quiet loveliness before me ; the blue smoke, which curled upwards from the distant farms of Craiglands and Lillybrae, reflected the slanting sunbeams, and gave me the pleasing idea of peace and happiness within their dwellings. "What have I got," I inquired of myself, "in return for refusing the blessings of competence and unbounded love, that invited my acceptance of them in these happy valleys? The answer is, that in grasping at wealth and greatness, I have only, with some portion of heartless pleasure, had ennui, disappointment, and disgust, and perhaps an unreasonably strong impression of the errors and follies of my species."

I arrived at home. My father had died in my absence, and my two sisters, who were now women, were rejoiced to see me, and looked towards me as a father and a protector. I was determined to do my duty to them ; still other



thoughts and purposes had at last taken powerful possession of my mind. Whether I had acted the fool hitherto, or whether I was really and incorrigibly a fool in the estimation of the world, I cared not to conclude. I thought I now understood, at least, a little better, what, foolish or not, was essential to my own happiness. I was convinced that, whatever nature had made me, I was no faultless hero of romance; and that, before I could act a becoming part in society, the cravings of my heart must be satisfied. I was not a being fitted to live only to myself, and I must possess the liberty of doing as my reason and disposition dictated—of loving what, in my own estimation, was lovely, of enjoying those few things in which I delighted, untrammelled by the maxims of other men; and of avoiding, as far as the general mixture of evil with good would suffer me, whatever I loathed “in the corrupted current of this world.”

As soon, therefore, as I had disposed of the matters immediately incumbent on my attention on my arrival, I wrote a note to Mary Ogilvie. I informed her of my intention again to take up my residence in the place where I had spent my juvenile days; and conjured her, by our early love, to give me a meeting once more, on this night, as soon as the moon rose behind the little hill in Lillyburn Wood, as I had something of importance to say to her, and as we could not with propriety meet alone in either of our own houses.

The intervening time I spent in a fever of impatient agitation, of which, at the raw age of eighteen or nineteen, I believe myself to have been incapable. Marvellous! that experience, which cools the fever of most men, should have, in fact, fanned the fire of my passion; but, indeed, the more I saw of the world, and the more I understood of mankind, the higher I prized my Mary Ogilvie; and notwithstanding

all that had occurred, the more eager I was to be united to her for ever. Had I judged right with reference to my own character and the world, I would have married her, or betrothed her to myself at first, and suffered no other man to become, even outwardly, connected with her; before both of our hearts had been somewhat seared by an acquaintance with the painful realities of life. But it was not three years since I had attended her wedding; I was still not more than five-and-twenty, she was three years younger: though we were both in the widowed state, we were yet in youth; and "what happiness!" I thought, "might we not still enjoy were we but united together."

The moon rose in placid beauty o'er the silent valleys beneath Lillybrae, and its light glanced in flakes of silver upon the rippling stream near the wood, as I wandered behind the green hill, anxiously waiting for Mary. A thousand recol-

lections crowded upon me, connected with this sacred spot ; our meeting here on the day of her wedding, and the impressive circumstances of that night, the last occasion on which I had seen her. At length I observed a shadow moving on the grass round by the foot of the hill, and in a few moments Mary Ogilvie, wrapped in a mantle, with a timid step, drew near to the spot where I was waiting.

We stood for an instant, looking on one another, as if neither could speak or move. I stepped hastily forward, holding out both my hands. The embarrassment of the moment prevented her offering me hers. There was an eagerness to embrace ; but we seemed undecided, at the instant, whether it should be as friends, or as lovers. Passion prevailed—I threw my arms round her, and pressed her closely—she rested her head passionately on my shoulder ; or, rather, in the affecting language of Scripture, she “ fell

upon my neck and wept." I felt her limbs tremble beneath her with emotion, as she gave a sob or two, while hanging in my arms ; but when the first bursting out of her feelings was over, she started from me suddenly, as if blaming herself for having thus given way to her weakness, and withdrew to a short distance.

" Mr. George," she said, speaking first, and in a tone of elevation, in which she seemed for a moment to forget her native tongue, " I find I cannot hide from you my feelings, or rather my weakness, even yet. You know the power you still have over me—I conjure you to say, at once, what your pleasure is, and let our conference be short !"

I was astonished, and somewhat disconcerted, by the dignity and imperative energy of her words and manner, as the moon shone full upon her glowing countenance, such as I had often observed it when she was a girl ; but now she

was perfect in womanhood, and her eyes sparkled with passionate animation. "Mary," I said, calmly, "I do not mean to detain you :—to give you the first word of confession, I believe I have lately been wandering from my own happiness. I was not happy in *my* marriage ; will you tell me, Mary, if you were happy in *yours* ?"

She stood looking up in my face, as if her soul drank every word that I uttered. After a pause, she answered firmly, "No, George, I was *not* happy, although I had an affectionate, well-meaning husband ; but it required something besides these common qualities to make me happy, after having so long known you ! But he was not—O, George ! you have been the spoiler of my happiness !" she exclaimed, covering her face with her hands. "It would have been happy for me, if I had never seen you !"

"Mary," I answered, after an agitated pause, "it is useless now to dwell on the past, or to

refer to the painful anxieties we have both experienced. It is useless, it is impious, as *I* find, to fight for ever against the constant yearnings of our own hearts !”

She still looked up in my face, with anxious curiosity, as I spoke. “ Mary,” I continued, “ are you willing to understand me? Can you be *mine* at last?”

“ She clasped her hands together, and replied, “ I can be any thing for you, George ; but, for Heaven’s sake, think what you say ! Do not trifle with my feelings, or you will break my heart !”

“ *Will* you be mine, Mary, from this moment?” I said, passionately ; “ still be mine !—my wife—my love—my adored companion while life is granted to us on earth.—Speak !”

“ Oh, *yes*, George !” she said with energy ; “ I will be any thing—every thing for you, consistent with honour—if you will, indeed, be also

mine," she added, with her peculiar doubting and beseeching expression of countenance; "if you will really make *me* your wedded wife, who am nae gentlewoman, but only your simple country Mary Ogilvie."

Tears of rapture streamed from both our eyes, as, in broken sentences and passionate language, this final settlement of our long-cherished wishes was proposed and consented to between us; and the free embrace of surrendered hearts and confiding honour was indulged in as a pledge of accepted vows, and an anticipation of future and unreserved bliss.

The fever of my spirits was now over; my mind was calm, and my heart light; I was happy, and Mary was happy, and nature seemed happy around me. The very moon, as the old ballad has it, seemed to "shine blithe" in my face, as I bounded homewards; and, as disregarding the opinion of the world, I rejoiced in



the prospect of obtaining, at last, my yet lovely and blooming Mary Ogilvie.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years again passed away, and the chapter of my history is nearly completed. I sat in my favourite room, one delicious morning, in a musing mood, which was only disturbed by the entrance of my steward, who ended some consultation, about my rural affairs, by remarking that this was the twenty-fifth of August, and then left me.

After he had departed, I continued to repeat to myself his words, "This is the twenty-fifth of August," as I sat, with my little daughter standing between my knees, musing, and parting, with my fingers, the yellow hair upon her forehead. "The twenty-fifth of August," I said again; but the thought did not immediately strike me, why it was that I noticed that more than any other date.

At length, while contemplating the cherry cheeks of my little daughter, and in my parental musing over her, I said, "Yes! now I recollect—the twenty-fifth of August was my last wedding day; for on this day of the month, five years ago, I married my Mary." My mind received a direct impulse from recollecting this circumstance, and I was led to turn my musing into a review of the five years since I had married from the free choice both of my judgment and my heart.

"Where shall I begin," I exclaimed, "to recount my happiness? The common blessings of life,—health, competence, peace, liberty, and society—are enhanced a thousand times by the presence and participation of my Mary. In summer, which I spend in the country, improving my estate, and co-operating with my tenants in whatever is for our mutual advantage, she is my constant society and affectionate adviser.

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My spirits are gay when I am abroad on little plans of improvement or of pleasure ; and on my return, she meets me with smiles of welcome ; and I sit down in a contented and happy household, to fondle our children, and to talk with her over the little affairs of the neighbourhood, which to us are pleasing and interesting. When I attend to my duty as justice of the peace, to hear the complaints and decide the petty differences of the countrymen, they say that the good-humour of my countenance, and the serene contentment of my eye, almost make them forget their quarrels. I often get them to join hands and agree, without ever troubling me with their story, and, though still a young man, my goings out and comings in, my easy and contented habits, are considered exemplary, and almost patriarchal.

“ We spend the winter commonly in Edinburgh ; and in that delightful capital, my wife

and I enjoy the society of some, perhaps, as elegant and accomplished people as there are in the world ; whose minds are well cultivated, and stored with all that tends to elevate and adorn humanity ; and with whom, in a kind of homely gentility, we hold a social intercourse.

“ How often do I observe with pride, and sometimes with surprise, the manner in which my Mary acquits herself among society, born and educated in a much more elevated and expensive manner than can fall to the lot of a farmer’s daughter ! How much natural judgment and good taste she evinces in all she does and says ! How much worth breathes in her sentiments and speaks in her eye ! How much benevolence towards every one, and ardent love towards me ! With what chaste good sense she assists me in culling from life and literature whatever is delightful and improving ! How pleasingly we interchange observation and criticism in society, or amusement abroad ! How cheerily

happy our conversation by our warm fireside! When, in the winter's night, the tea-urn hisses on the table, as Cowper says, and the window-curtains are let fall—our chairs drawn round the fireside, books spread on the table, the children playing on the hearth; study and conversation by turns, and music of our own performance occasionally, perhaps, according to our fancy, draws out its lengthened sweetness: what is earthly happiness, if this is not happiness?

“We return to this place in the country,” said I, continuing my soliloquy, and walking towards the window, “when green spring clothes the fields and the woods, and the sun begins to shine warm on Arnefield, where I live, and on the haughs and streams of Lillybrae. Our return is welcomed with rejoicings: we are followed with blessings! My children leap, wild with joy, at returning to the novelty of the country; and a thousand things wait for my adjustment, to give me consequence and keep me employed. .

“ Still, Mary Ogilvie is the corner-stone of my happiness, and I am every thing to her. Her eye beams upon me, across the table, with love and gratitude, for taking her from society to which she was naturally superior, and raising her to her present condition ; for bringing her home to my own bosom, and making her truly happy. Her presence consecrates to me the house in which she lives, and every thing with which she has to do. My eye follows her, as in gay contentment she moves lightly through the apartments, and fondly cherishes my darling children. The very sound of her fine feminine voice in the next room, or in the passages, strikes on my ear with heartfelt pleasure ; and at night when, as I sit musing by the fire, I sometimes hear that voice warbling plaintively, in rich tones, wild and fanciful wood notes, to sing my babies to their rest, it takes captive my spirit by its soothing echoes in my quiet country dwelling.

and often brings tears from my eyes, by its affecting associations.

“This place,” said I, throwing up the sash of the window, and looking out upon the undulating fields, distant mountains, and more distant sea, “is a paradise to me, since she came to it. The evils of artificial life I have almost forgotten; for here they are ‘for ever hid from my eyes!’—Time steals away too fast in quiet enjoyment, and I look back upon my early ambition and purposes with a kind of uneasy terror. Blessed with ample competence, and cured of ambition, I am enabled to select, as friends and associates, those, who, from among the glitter of the high and the ignorance of the low, have seen and appreciated what is substantially good in human nature, who still find ‘heads that think, and hearts that feel!’ where ambition or mercenary selfishness has not tempted men to suppress or extinguish the amiable propensities implanted in the human bosom.

“ The beauty of my estate, and of the surrounding neighbourhood, is increasing yearly ; and this house of my fathers,—this land of my childhood, becomes dearer to me every hour !”—  
I found myself unable to express fully what I felt, and quoted Shakspeare :—

————— “ I should guess,  
If e'er content deigned visit mortal clime,  
*This* was her place of dearest residence !”

[DOMINIE'S LEGACY.]





## ROAST PIG.

—◆—

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the cooks' holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting or rather broiling (which I take to be the

elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think; not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up

again with a few dry branches; and the labour of an hour or two, at any time,—as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage,—he had smelt that smell before; indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come

away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with a retributory cudgel; and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any incon-

veniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it; when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:—

You graceless whelp! what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and the devil knows what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig; do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself, that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half

by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father; only taste—O father!"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

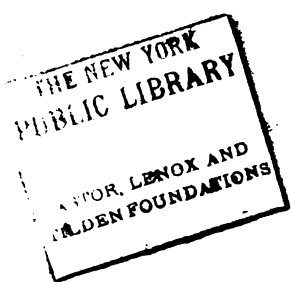
Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly

have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and a verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might



v. 2, p. 146.





be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present,—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict or “Not Guilty.”

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship’s town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insur-

ance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later,—I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these

days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

Behold him, while he is doing—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equally he twirleth round the string!—Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars—

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wal-

lowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,  
Death came with timely care—

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens

(those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give every thing." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the giver of all good flavours, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house slightly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say to my individual palate—it argues an insensibility.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild

and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet!

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) super-added a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

[ESSAYS OF ELIA, BY CHARLES LAMB.]



## THE HOUR OF FORTUNE,

IN THREE NICKS.



METHOUGHT I was present with Quevedo, when he paid one of his visits to Elysium. Jove seemed to be in a most towering passion, and grumbled and growled amazingly; interlarding his discourse with sundry expletives not fit to be mentioned to ears polite.

Many of the immortals came running up to ascertain the cause of his indignation: Apollo, with a flaming crown upon his head, made of highly burnished brass, rose from a table where



he had been puzzling for a rhyme, and approached with the pen still in his hand: Bacchus was disturbed at his fifteenth tumbler, and resigned the whisky-bottle with a sigh. The ladies, too, drew near in a state of great agitation: Venus came first, wondering what could have put her father into such a rage, and hiding a billet-doux she had received from Mars. That gallant deity also just approached, dressed like a captain in the yeomanry; and while all the rest stood in silence, wondering at Jupiter's exclamations, he looked as bold as a bully after a beating, and said, "How now, governor! what's the meaning of all this? what mare's-nest have you discovered now?" Jupiter, who, by the by, very needlessly, as I thought, held a flaming thunderbolt in his hand, though it was now the height of summer, frowned upon his impertinent questioner, and said, "Hold your tongue, you babbling Bobadil, or I'll crack your skull with this thunderbolt: send little

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Mercury here, some of you." In a moment Mercury was at his side, dressed in the Olympian livery, sky-blue turned up with sable,—as tidy a sort of footman as ever I saw; and bowing, waited his master's command. "Go," said Jupiter, "and bring that infernal old jade Fortune here, as fast as you can; and don't stay tippling in the pot-houses by the way, or making love to the bar-maids."

In an instant the shoulder-knots expanded into wings, the gold-headed cane changed into a caduceus, and the clocks in his stockings sprang out into well-feathered pinions; and before you could see that he was gone, he was back again, dragging an old-looking woman by the ear, who squalled terribly under the operation, and uttered many complaints against him for his roughness.

She rolled in upon a curious sort of wheel, round which an innumerable multitude of strings were twisted in all possible directions; and she

was attended by a tall, strapping-looking woman, as her servant. This domestic was almost bald, except that there was one lock of rich glossy hair hanging over her brow ; and the story went, that whoever could lay hold of that lock, had not only her, but her mistress also, entirely in their power. The maid's name was Opportunity.

I had scarcely time to make these remarks, when Jupiter, in a voice of thunder exclaimed, "So, madam, you are here at last : I have fifty complaints sent up to me every day, that you neglect your duty, and what is worse, they cast all the blame of your negligence upon me : now that's what I won't stand,—it would wear out the patience of Job."

Upon this, the old lady cast an angry look on her attendant, and said, "How is this, you good-for-nothing baggage ? Is it for this that I pay you such wages, and feed you so well ; that I should be rubbed before company after this fashion ?"

Then turning to Jupiter, who had laid down the thunderbolt by accident on his neighbour Apollo's lap, and almost burnt up the thin nankeen breeches in which he was dressed, she said, "Indeed, indeed, sir, it is none of my fault : I go my rounds, and keep my eyes about me, as well as I am able ; but if people won't take the trouble to tell me what they want, or even to give their cards to my servant here ——"

"Yes, indeed," interrupted the damsel thus referred to, "if gemmen won't mind us poor servants, and give us a small token now and then, I wonder how we are to get on, on the wages we get."

"Ah, certainly," said Mars, who had been a sad gallant in his time, "I always found in my young days that a tip to the waiting maid was the surest way to the heart of the mistress ; and so, as I was saying, my pretty maid, here's half-a-crown for you, to help to buy ——"

"Paws off, Pompey," cried the maid, "and keep the half-crown to bribe the next blacksmith. —Isn't that master Vulcan, I see limping this way with a net in his hand?"

The gentleman slipped back to his place as quickly as he could, while even Jupiter could scarcely help laughing at his crest-fallen appearance: however, putting on a terrible frown, he continued—"I don't care how it has happened; but by the Lord Harry, if it ever takes place again—if I hear any more complaints made against your administration, I'll turn you out of office in a twinkling, and give the seals to the Opposition."

Terrified by this threat, the old lady promised the strictest attention, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, if you will wait for a short time, you shall see some wonderful sights. What's o'clock, just now?" Half-a-dozen watches were pulled out in an instant. but no two of them were pre-

cisely agreed. However, Apollo, whose time-keeper goes on a diamond, assured her it was exactly a quarter to six. "Wait, then, just fifteen minutes, and whenever your jolly countenance makes every dial-plate point to six o'clock, you shall see the sports begin. High and low, rich and poor, every man, woman, and child, shall, for once at least, have *what they deserve*." Saying this, she tumbled off upon her wheel, creaking and crackling as if it had not been greased for a century, and going at such a rate, that she was out of sight in a moment.



## THE HOUR OF FORTUNE.

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### NICK THE FIRST.

"We have still a home, my Emily, though it is a poor one," said Ernest Darley to his beautiful young wife, the first day they took possession of their lodgings in a humble alley in London. "I little thought, when we used to wander in the old woods at Balston, that I should take you to such a miserable abode as this."

"I am happier here, dear Ernest, than in the woods of Balston."

"Now, by heavens, it makes me angry to see you happy! I believe you would continue to smile and be contented if we were in gaol."

"If we were in gaol together, Ernest."

"Ah! bless you, my own dearest: Fortune cannot continue to frown on so much goodness."

"The Christian calls Fortune by a different name: he calls it Providence."

"Well, providence, fortune, fate, chance, or whatever other name it rejoices in, cannot surely persecute us for ever. We are guilty of no fault."

"We married against your uncle's will. He spurned us from the moment we were united. He must have some reason, surely, for his detestation of me."

"What reason can any one have to detest *you*? You were poor:—had he not told me over and over again that he did not care for wealth in the object of my choice? You were young, beautiful, accomplished,—my equal in birth—it can't be—it can't be! I tell you it must be something that I have done which makes him so enraged."

"And what have *you* done, Ernest, that can make him your enemy? You bore with all his humours and caprices: you were affectionate to him as a son: he loved you better than any thing



else upon earth. How kind he was to you in your youth, and how well you deserved his kindness! No, no, it is me he persecutes, me he hates."

"Then may the God of ——"

"Hush! hush! dear Ernest. He may yet relent."

"Relent! Ha! ha! Sir Edward Darley relent! I tell you he makes it one of his boasts, that he never forgave, and never will forgive, even an imaginary offence. Relent! I tell you, he is of that stubborn, obstinate nature, the feeling of repentance is unknown to him."

"Try him, dear Ernest; he cannot be so immovable. Ask him in what we have offended him, and tell him we are anxious to atone for our offence."

"Have I *not* written to him?—Have I not begged an interview, in terms which I never thought I should have meanness enough to

address to mortal man? Have I not besought him at least to inform me what I have done to draw down his indignation, and has he ever even deigned to send an answer? I have left our address here with his scoundrelly attorney, in case he should condescend to favour me with a reply."

At this moment a knock was heard at the door, and in answer to the "Come in," of Mr. Darley, a lawyer's clerk presented himself, and with no very respectful demeanour, held out a letter.

"A letter? From whom?"

"From Mr. Clutchem. Does it wait an answer?"

Ernest hurriedly glanced it over.

"No. There—there," he said, as soon as they were again alone. "Relent, indeed! Read it."

Emily took the letter and read.

"Sir,—I am desired by Sir Edward Darley, Bart., to inform you, that no begging letters will

be received ; and further, I am desired to inform you, that Sir Edward Darley holds acknowledgments from you for the sum of 3400*l.*, advanced to you while at Oxford. Measures will be taken to exact payment of the full amount forthwith.

“ Your obedient servant,

“ SIMON CLUTCHEM.”

“ Then we are, indeed, entirely ruined !” said Emily, with a sigh.

“ Do you doubt it ! so we have been any day these three months.”

“ But can he really claim that money ?”

“ I suppose so. He always took my acknowledgments for the amount of my year's allowance solely, he said, to enable him to keep his books. As he had always taught me to consider myself his heir, I never thought he would produce them against me ; but stay, have you looked on the other page of the note ?”

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“P.S. I am farther requested to beg your presence to day, at half-past five, to be witness to an important deed.”

At the appointed hour Ernest was punctually at Mr. Clutchem's office. There, sitting in an easy chair, to his great surprise, he saw his uncle. He approached with a gush of old feelings at his heart, but the baronet fiercely ordered him back.

“Stand there,” he said, “till I tell you the reason for which I summoned you here to-day. You recollect the old long-tailed pony you rode when you were a little boy at school, which I turned out for life at your request?”

“I do,” said Ernest, wondering to what this address tended.

“I had him shot the day before yesterday. Your dogs? you no doubt recollect them well! Bruno, and Ponto, and Cæsar,—and the old Newfoundland that brought Miss Merivale—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Ernest Darley, your amiable

wife, out of the lake, when your awkwardness upset the boat?"

"I do—the faithful affectionate creature."

"I hanged them all at the same time. You recollect Abraham Andrews whom you installed in the fancy cottage in the park, and his mother, and his family, that you were so much interested in? They have left the cottage; they have been paupers on the parish for some time."

"Sir!" cried Ernest, "if you only summoned me here to listen to the recital of such infamous, inhuman——"

"Spare your heroics, young man, you will listen to something more before we part. But come, we're wasting time. Now hear me. You married that girl. You asked no leave of me. Do you know, sir, who her mother was—who her father was,—and do you know, sir, what reason I have to hate them? Answer me that, sir."

"Her father and mother have been long dead

sir. I never knew any cause you could have to dislike them."

"Dislike!—use better words, sir. Say hate—detest—abhor them. Oh! you did not!—you ought to have asked, sir—you would have known that the mother ruined my happiness—that the father attempted to take my life—that I loved her, sir—fiercely—truly—and that she taught me to believe that she returned my love; till—till—it suited her purposes, and she proved herself a ——"

"Stay, sir. I will hear no such language applied to the mother of my wife."

"Your wife! Oh! is she *your* wife, sir? and has her equipages, no doubt, and her country house, and her town house—your lady wife, sir,—and her mother was ——"

"I shall stay here no longer, sir."

"Wait, wait!—Mr. Clutchem, is the deed all properly prepared? worded so that the law can find no flaws in't?" "It is, Sir Edward."

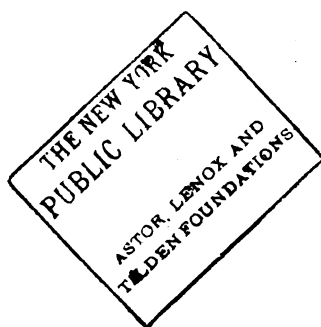
"Then give me a pen, Mr. Clutchem, it wants but my signature to make it efficient.

"This deed, Mr. Ernest Darley, is my will—by which I bestow irrevocably, land, houses, money, goods, mortgages, &c. &c., on certain charities, for which I care nothing, sir; but that I know my bequest will be less beneficial, so applied, than by any other means; and I leave you, sir, and your inestimable wife, the baronetcy—oh! I would not have you deprived of that!—and a gaol, sir; and here, sir, I have called you to be a witness. The ink, the ink, Mr. Clutchem," he continued, and held out the pen to dip it in the inkstand, keeping his eye still savagely fixed on his unfortunate nephew. The clock struck six—a sudden light flashed into the room—and Ernest thought he heard, for one moment, the creaking of a wheel.

The baronet's hand continued in the same position—his eye still glared upon the countenance of his nephew, and dead silence reigned in the room,







At last Mr. Clutchem advanced—"How's this? bless me! Sir Edward is quite cold. Help, there—run for Sir Astley. Ah! the passion was too much for him—gone off in a fit. Dead as an unsigned parchment.—Sir Ernest, I shall be happy, sir, to continue in the service of the family. Honour me by accepting the loan of this two thousand pounds for your immediate expenses. I wish you long life, Sir Ernest, and joy of your title, Sir Ernest!"



## THE HOUR OF FORTUNE.

## NICK THE SECOND.

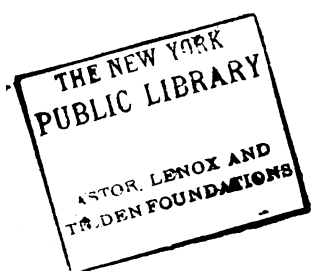
“ Down the road,—down the road,—ya! hip! there goes the bang-up tippers!—that ’ere in the snowy Benjamin is Jem Larkins, as drives the Funny Woman, all the way from Cheltenham, thirteen mile an hour.”

“ Oh! a rare fight it will be, von’t it, Jem?”

“ Vell, I’m blow’d if that ben’t a turn out, however. Who is them coves in the brishky?”

“ Oh, them’s the backers; that ’ere on the near side is Sir Philip Pudgil, and this here on the far side is the Honourable Mr. Augustus Scamp. Sir Philip backs Bill for a couple o’ hundreds.”

The two gentlemen thus described oy the





ostler of the Queen's Head, proceeded rapidly on their way to Hurly Bottom, where a grand pugilistic contest was appointed to take place. Their conversation on the road was brief, as both seemed to prefer their private cogitations to the interchange of speech. When they drew near the place of contest, they began to look out with considerable anxiety for their respective men. The crowd collected was immense; but leaving their carriage, they had no great difficulty in making their way to the little alehouse where the combatants remained till the hour fixed on for entering the ring. Here the gentlemen separated, Sir Philip proceeding to the apartment of Bill, and Mr. Scamp repairing to that of the other combatant.

"I'll tell you what it is, Tom," said the Honourable Augustus, when he found himself alone with his champion, "you must make a cross of it, and lose."

“ Why so, sir ? I’ve posted the blunt on my own side, and must do my best to win.”

“ Nonsense ; I’ll make up your losses—the odds are six to four on you. I’ve taken them all, to the tune of eight thousand pounds. I’ll pay your bets, and make it a five hundred screen in your favour besides.”

“ Oh, as to that, I can wap Bill or lose to him, for sartain,—but are you sure he’s not bought to lose too ?—for, if so be, you know he may give in the first blow, and we must win in spite of ourselves.”

“ No danger of that ; Sir Philip’s fresh in the ring, and orders him to do his best. Now he’s a regular glutton, so you may give him as much as you like the first four or five rounds, and take as much as he’ll give you. You had better sprain your wrist in the seventh or eighth round, when the odds have risen to twelve to one, and give in about the twelfth.”

“ Well, sir, I’m always ready to act as the gentleman to any gentleman as is a gentleman. Can I have the five hundred down, sir ?”

“ No, no, Tom,—do the work first,—you and I know each other. I’ll give you no chance of selling me too. But come, time’s up,—do as I say, and your money’s safe.”

The whole cavalcade now went up to the place where the commissary-general had extended the ropes. Sir Philip, the backer of the opposite party, dexterously slipped across, and whispered in Tom’s ear,—“ Win the battle, Tom, and I give ye half a thousand.”

“ The fool !” whispered our friend Tom to his bottle-holder, as the baronet turned away, “ if he had clapped on another hundred I would have won the battle in ten minutes.”

It is useless to describe the fortunes of the fight. The odds rose to twenty-three on Tom ; Bill to all appearance was dead beat, when, in



the ninth round, the winning man dislocated his wrist, and, after taking an extraordinary quantity of punishment, and losing three of his teeth, went down, and was deaf to the call of time. Both men were most terribly bruised ; the eyes of both were cut and swelled amazingly, and the victor and vanquished were carried off upon shutters, and carefully put to bed. Meanwhile the two patrons of the ring got into their carriage once more, and returned quickly to town. They agreed to dine together that day. The Honourable Augustus Scamp paid over the two hundred pounds to Sir Philip, and cursed his bad luck in always backing the loser. They were in a private room, and both impatient for their dinner. " What the devil's the matter with Scott to-day? —he's generally as punctual as clock-work," said Sir Philip, " and I hear six striking in the coffee-room." As he said these words, the influence of the hour began !—with a bolt, and a shock of

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inconceivable pain, his three front teeth fell on the floor—the Honourable Mr. Scamp's eyes became darkened—his body became a mass of contusions—and when the waiter opened the door to announce dinner, he found the two gentlemen extended on the floor, writhing in pain, and in every respect punished and bruised the same as their two champions in the morning.



THE HOUR OF FORTUNE.

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## NICK THE THIRD

“ And this young man you talk of, this aristocratic plebeian, sir, resides at the Wester Farm ——”

“ He does, Mr. Froth, and I don’t at all like his appearance, I assure you.”

“ How so?—I thought you said his appearance was very prepossessing?”

“ Too much so, I’m afraid. I can’t persuade myself he is the rustic in reality he pretends to be.”

“ Romance for a thousand!—ah! what a lucky dog I am! I shall go this moment and make his acquaintance, hear all his story, add a few items from my own imagination, and furbish up a

three-volume novel directly ; The Sentimental Unknown,' or ' The Rustic in the Wilds'—a good thought, ain't it, sir ?”

“ I'm no judge, Mr. Froth—but all that I can say is, I don't like his rambling so much in my park ; and I rather suspect my daughter Maria knows more about him than we do.”

“ Hem !—indeed !—that makes it a different matter ; but you know, sir, I have your consent ; as to the heart, it is a mere trifle in these matters. Miss Maria shall be Mrs. Froth in three days :—for, a word in your ear, Sir Timothy—I think I shall make a bold push for it, and carry her off.”

“ Carry her off ! How, sir ?—carry off my own daughter when you have my consent to marry her ?”

“ Just so. I hate such common-place marriages, where fiddling old fellows of fathers give the obedient couple their blessing, and every thing is carried on with the precision and

solemnity of a funeral! No; give me the run-away match,—the galloping horses,—the pursuit,—the paragraph in the newspapers! Zounds! the name of Froth shall make some noise in the world!”

“ Mr. Froth—sir—what do you mean, sir, by inculcating such doctrine in my presence, sir; talking disrespectfully of the paternal benediction ——”

“ I beg pardon—don’t get into a heat—’tis unpoetical ——”

“ What do you mean, sir, by talking to me about poetical?”

“ ’Tis unromantic, sir—’tis absurd.”

“ Oh, I see—I see. Mr. Froth, I certainly promised you my daughter’s hand; but, sir, this is not the way to gain it.”—*Exit.*

“ The old gentleman seems in a rage to-day; so much the better for my work. A novel never takes without a choleric old gentleman. But I

must hie me to the Wester Farm, and hold commune with this rustic. In the meantime I shall keep my eye on Miss Maria. I shall hire some simple fellow to watch her, and give me notice of what she has been doing during my absence. —Here, rustic—pastoral—clod!”

“Ees, zur, here I bees,” said the peasant thus addressed.

“’Tis a fine day, peasant. Now, respond to my interrogatories.”

“Thank ye, zur—the zame to you, zur.”

“The name of this estate?”

“We calls un Morland Hall”

“Right. Thou art of an acute understand-  
ing. Knowest thou who resides in yonder  
mansion?”

“Ees, zur—it be old Zur Timothy, and his  
young woman.”

“Woman! —Aroint, thou unsophisticate!  
Elevate thy plebeian understanding to the em-

pyrean heights of Apocalyptic glory, and call her angel."

"Ees, zur."

"Well, now, this is my command to thee—keep strict watch here in my absence, and on no account permit the beautiful Miss Maria Morland, to whom I am going to be married shortly—you need not jump so, but listen to what I say—on no account, I say, allow her to go towards the Wester Farm. There is some scoundrel hiding himself there, whom I suspect to be some lover or other she must have met with at her aunt's in Leicestershire. I am going to find out his disguise, and lull his watchfulness to rest,—for this very evening I have ordered my carriage to the corner of the hazel copse to carry her off."

"Ees, zur—surely."

"So now be watchful, and silver coin shall chink in each pocket."—*Exit.*

“ To-night !— this very night ! Oh, my Maria, is this your constancy—after all the protestations you have made to me, to elope with such a paltry, contemptible blockhead ! But how lucky he told me of their plans ! I’ll disconcert them. Ha ! Maria herself, coming this way. Who would believe that falsehood could dwell with so much beauty ? ”

“ Rawdon, dear Rawdon, I have only this moment been able to escape.—What ! you don’t seem glad to see me.”

“ You talk of making your escape, Miss Morland,—you are an adept at making an escape.”

“ What mean you ? Have I done any thing to offend you ? ”

“ Mr. Froth, madam, has this moment informed me of your projected elopement this evening.”

“ Elopement !—this evening—you are dreaming.”



"I was not dreaming when I heard the conceited fool declare he was to carry you off to-night; that his carriage was to be at the door—and that he was to marry you immediately."

"Ha! ha!—it is only some contemptible invention of my miserable admirer. Elope with him! no, never with him."

"Is it with any one else, then? I may have misunderstood."

"With any one else? Why, how should I know? no one else has asked me."

"Eh? what? Fool, fool that I have been all this time! Forgive me, dearest Maria,—but I am worried past endurance by the concealment which you yourself recommended; why not let me reveal my name and rank at once to your father, and claim ——"

"Oh, he can't hear of it! I tell you he is under a solemn obligation to give Mr. Froth his vote and interest for my hand; but—but ——"

“ But what, my angel? Speak on.”

“ But—if—you know—if I were fairly marr—I mean if—you know—why, how slow you are, Rawdon !”

“ Slow!—never was such an angelic, dear, delightful—we’ll elope before them; Froth may elope by himself, if he likes. We’ll be off this very day—this very hour—but, confound my ill-luck, I left my carriage twenty miles off, at the Falcon.”

“ Ah! how unfortunate! could you not have brought your carriage to the farm?”

“ With these clothes? in this disguise, Maria?”

“ No; I see it was impossible. Hush, here’s Mr. Froth.”

“ Ha! Bumpkin, still here? that’s right, my boy, there’s a crown for you—abscond, but wait at a little distance; I shall discourse with thee anon. Your admirer, Miss Morland, at the farm, is one of the cleverest fellows in England.”

“ My admirer at the farm, Mr. Froth ! you surprise me.”

“ I knew I should ; I always like to surprise the ladies. But positively he’s a capital hit ; he’ll carry through the third volume swimmingly ; such a power of face ; such a twang ; and such matchless impudence in denying that he was any thing but what he seemed. I told him I knew it all ; that he was a gentleman ; that he was in love with you, and to all that I said, he only opened his great saucer eyes and said, ‘ Zurely, zurely, zur.’ Oh, ’twas infinitely provocative of cachinnation !”

“ It must have been very amusing to hear a Devonshire peasant talk in the patois of his county.”

“ Exactly.—Very amusing. But it was not a peasant, Miss Maria ; no, no ; it was the acting I admired ; it was a gentleman, Miss Maria ; and a friend of your’s, too. But we’ll trick him ; your father is in favour of my claims upon your

hand; but it is an exceedingly prosaic way of being married. Don't you think so?"

"Very."

"And you would prefer a more spirited match?"

"Yes."

"An elopement?"

"Perhaps ——"

"Capital! thank ye, thank ye—'twill be an admirable incident towards the conclusion."

"What, sir?"

"Why, the elopement to be sure, and the disappointment of the suitor, who is no doubt quite confident of success—won't it be capital?"

"Yes."

"How like a fool he'll look when he finds his angel gone off with another—won't he?"

"Yes—very."

"Well—but let us arrange it. My carriage shall be at the hazel copse at half-past five—

get all your things into it—slip quietly out yourself—four admirable posters—pistols in the pockets. I have already put a purse under the seat, to pay as we go along. Ha! that's your sort!—you'll do it?"

"Perhaps."

"Thank ye, thank ye—here by this kiss I swear!"

"Zur, zur, here be Zur Timothy."

"Shepherd, never interrupt people on the point of kissing, 'tis cruel—ha! Miss Morland gone!—Well, clodpole, what didst thou remark in my absence?"

"Efaiks! the young woman an' me—uz got on prodigious foine—ees."

"You did? but she seemed to have no inclination to go on to the farm?"

"Noa—she stayed where she was—she zeemed well enough pleased wi' I."

"She is a lady of great discernment. But

stay—I shall need your services again. Be punctually at the hazel copse at half-past five. You will there see a carriage and four—help Miss Morland into it, and allow no one to go near her except yourself, till I come. You may stay beside her to protect her in my absence.”

“Ees, zur, I’ll purtect she wi’ my life.”

“Good—rustic, thou art not the greatest fool in the world.”

“Noa, zur—I be next to ’un, tho’.”

“Thou’rt modest: be punctual—be faithful, and another crown rewards thy fidelity.”—*Exit*.

“Well, this is better than I could possibly have expected—let me see—four o’clock. I’ll go to the farm, make all my arrangements, and be ready to take advantage of my good fortune at half-past five.”

At half-past five a carriage with four posters was waiting at the appointed place. Miss Morland tripped quickly from the hall, and was

received by her disguised admirer. "Dearest Maria, this is so kind."

"Hush, hush—Mr. Froth will be here instantly. I saw him with papa in the shrubbery, as I passed."

"Well, jump into the carriage, we must borrow Mr. Froth's. Now, I'm in after you; shut the door, postillion, and drive like a whirlwind."

"Please, sir," said the postillion, "be you the gemman as hired the horses?"

"Here, my good fellow, there's a sovereign—drive well, it shall be doubled."

"I thought you was Mr. Froth. Jack, mind this here gemman is Mr. Froth—a sovereign, Jack."

"Mum's the word," said Jack, and put foot in stirrup.

"Ho! ho! wo! stop there!" cried Mr. Froth, running at the top of his speed, followed in the distance by Sir Timothy; "stop, you cursed



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postillion, that rustic is not I—that's my carriage. Miss Morland, for God's sake, stop! Rustic! bumpkin!"

"Hark ye, Mr. Froth, I'm rustic and bumpkin no longer. This young lady has consented to be my wife, and my wife she shall be, thanks to your carriage and well-laid scheme. My name is Sir Henry Rawdon, and, by the light of heaven, if you move one step nearer, I'll blow out your brains with your own pistol—drive on!"

The carriage swept along at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, and Mr. Froth could only say to Sir Timothy as he approached, "Done, by Jupiter! *my* carriage, *my* pistols, *my* money, *my* plan, *my* every thing—it will be a brilliant event before the finis. Can't we pursue them sir?"

"My horses are lame, Mr. Froth."

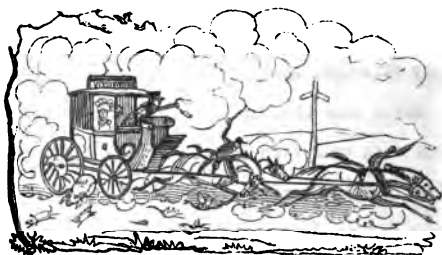
"But mine are in the stable."

“ My carriage is broken, Mr. Froth.”

“ Hell and the devil !”

“ Dinner is waiting, Mr. Froth—it is now exactly six.”

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]



## FIRST LOVE.



I SHALL never forget the first time I ever drank rum-punch after having been smoking cigars. "Dates," says De Quincy, "may be forgotten—epochs never." That formed an epoch in *my* existence ;

And the last trace of feeling with life shall depart,  
Ere the smack of that moment shall pass from my heart.

Let me recal it to my memory, with all its attendant circumstances ; and while my soul broods over the delicious recollection, forget the present day, with its temporary miseries, and shut out from its view the follies, the frivolities,

the wickedness, the baseness, the ingratitude of the world.

It happened, that although, like most men who, in my day, were reared in Trinity College, *juxta* Dublin, I had been tolerably well initiated into the theory and practice of computation, I had never once taken to its greatest adjunct, smoking. I do not think that the Trinity men (Dublin) smoke: it certainly, as long as I remember that seminary, of which I cannot think but with affection, never was a fashion there. Particular pipemen, and solitary cigarers, no doubt, always existed, but just as you now and then see a pig-tail (I do not allude to tobacco) dangling behind an elderly gentleman, or hear a shoe creak under the foot of a decent man. Smoking, in short, was the exception—non-smoking the rule. But the men of my time drank hard, though, as youths always do, unscientifically. I therefore, as the rest, drank, and did not smoke.

I was about twenty when I left the university, and went down to live with my father in a pretty seaport town. Here I mixed a good deal in boating-parties, and other such excursions, with sea-faring men, and from them, after much persuasion on their parts, I learned to smoke. My first preceptors preferred the pipe. I shall not here enter into the controversy which has so long agitated the world, concerning the superiority of pipe or cigar. I am tired of controversies ;

I am weary of hunting, and fain would lie down.

For the same reason, I pass all mention of the too celebrated, though in reality, minor dispute, concerning the length of the pipe, which cost my friend, Captain O'Shaughnessy, his life. Though he died as became a man of honour and a gentleman, it may be permitted to a friend to avert his eyes from the melancholy cause which deprived

the world of a true philosopher and a brave soldier.

I think I must have persevered in the pipe system for nine months, when an accident (it is needless to encumber my narrative by detailing what it was) threw me in the way of Cornet Roger Silverthorne, of the 13th light dragoons, and Silverthorne Hall, in the palatinate of Durham.

This eminent and estimable young man was perhaps the most persevering cigar smoker that ever existed. If peerages were distributing, he should be Count Segar, instead of the gentleman who now holds that honourable title. He generally smoked five dozen a-day: you never saw him without one in his mouth; and as the voluminous smoke curled in picturesque wreaths from under his manly mustachio, while he luminously descanted on the various natures, uses, and properties of the several preparations of tobacco, he was

one of the few men of whom you would decidedly say that he was born *ex fumo dare lucem*. I never shall hear the like again: those eloquent lips are mute, and the brain that dictated the thought, and the tongue that clothed it in utterance, have mouldered into clay. His fate was singular. He died of indigestion, from having eaten four pounds and a half of tripe for a wager. Others, however, maintain that he was choked in the operation. I never could penetrate through the veil which thus hangs over his mysterious death: I, however, incline to the latter hypothesis; for my respected and lamented friend, I am sure, could have digested any thing. The question, after all is of little moment: he is dead—and I remain!

Sweet Roger,  
I thought I should have deck'd thy bridal bed,  
And not have strew'd thy tomb!

After some controversy, perhaps too obstinately



persevered in on my part, the Cornet converted me to cigars. I have said already, that I do not wish to unsettle any man's opinions, and therefore will let those who prefer the pipe, prefer it. I smoked pretty strenuously with him, and after he had been ordered away to Flanders, continued the practice. I moistened always, as is the custom of my country—where scarcely any other spirit is ever used—with whiskey. Of that spirit let no one imagine for a moment, that I am about to say any thing but what is laudatory : if I did so, I were as ungrateful as unwise—but it is *not* the spirit to smoke with. I say this emphatically, because I know it to be the case. I am little inclined to dogmatise; but when once I have formed an opinion after careful examination, I uphold it with that firmness which a just regard for one's own character and the interest of truth and honour demand.

Shortly after Silverthorne's departure, business

took me to Dublin. Fatal, though delicious visit! On what trifles our fate hangs! I had finished my business, and taken my seat on the outside of the coach to return home, when, as we waited outside the post-office in Sackville Street, I heard a sweet voice say—I hear it yet tingling in my ears, though fifteen years have elapsed—I heard a sweet voice—

I cannot go on. I must lay down the pen —

\* \* \* \* \*

Excuse this gust of passion—it shall be the last. I heard a sweet though rather loud voice say—“Put the little portmanteau into the boot, and take care to tie the two bandboxes tight on the top, covering them from the rain: you can put the big trunk where you like, and I’ll take the cloth bag and two brown paper parcels into the coach. Good by, Judy: I’ll write from Ballynafad as soon as I see the old buck.” I

looked down, and my doom was sealed—I was in love—

Dead shepherd, now I found thy saw of might—  
He never loved who loved not at first sight!

That insidious passion had entered my bosom for the first time. Is there any one who has not experienced it? If there be, I may envy his freedom from disturbance, but I pity the callousness of heart, and the distortion of feeling, for which he is indebted to it.

Cecilia—shall I say *my* Cecilia—was hasty in her movements; and, rejecting the proffered aid of the guard, she stepped unassisted toward the coach;—her foot slipped in the attempt, and she fell on the flagging. I was smoking on the top when I saw this cruel accident, and without a moment's thought, flung from my jaw as fine a Havannah as ever saw the Moro, leaped on the ground and raised her. She was not hurt, but

considerably agitated : she thanked me with hasty accents, and looked on me with a glance, which even still is—but I have promised to repress my feelings.

The coach was full inside, and besides I had lived pretty close to my last tenpenny in Dublin, so that even if there had been a place vacant, I could not have taken it. She parted from us about day-break, but I was unfortunate in not being able to see her. In fact, the agitation of my spirits was such, that I had been obliged to drink fourteen glasses of whiskey and water during the night, which had in some measure got in my head ; for, as will happen when friends are parting, I had indulged a little after dinner with some few acquaintance, with whom I chopped in Exchequer Street, and the guard, seeing me inclined to be top-heavy, had laid me down in the well, behind the coachman, where I was unluckily snoring when Cecilia left the coach. She asked

for me, to thank me for my assistance ; but on seeing how the land lay, they told me that she said in her own kind manner, " Poor devil—he is flustered with drink—let him snooze it off." Sweet girl.

When I awoke and found her gone, I was frantic. I had lost every clue to her. We were twenty miles away from the place she parted the coach before I roused, and the coachman informed me that a gentleman with a led horse was waiting for her, with whom she immediately galloped away ; he forgot, insensible brute that he was, in what direction. A new agony seized my mind—the gentleman ! WAS SHE MARRIED ? My brain was wild. I had no way of satisfying myself, for the accursed mail-coach-clerk had entered her name in the way-bill in such a hand as to puzzle Beelzebub himself, were he the prince of decipherers, and the only letter I could make out was the first, which proved him to be as abominable

in his ideas of spelling as in his writing, for her name, as I afterwards knew, was Crimeen, and the ruffian, regardless of all possible principles of orthography, had commenced it with a Q.

When I got home, I concealed my unfortunate passion as well as I could ; but what can escape the eye of a parent ? About nine days had elapsed, before my father noticed my loss of appetite and my silence, but at last he could not bear to pass it by. " Boy," said he, taking me affectionately by the hand, " something is ailing you."

" Nothing sir," said I, " indeed."

" Ah !" said my father, " do not think to deceive me that way. There's your fifth tumbler lying before you this half-hour, and you are scarce a quarter through it yet. I've noticed the same this last week, and except on the day Lord Bullaboo dined with us, when it behoved you to make an exertion, you have not finished any one

blessed day seven tumblers. Don't think, my boy, that your father is not minding your happiness. You aren't in love, are you?"

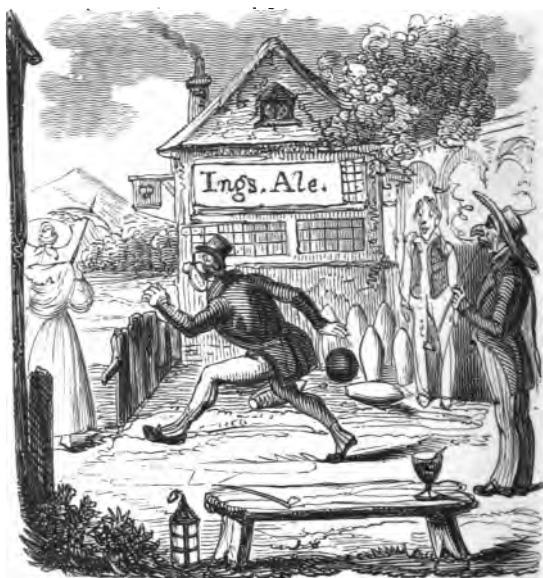
The goodness of the old gentleman was not to be withstood, and I confessed the fact, and told him all about it.

"Never mind it," said he, "it looks the devil to you just now; but when you come to my time of life, you won't think much about such little accidents as meeting a girl at a coach-door. So, go travel in God's name, and drive this nonsense out of your skull; travelling, besides, opens the mind and polishes the manners. So, go to my cousin Gusty in Bristol; he lives out towards Lamplighters' Hall, and let me tell you, few soap-boilers from this to himself, and that's no small step, can beat him."

Good, venerable man, with what pleasure I record your honoured words! He gave me letters of change and introduction, adding his blessing







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and a gallon of whiskey, which, as he well observed, could not be got for love or money in England. I had no objection to the change of scene, and soon established my quarters at my cousin Gusty's. Gusty was a good fellow, hog-gish in his manners, like the Bristolians, but a strenuous supporter of Church and State. We dined punctually at one, and except on melting days, which he was obliged to mind, smoked through the evening. So passed a fortnight, but at the end of that time I had occasion to go to Clifton, to play a game of skittles with a Jamaica captain for a dozen of rum, and, in the middle of our game, whom should I see but Cecilia!

The ball at once dropped out of my hand. She was alone, and I ventured to join her. Our mail-coach adventure afforded a common topic of conversation, which soon grew animated. We talked of every thing, and as I coaxed her towards Durdham Downs, I had established her arm under

mine. At last we came on that eminence which exhibits the most beautiful and varied prospect of that delightful tract.

It was summer, about five o'clock on a lovely June evening: every sight and sound about us were such as to dispose the soul to tender emotions. Never did Cecilia look more lovely than when I persuaded her to rest herself, by sitting down on one of the grassy plots overlooking the descent below. What I said to her I cannot write; the first words of love are not to be profaned by exposure to the gaze of the world. Our thoughts were pure—pure as the cloudless sky overhanging the lovely landscape in the midst of which we sat, forgetful even of *its* beauties, wholly absorbed in the consideration of one another. I had whispered, and she had heard without reply, what is never whispered a second time.

We might have been half an hour together—it was but a moment to my thought—when she

recollected that she had left her aunt waiting for her in a butcher's shop, where she was buying—how minutely love makes us recollect the merest trifles—buying a leg of pork, with a couple of pounds of sausages. I pressed her hand to my lips, and we returned to Clifton. Delightful day! Were my life prolonged to the days allotted to Methuselah, I never could forget a particle of what happened upon thee! It is *the* bright spot in the waste of my memory.

When we parted, I put my hand mechanically and mournfully into my waistcoat pocket, and found that I had forgotten my cigar-case. Love had so completely taken possession of my soul, that I knew not what I was doing; and, by mere instinct, walked into a tobacconist's shop; which, such was the absence of my mind, I was about to leave without paying for the cigars, until the tobacconist rather energetically reminded me of my *insouciance*. Captain Snickersnee and his skittles

were quite out of my head, and I went across to a low-browed public-house, where a portrait of Lord Nelson, more spirited in conception than exact in likeness, or studied in composition, shone glittering in one-armed majesty in the evening sun. The room I went into—why need I conceal that it was a tap-room?—was filled with the miscellaneous population of Bristol—men in general more noted for their candour than any other particularity in their manners. But I heeded them not. I was as much alone as if I was in the deserts of Tadmor, where the ruins of Palmyra tower towards the sky, or moulder upon the ground, filling the awe-struck traveller with melancholy musing on the instability of things. I lighted my cigar by the assistance of the pipe of a man sitting next me, who I have some reason to believe, but I shall not be positive, was a tailor. I puffed away—soft were my thoughts, delectable my visions. Every curl of

smoke contained the countenance of my Cecilia—every twinkle from each surrounding pipe beamed upon me as if it were one of her celestial eyes. I had forgotten where I was, when the waiter came to me, and jogging my elbow, said, “Thee musn’t lumber the room, if thee’ll not drink zummat.” In general, I have remarked, that the language of these persons is seldom marked by the refinements of elegance, and that perhaps you might travel from one end of the country to the other, without finding a waiter at a public-house who combines the terseness of Addison with the magniloquence of Johnson!

I replied to this rude man mildly, yet, I think with sufficient dignity.

“What have you in the house?”

“Every thing,” said he.

In this the man’s bad faith was evident; for, on scrutinising the subject, I found that he had nothing but gin, a liquor I ever detested, and

rum. "Rum, then," said I, with a sigh, resigning myself to my fate, for I anticipated, in my ignorance, that I should dislike it.

My mouth was full of the cigar smoke—full, ay, full as my heart was of my Cecilia. Divine girl; when I think upon thy perfections, on thy charms, on the manner in which thou wert lost to me, by that fatal and mysterious circle of events, never to be anticipated—never to be repeated. But I'll think no more. There is a point of human endurance, beyond which it cannot go. Let me proceed. I was saturated with smoke; when, in the wildness of the delirium of my love, I did not perceive the water-bottle standing by the *bottom* of rum, and swallowed the spirit unalloyed, unmoistened, undiluted, uninjured. It permeated my whole mouth—it filled it with a species of solidity that seemed altogether to have destroyed the liquid character of the spirits. I felt it melting into my palate, my tongue, my

fauces, my gums. It was an intense gush, a simple, original, indivisible idea of delight. It rose to my brain, as the vapour of the tedded meadow rises to the sky in the balminess of morning. It descended to the sole of my foot as the sky sends back that delicious vapour in the shape of the dew's of evening. It was a joy to be felt once, and no more, I never felt it again, it was

Odour fled  
As soon as shed ;  
'Twas morning's winged dream,  
'Twas a light that ne'er shall shine again  
On life's dull stream !

I have tried it over and over, and it will not do. I smoke my cigar still in the evening, and frequently moisten it with a quart or so of rum, naked, in grog, in punch, in flip—every way that can be thought of, but it will not return. That feeling of intense and transporting delight is over.



Days of my youth! when every thing was innocence and peace — when my sorrows were light, and my joys unsophisticated—when I saw a glory in the sky, and a power on the earth which I shall never see again—how delightful, yet how sad is your recollection! Here's, then, to the days gone by—to the memory of my first love, and my first libation of rum over a cigar! Some young heart is now going the same round as I was then—revelling in delights which he fondly fancies are to last for ever—anticipating joys which never are destined to exist. Light be his heart, buoyant his spirits—I shall not break in on his dreams by the croaking of experience.

Farewell again, Cecilia! I never saw her after that day—in the evening she left Bristol with her aunt's butler; they were married three days after by the Blacksmith at Gretna, and she is now, I understand the mother of fourteen children, keeping, with her third husband, the sign of the

Cat and Bagpipes, somewhere about the Dock of Liverpool. I never could muster up courage to enter the house. The very sound of her voice saying, "Eight-pence, sir," in reply to my question of what I had to pay, would inevitably overcome my feelings.

I was born to be unhappy; but I shall not intrude my sorrows on a thoughtless world.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.]



## THE SHORT GENTLEMAN'S APOLOGY.



SUBLIMEST, fairest of thy sex, how can I match with thee,  
When I'm but four feet and a half, and you are six feet three?  
The time is really past, my dear, of which old writings tell,  
When the little angels deep in love with giantesses fell.

I'm flattered much, I vow and swear, and may my oath be  
booked,

In not being by so tall a dame entirely overlooked;  
Yet what may be a pleasant thing in meaningless flirtation,  
Might prove, in wedlock's graver time, a pretty smart vexation.

First, now, suppose that courtship had commenced betwixt us  
two,

How strange a thing, if every time when I came here to woo,

I had to bring a telescope of Herschel's greatest size  
To pitch at you, that I might read the language of your eyes!

And if at last, some summer night, you were to blush consent,  
And I was almost overpowered with love's soft ravishment,  
You'll own 'twould be, upon the whole, an awkward sort of  
bliss,

Had a ladder to be ordered in ere I could reach a kiss.

These things, 'tis true, might be got o'er, being only *entre nous*,  
But how, my dear, in heaven's name, d'ye think we e'er  
should do,

When we were going, man and wife, on friends and foes to call,  
Already christened by some wag, "*The Cannon and the  
Ball?*"

'Twould break my heart, I'm very sure, though a stoutish  
heart it be,

If, while I walked in Prince's Street, hard trotting by your  
knee,

Some purblind dame were to cry out, "La, Mrs. So-and-so,  
This lady—sure, her reticule, she hangs it rather low."

I really am afraid, my dear, I should look something queer,  
Hung from your lofty arm, like gem that hangs from Ethiop's  
ear;

Why, as 'you' fashions lead, sometimes, folk might begin to  
hint

At having patterns copied from your "elbow ornament."

Their endless jokes, I see them all, by Jove, drawn out  
before me,

As clear and dreadful as the kings that made Macbeth so  
stormy;

First some one, in contrasting us, would give me credit  
due,

But say that, on the whole, I fell a good deal *short* of  
you.

Another would remark that you must jealousy defy,

Seeing you kept your little man so much *beneath* your  
eye:

A third would wonder how at all I ever met your eyes,

Which ever go, like Milton's thoughts, "commencing with the  
skies."

No, no, my dear, it will not do, we can't be man and wife ;  
“ *Unequal* yokes,” St. Paul has said, bring misery and  
strife ;

Odds life, d'ye think I'd wed with one, who, spite of previous  
speeches.

Would be, however ill they'd fit, so sure to wear the breeches.

[CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.]



## THE UNLUCKY PRESENT.



A Rev. (?) minister of the church of Scotland, who lived within the present century, was one of those unhappy persons, who, to use the words of a well known Scottish adage, "can never see green cheese but their een reels." Scotsman-like, he was *extremely covetous*, and that not only of nice articles of food, but of many other things which do not generally excite the cupidity of the human heart. The following fact is in corroboration of this assertion:—Being on a visit one day at the house of one of his parishioners, a poor lonely widow, living in a moorland part

of the parish, he became fascinated by the charms of a little cast-iron pot, which happened at the time to be lying on the hearth, full of potatoes for the poor woman's dinner, and that of her children. He had never in his life seen such a nice little pot—it was a perfect conceit of a thing—it was a gem—no pot on earth could match it in symmetry—it was an object altogether perfectly lovely. “Dear sake! minister,” said the widow, quite overpowered by the reverend man's commendations of her pot; “if ye like the pot sae weel as a’ that, I beg ye’ll let me send it to the manse. It’s a kind o’ orra (*superfluous*) pot wi’ us; for we’ve a bigger ane, that we use for ordinar, and that’s mair convenient every way for us. Sae ye’ll just tak a present o’t. I’ll send it ower the morn wi’ Jamie, when he gangs to the schule.”—“Oh!” said the minister, “I can by no means permit *you* to be at so much trouble. Since you are so good as



to give me the pot, I'll just carry it home with me in my hand. I'm so much taken with it, indeed, that I would really prefer carrying it myself." After much altercation between the minister and the widow on this delicate point of politeness, it was agreed that he should carry home the pot himself.

Off then he trudged, bearing this curious little culinary article, alternately in his hand and under his arm, as seemed most convenient to him. Unfortunately, the day was warm, and the way long; so that he became heartily tired of his burthen before he got half-way home. Under these distressing circumstances, it struck him, that, if, instead of carrying the pot awkwardly at one side of his person, he were to carry it on his head, the burthen would be greatly lightened; the principles of natural philosophy, which he had learned at college, informing him, that when a load preases directly and immediately upon any





v. 2, p. 219.

object, it is far less onerous than when it hangs at the remote end of a lever. Accordingly, doffing his hat, which he resolved to carry home in his hand, and having applied his handkerchief to his brow, he clapped the pot, in inverted fashion, upon his head, where, as the reader may suppose, it figured much like Mambrino's helmet upon the crazed capital of Don Quixote, only a great deal more magnificent in shape and dimensions. There was, at first, much relief and much comfort in this new mode of carrying the pot; but mark the result. The unfortunate minister having taken a by-path, to escape observation, found himself, when still a good way from home, under the necessity of leaping over a ditch, which intercepted him, in passing from one field to another. He jumped; but surely no jump was ever taken so completely *in*, or, at least *into*, the dark as this. The concussion given to his

person in descending caused the helmet to become a hood; the pot slipped down over his face, and resting with the rim upon his neck, stuck fast there; enclosing his whole head as completely as ever was knight incased in his coat of mail. What was worst of all, the nose, which had permitted the pot to slip down over it, withstood every desperate attempt, on the part of its proprietor, to make it slip back again; the contracted part, or neck, of the *patera*, being of such a peculiar formation as to cling fast to the base of the nose, although it had found no difficulty in gliding along its hypothernuse. Was ever minister in a worse plight? Was there ever *contretemps* so unlucky? Did ever any man—did ever any minister, so effectually hoodwink himself, or so thoroughly shut his eyes, to the plain light of nature? What was to be done? The place was lonely; the way difficult and dangerous; human

relief was remote, almost beyond reach. It was impossible even to cry for help; or, if a cry could be uttered, it might reach, in deafening reverberation, the ear of the utterer, but it would not travel twelve inches farther in any direction. To add to the distresses of the case, the unhappy sufferer soon found great difficulty in breathing. What with the heat occasioned by the beating of the sun on the metal, and what with the frequent return of the same heated air to his lungs, he was in the utmost danger of suffocation. Every thing considered, it seemed likely that, if he did not chance to be relieved by some accidental wayfarer, there would soon be "*death in the pot.*"

The instinctive love of life, however, is omniprevalent; and even very stupid people have been found, when put to the push by strong and imminent peril, to exhibit a degree of presence

of mind, and exert a degree of energy far above what might have been expected from them, or what they were ever known to exhibit, or exert, under ordinary circumstances. So it was with the pot-ensconced minister. Pressed by the urgency of his distresses, he fortunately recollected that there was a smith's shop at the distance of about a mile across the fields, where, if he could reach it before the period of suffocation, he might possibly find relief. Deprived of his eyesight, he acted only as a man of feeling, and went on as cautiously as he could, with his hat in his hand. Half crawling, half sliding, over ridge and furrow, ditch and hedge, somewhat like Satan floundering over chaos, the unhappy minister travelled with all possible speed, as nearly as he could guess, in the direction of the place of refuge. I leave it to the reader to conceive the surprise, the mirth, the

infinite amusement of the smith, and all the hangers-on of the *smiddy*, when, at length, torn and worn, faint and exhausted, blind and breathless, the unfortunate man arrived at the place, and let them know (rather by signs than by words) the circumstances of his case. In the words of an old Scottish song,—

“ Out cam the gudeman, and high he shouted ;  
Out cam the gudewife, and low she louted ;  
And a’ the town neighbours were gathered about it ;  
And there was he, I trow.”

The merriment of the company, however, soon gave way to considerations of humanity. Ludicrous as was the minister, with such an object where his head should have been, and with the feet of the pot pointing upwards, like the horns of the great enemy, it was, nevertheless, necessary that he should be speedily restored to his

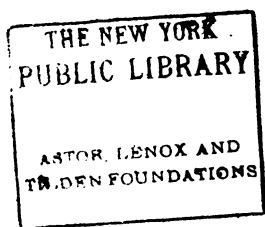


## CRUIKSHANK AT HOME.

ordinary condition, if it were for no other reason than that he might continue to live. He was accordingly, at his own request, led into the smithy, multitudes flocking around to tender him their kindest offices, or to witness the process of release ; and, having laid down his head upon the anvil, the smith lost no time in seizing and poising his goodly forgehammer. " Will I come *sair* on, minister ? " exclaimed the considerate man of iron, in at the brink of the pot. " As *sair* as ye like," was the minister's answer ; " better a chap i' the chafts than die for want of breath." Thus permitted, the man let fall a blow, which fortunately broke the pot in pieces, without hurting the head which it enclosed, as the cook-maid breaks the shell of the lobster, without bruising the delicate food within. A few minutes of the clear air, and a glass from the gudewife's bottle,



v. 2, p. 224.



restored the unfortunate man of prayer ; but, assuredly, the incident is one of those which will long live in the memory of the parishioners of C——.

[EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.]



## RUSSIANS v. AMERICANS.

## A SKIRMISHING TALE.

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HAVING heard that a man-of-war was expected at Wilmington to embark the prisoners, I and my friend, who had got some new rigging over his mast-head, and who looked, when washed and shaved, a very creditable skipper, bent our steps towards Charlestown, and then proceeded onwards to Wilmington. On my arrival there, we contracted for a week's lodging each, washing and feeding included, for three dollars and a half, with brandy-and-water at discretion.

Two days afterwards, the Manly, a ten-gun brig, arrived. The prisoners had been collected to the amount of some twenty, all of whom had heard of my sharing my money about eighty times, and all likewise responding to the oft-told tale, by acclamations of satisfaction. I was a great favourite, and heard all their misfortunes with an attentive ear, and often moist eyes. Some were perfectly ruined by their capture; some drooped at the frown of fortune, whilst others laughed at their calamities as events in life always to be expected, and never half so bad as they appeared. Amongst this group was a Russian, a man of about six feet six in height; a perfect Hercules, and as well-formed as an Apollo. He always took me under his protection, whilst my old friend followed me with the attachment of Tom Pipes to Peregrine Pickle.

The day being fixed for the sailing of the Manly, the prisoners thought it right to give a

dinner to the principal inhabitants, in return for the many favours they had received at their hands. I believe I may say, without fear of contradiction, that throughout the war the prisoners were treated with every kindness by their transatlantic foes.

The table was amply spread. In America, especially in these parts, the dinner usually consists of good wholesome joints ;—none of your disguised shoes stewed in beans, as elsewhere. Turkeys, hams, &c. are in profusion: and down we sat, about fifty in number, all resolving to have a pleasant party, expressly excluding all political or national songs. In short, no dinner party ever promised better: we were in the very height of good temper; some at their restoration to liberty; some at the prospect of future smiles from fortune; and some, who had been all their lives buffeting their foes and their waves, at the prospect of a return home to their fathers' fire-

sides, the embraces of their wives, or the affection of their sisters.

After dinner, toast upon toast succeeded in rapid regularity : there was no flinching allowed ; and, to give Jonathan his due, he seemed by no means disinclined to share the “poison of the nectar’d bowls.” A number of songs had been sung, and I had managed to squeak through an innocent ditty : the call was with me ; and I selected a very good-looking friendly neighbour, an American, to keep the society awake. He, poor fellow, declared he never sang ; he could not sing ; in short, none of his family ever remembered to have heard him attempt to sing. His apologies were of no use,—sing he must. He then confessed he only knew a national song, which would only insult his hosts by being repeated. “Oh nonsense !” quoth I, “we are all too well educated to feel annoyed at an innocent jest.” My words were repeated ; and Jonathan, clearing



his voice, and holding up his head like a man, began to sing the famous song of "The Capture of the *Guerrier* by the *Constitution*," to the tune of "The *Arethusa*."

The instant he began, a solemn silence ensued : it was the treacherous calm before the hurricane. Each eye was fixed upon the unfortunate warbler ; and the veriest fool who ever remarked the sun at noonday might have noticed the gathering clouds upon the faces of the Englishmen. Each verse made the matter worse : and when he came to the last, which I only heard that once, and which I never shall forget—

When Dacres saw his ship a wreck,  
Himself a prisoner on her deck,  
His ship's crew in confusion,—  
He raised his head, and, sighing, said,  
"The God of War to victory led  
Brave Hull in the *Constitution*!"—

As the last three syllables trembled from his voice, a decanter struck him on the head, and he was sprawling. The Americans instantly rose to resent the injury : the English as quickly forsook

their chairs; and in one minute not a glass remained whole. The tables were upset, the plates smashed, and a scene of confusion ensued not easily described.

The hostile parties soon closed for a more determined fight: all the national hatred, which war gives rise to, in a moment was the uppermost feeling. Revenge animated the prisoners; the words had struck deeper than the sword into the hearts of the officers; and some of the Manly's gig's crew, who were waiting for the captain, caught the enthusiasm. No licensed murderers, called more politely warriors, ever closed with foes more resolutely determined to conquer or die. The Americans stoutly maintained their ground, and were beaten down stairs, disputing every step. At the close of the fight, the Russian captain had seized a stout Yankee\*, and, lifting him like

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\* *Vide* FRONTISPIECE.

a child, threw him head over heels over the banisters: he fell with a tremendous crash, and was instantly borne off by his companions. The fall seemed to startle us into the knowledge of the gross violation of all laws of hospitality of which we had been guilty: we looked like boys detected in a theft, and for a moment we drooped over victory in solemn silence. The deed was done; the Yankee over the stairs; no words could cancel the insult; and therefore knowing "what cannot be repaired ought never to be lamented," we sat down, and calling for some brandy and water, held a consultation how we should act.

Short time had we for deliberation: a shout in the street led us to the window, and there we saw the gathering crowds coming from all quarters and meeting opposite the door. Our first step was to fasten the entrance, and blockade the staircase; and we withstood the furious assaults on our

castle with wonderful firmness and intrepidity. The Americans, finding us so strongly fortified, retired in good order about twelve o'clock, leaving only a few black-looking gentlemen to disturb our repose. We retired to bed, with an understanding that, at the slightest noise, we were instantly to muster our forces.

It was about one o'clock, when a terrible cry of murder resounded through all our apartments : it was evidently the voice of an Englishman ; for Americans, although they have lately published a work purporting to be a true mode of pronouncing English, have a nasal intonation wonderfully discordant to the musical ears of Englishmen.

In almost naked nature we rushed simultaneously into the street : the gig's crew had been attacked, and we found about a thousand Americans heroically pounding four sailors. The impetuous rush of our party checked the operations

of the enemy ; and, after much firing on their side, and fighting on ours, we rescued the crew, and brought two prisoners into our hotel. We instantly assembled a court-martial ; and perhaps never was there seen a more ludicrous, and yet a more determined scene, than occurred at that minute. We were only *en chemise*, the American maids peeping in the room, where we sat round a table, with our prisoners bound ; and I, being the youngest, was called upon for my opinion first. I had little to say, excepting a remark upon the cowardly behaviour of our antagonists, who had attacked four innocent men on duty : I therefore adjudged the same criminals to be clobbered—a punishment I will not explain, saving only that a shovel is as good as a besom in some castigations : which being carried unanimously, we forthwith prepared to inflict the sentence upon the culprits. In stripping them,—for I blush to say this operation was requisite,—a pair of pocket-pistols

fell from one ; they were loaded and primed, and no doubt had been intended for hostile operations : we therefore deferred the punishment, and handed our captives over to the civil power, by which they were shortly released on the payment of one dollar.

[METROPOLITAN MAG.]



## GENERAL INVITATIONS.



“PRAY do call in an easy way some evening, you and Mrs. Balderstone: we are sure to be at home, and shall be most happy to see you.” Such is the kind of invitation one is apt to get from considerably intimate acquaintances, who, equally resolved against the formality and the expense of a particular entertainment on your account, hope to avoid both evils by making your visit a matter of accident. If you be a man of some experience, you will know that all such attempts to make bread and cheese do that, which is more properly the business of a pair of fowls,

end in disappointment, and you will, therefore, take care to wait till the general invitation becomes a particular one. But there are inexperienced people in this world who think everything as it seems, and are apt to be greatly deceived regarding this accidental mode of visiting. For the sake of these last, I shall relate the following adventure:—

I had been remarkably busy one summer, and, consequently, obliged to refuse all kinds of invitations, general and particular. The kind wishes of my friends had accumulated upon me somewhat after the manner of the tunes frozen up in Baron Munchausen's French horn; and it seemed as if a whole month would have been necessary to thaw out and discharge the whole of these obligations. A beginning, however, is always something; and, accordingly, one splashy evening in November, I can't tell how it was, but a desire came simultaneously over myself and Mrs. Bal-



derstone—it seemed to be by sympathy—of stepping out to see Mr. and Mrs. Currie, a married pair, who had been considerably more pressing in their general invitations than any other of our friends. We both knew that there was a cold duck in the house, besides a bit of cheese just sent home by Nicholson, and understood to be more than excellent. But, as the old Scots song says, the *tid* had come over us, and forth we must go. No sooner said than done. Five minutes more saw us leaving our comfortable home, my wife carrying a cap pinned under her cloak, while to my pocket was consigned her umbrageous comb. As we paced along, we speculated only on the pleasure which we should give to our kind friends by thus at last paying them a visit, when perhaps all hope of our ever doing so was dead within them.—Nor was it possible altogether to omit reflecting, like the dog invited by his friends to sup, upon the entertainment which lay before

us ; for certainly on such an occasion the fatted calf could hardly expect to be spared.

Full of the satisfaction which we were to give and receive, we were fully into the house before we thought it necessary to inquire if any body was at home. The servant girl, surprised by the forward confidence of our *entrée*, evidently forgot her duty, and acknowledged, when she should have denied, the presence of her master and mistress in the house. We were shown into a dining-room as clean, cold, and stately, as an alabaster cave, and which had the appearance of being but rarely lighted by the blaze of hospitality. My first impulse was to relieve my pocket, before sitting down, of the comb, which I thought was now about being put to its proper use ; but the chill of the room stayed my hand. I observed, at the same time, that my wife, like the man under the influence of *Æolus* in the fable, manifested no symptom of parting with her cloak.

Ere we could communicate our mutual sensations of incipient disappointment, Mrs. Currie entered with a flurried surprised air, and made a prodigious effort to give us welcome. But, alas! poor Mr. Currie; he had been seized in the afternoon with a strange vertigo and sickness, and was now endeavouring, by the advice of Dr Boak, to get some repose. "It will be *such* a disappointment to him when he learns that you were here, for he would have been *so* happy to see you. We must just entertain the hope, however, to see you some other night." Although the primary idea in our minds at this moment was unquestionably the *desperatio cibi*—the utter hopelessness of supper in this quarter—we betrayed, of course, no feeling but sympathy in the illness of our unfortunate friend, and a regret for having called at so inauspicious a moment. Had any unconcerned person witnessed our protestations, he could have formed no suspicion that

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we ever contemplated supper, or were now in the least disappointed. We felt anxious about nothing but to relieve Mrs. Currie, as soon as possible, of the inconvenience of our visit, more especially as the chill of the room was now piercing us to the bone. We therefore retired, under a shower of mutual compliments and condolences, and "hopes," and "sorries," and "have the pleasures;" the door at last slamming after us with a noise which seemed to say, "How very glad I am to get quit of you!"

When we got to the street, we certainly did not feel quite so mortified as the dog already alluded to, seeing that we had not, like him, been tossed out of the window. But still the reverse of prospect was so very bitter, that for some time we could hardly believe that the adventure was real. By this time we had expected to be seated snug at supper, side by side with two friends, who, we anticipated, would almost expire with

## CRUIKSHANK AT HOME.

pleasure at seeing us. But here, on the contrary, we were turned out upon the cold inhospitable street, without a friend's face to cheer us. We still recollected that the cold duck remained as a fortress to fall back upon ; but, being now fairly agog in the adventure, the idea of returning home, *re infecta*, was not to be thought of. Supper we must have in some other house than our own, let it cost what it may. " Well," said Mrs. Balderstone, " there are the Jacksons ! They live not far from this—suppose we drop in upon them. I'm sure we have had enough of invitations to their house. The very last time I met Mrs. Jackson in the street, she told me she was never going to ask us again—we had refused so long—she was going, she said, just to let us come *if* we liked, and *when* we liked." Off we went, therefore, to try the Jacksons. On applying at the door of the house, it flew open, as it were by enchantment, and the servant girl, so far from

hesitating like the other, seemed to expect no question to be asked on entrée. We moved into the lobby, and inquired if Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were at home, which was answered by the girl with a surprised affirmative. We now perceived, from the pile of hats and cloaks in the lobby, as well as a humming noise from one of the rooms, that the Jacksons had a large company, and that we were understood by the servants to be part of it. The Jacksons, thought we, (I know my wife thought so, although I never asked,) give *some* people particular invitations. Her object was now to make an honourable retreat; for, although my dress was not entirely a walking one, and my wife's cap was brought with the prospect of making an appearance of dress, we were by no means fit to match with those who had dressed on purpose for the party, even although we were asked to join them. Just at this moment, Mrs. Jackson happened to cross the lobby, on hospi-

table thoughts intent, and saw us, than whom, perhaps, she would rather have seen a basilisk.

"Oh, Mrs. Balderstone, how do you do? How are you, Mr. Balderstone? I'm so delighted that you have come in this easy way at last. A few of the neighbours have just dropped in upon us, and it will be so delightful if you will join them. Come into this room and take off your bonnet; and you, Mr. Balderstone, just you be so good as step up to the drawing-room. You'll find numbers there you know. And Mr. Jackson will be so happy to see you," &c. All this, however, would not do. Mrs. Balderstone and I not only felt a little hurt at the want of specialty in our invitations to this house, but could not endure the idea of mingling in a crowd better dressed and more regularly invited than ourselves. We therefore begged Mrs. Jackson to excuse us for this night. We had just called in an easy way in passing; and, indeed, we never attended

ceremonious parties at any time. We would see her some other evening, when she was less engaged—that is to say, “we would rather see you and Mr. Jackson at Jericho than darken your doors again.” And so off we came, with the blandest and most complimentary language upon our tongues, and the most piqued and scornful feelings in our hearts.

Again upon the street—yea, once again. What was to be done now? Why, said Mrs. Balderstone, there is excellent old Mrs. Smiles, who lives in the next street. I have not seen her or the Misses Smiles for six months; but the last time they were so pressing for us to return their visit (you remember they supped with us in spring) that I think we cannot do better than take this opportunity of clearing scores.

Mrs. Smiles, a respectable widow, lived with her five daughters in a third floor in —— Street.



Thither we marched, with a hope undiminished by the two preceding disappointments, that here at length we would find supper. Our knock at Mrs. Smiles's hospitable portal produced a strange rushing noise within; and when the servant appeared, I observed in the far, dim vista of the passage, one or two slip-slop figures darting across out of one door into another, and others again crossing in the opposite direction, and then there was heard a low anxious whispering, while a single dishevelled head peeped out from one of the doors, and then the head was withdrawn, and all was still. We were introduced into a room which had evidently been the scene of some recent turmoil of no ordinary kind, for female clothes lay scattered in every direction, besides some articles which more properly belonged to a dressing-room. We had not been here above a minute, when we heard our advent announced by the servant in an adjoining apart-

ment to Mrs. Smiles herself and some of her young ladies. A flood of obloquy was instantly opened upon the girl by one of her young mistresses—Miss Eliza, we thought—for having given admission to any body at this late hour, especially when she knew that they were to be up early next morning to commence their journey, and had still a great many of their things to pack. “And such a room you have shown them into, you goose!” said the enraged Miss. The girl was questioned as to our appearance, for she had neglected to ask our name; and then we heard one young lady say, “It must be those Balderstones. What can have set them a-gadding to-night? I suppose we *must* ask them to stay to supper, for they’ll have come for nothing else—confound them! Mary, you are in best trim; will you go and speak to them till we get ourselves ready? The cold meat will do with a few eggs. I’m sure they could not have come

at a worse time." Miss Mary accordingly came hastily in after a few minutes, and received us with a thousand protestations of welcome. Her mother would be so truly delighted to see us, for she had fairly given up all hope of our ever visiting her again. She was just getting ready, and would be here immediately. "In the meantime, Mrs. Balderstone, you will lay by your cloak and bonnet. Let me assist you," &c. We had got enough, however, of the Smilesees. We saw that we had dropped into the midst of a scene of easy dishabille, and surprised it with unexpected ceremony. It would have been cruel to the Smilesees to put them about at such a time, and ten times more cruel to ourselves to sit in friendly intercourse with a family who had treated us in such a manner behind our backs. "*Those Balderstones!*" The phrase was wormwood. My wife, therefore, made up a story, to the effect that we had only called in going home

from another friend's house, in order to inquire after the character of a servant. As Mrs. Smiles was out of order, we would not disturb her that evening, but call on some other occasion. Of course, the more that we declaimed about the impossibility of remaining to supper, the more earnestly did Miss Smiles entreat us to remain. It would be such a disappointment to her mother, and still more to Eliza and the rest of them. She was obliged, however, with well-affected reluctance, to give way to our impetuous desire of escaping.

Having once more stepped forth into the cold blast of November, we began to feel that supper was becoming a thing which we could not much longer, with comfort, trust to the contingency of *general invitations*. We therefore sent home our thoughts to the excellent cold duck and green cheese which lay in our larder; and picturing to ourselves the comfort of our parlour fire,

side, with a good bottle of ale toasting within the fender, resolved no more to wander abroad in search of happiness, unless there should be something like a certainty of good fare and a hearty welcome elsewhere.

Thus it is always with general invitations. "Do call on us some evening, Miss Duncan, just in an easy way, and pray bring your seam with you, for there is nothing I hate so much as ceremonious set calls," is the sort of invitation you will hear in the middle ranks of life, given to some good-natured female acquaintance, while you, yourself, if a bachelor, will in the same way be bidden to call "just after you are done with business, and any night in the week; it is all the same, for you can never catch us unprepared." The deuce is in these general invitations. People give them without reflecting that they cannot be at all times ready to entertain visitors; cannot be so much as at home to have the chance

of doing so. Other people accept and act upon them, at the risk of either putting their host dreadfully about, or receiving a very poor entertainment. The sudden arrival of an unexpected guest who has come on the faith of one of these delusive roving invitations, indeed, in many instances, disorganises the economy of a whole household. Nothing tries a housewife so much. The state of her larder or cupboard instantaneously flashes on her mind; and if she do not happen to be a notable, and, consequently, not a regular curer of beef, or curious in the matter of fresh eggs, a hundred to one but she feels herself in an awkward dilemma, and, I have no doubt, would wish the visitor any where but where he is. The truth is, by these general invitations you may chance to arrive at a death or a marriage, a period of mourning or rejoicing, when the sympathies of the family are all engaged with matters of their own.

If people will have their friends beside them, let them, for the sake of all that is comfortable, give them a definite invitation at once; a general invitation is much worse than no invitation at all; it is little else than an insult, however unintentional; for it is as much as to say that the person is not worth inviting in a regular manner. In "good" society, a conventional understanding obtains in the delicate point of invitations; there is an established scale of the value of the different meals adapted to the rank of the invited. I advise all my friends to follow this invaluable code of civility. By all means let your invitations have a special reference to time. On the other hand, if a friend comes plump down with a request that you will favour him with your company at a certain hour of the day, why, go without hesitation. The man deserves your company for his honesty, and you will be sure to put him to no more trouble than

what he directly calculates on. But turn a deaf ear, if you be wise, to *general* invitations; they are nets spread out to ensnare your comfort. Rather content yourself with the good old maxim which somebody has inscribed over an ancient door-way in one of the old streets of Edinburgh,—TECUM HABITA—*Keep at Home.*

[CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.]





## THE RAPIDS.



MIDNIGHT on board a steam-boat, a full moon, and a soft panorama of the shores of St. Lawrence gliding by like a vision ! I thus assume the dramatic prerogative of introducing my readers at once to the scene of my story ; and, with the same time-saving privilege I introduce my *dramatis personæ*, a gentleman and lady, promenading the deck, with the slow step so natural on a summer's night when your company is agreeable.

The lady leaned familiarly on the arm of her companion as they walked to and fro, sometimes

looking at the moon, and sometimes at her pretty feet, as they stole out, one after the other, into the moonlight. She was a tall, queenly person, somewhat *embonpoint*, but extremely graceful. Her eye was of a dark blue, shaded with lashes of remarkable length, and her features, though irregular, were expressive of great vivacity, and more than ordinary talent. She wore her hair, which was of a deep chestnut, in the Madonna style, simply parted ; and her dress, throughout, had the chaste elegance of good taste—the *tournure* of fashion, without its extravagance.

Her companion was a tall, well-formed young man, very handsome, with a frank and prepossessing expression of countenance, and the fine freedom of step and air which characterise the well-bred gentleman. He was dressed fashionably, but plainly, and wore whiskers, in compliance with the prevailing mania. His tone was one of rare depth and melody ; and as he bent slightly

running right on shore as you enter a narrow strait in pursuit of the covert channel.

It is the finest ground in the world for the "magic of moonlight." The water is clear, and, on the night we speak of, was a perfect mirror. Every star was repeated. The foliage of the islands was softened into distinctness, and they lay in the water, with their well-defined shadows hanging darkly beneath them, as distinctly as clouds in the sky, and apparently as moveable.

In more terrestrial company than the lady Viola's, our hero might have fancied himself in the regions of upper air; but as he leant over the taffarel, and listened to the sweetest voice that ever melted into moonlight, and watched the shadows of the dipping trees as the approach of the boat broke them one by one, he would have thought twice before he had said that he was sailing on a fresh-water river, in the good steam-boat Queenston.

Miss Viola Clay, and Mr. Frank Gresham, the hero and heroine of this true story, I should have told you before, were cousins. They had met lately, after a separation of many years, and as the lady had in the meantime become the proudest woman in the world, and the gentleman had been abroad and wore whiskers, and had, besides, a cousin's *carte blanche* for his visits, there was reason to believe they would become very well acquainted.

Frank had been at home but a few months, when he was invited to join the party with which he was now making the fashionable tour. He had seen Viola every day since his return, and had more to say to her than to all the rest of his relatives together. He would sit for hours with her in the deep recesses of the windows, telling his adventures when abroad: at least it was so presumed, as he talked all the time, and she was profoundly attentive. It was thought, too, he

must have seen some affecting sights, for now and then his descriptions made her sigh audibly, and once the colour was observed to mount to her very temples—doubtless from strong sympathy with some touching distress.

Frank joined the party for the tour, and had, at the time we speak of, been several weeks in their company. They had spent nearly a month among the Lakes, and were now descending by their grand outlet to Montreal. Many a long walk had been taken, and many a romantic scene had been gazed upon during their absence, and the lady had many a time wandered away with her cousin, doubtless for the want of a more agreeable companion. She was indefatigable in seeing the celebrated places from every point, and made excursions, which the gouty feet of her father, or the etiquette of a stranger's attendance, would have forbidden. In these cases, Frank's company was evidently a convenience; and over

hill and dale, through glen and cavern, he had borne her delicate arm by the previous privilege of cousinship.

There's nothing like a cousin : it is the sweetest relation in human nature. There is no excitement in loving your sister ; and courting a lady in the face of a strange family requires the nerve of a martyr : but your dear familiar cousin, with her provoking maidenly reserve, and her bewitching freedoms, and the romping frolics, and the stolen tenderness over the skein of silk that will get tangled—and then the long rides which nobody talks about, and the long *tete-à-tetes* which are nobody's business, and the long letters of which nobody pays the postage—no, there is nothing like a cousin—a young, gay, beautiful witch of a cousin.

Till within a few days, Frank had enjoyed a monopoly of the lady Viola's condescensions ; but their party had been increased lately by a young

gentleman who introduced himself to papa as the son of an old friend, and proceeded immediately to a degree of especial attention which relieved our hero exceedingly of his duties.

Mr. Erastus Van Pelt was a tall, thin, person, with an aquiline nose, and a forehead that retreated till it was lost in the distance. It was evident at the first glance that he was high *ton*. The authenticity of his style, even on board a steam-boat, distanced imitation immeasurably. The angle of his bow had been an insoluble problem from his *debut* at the dancing school till the present moment, and his quizzing glass was thrown up to his eye with a grace that would have put Brummel to the blush. From the square toe of his pump to the loop of his gold chain, he was a perfect wonder. Every body smiled on Mr. Erastus Van Pelt.

This accomplished gentleman looked with an evil eye on our hero. He had the magnanimity

not to cut him outright, as he was the lady's cousin ; but tolerated him on the first day with a cold civility, which he intended should amount to a cut on the second. Frank thought him thus far very amusing ; but when he came frequently in the way of his attentions to his cousin, and once or twice raised his glass at his remarks, with the uncomprehending ' Sir ! ' he was observed to stroke his black whiskers with a very ominous impatience. Further acquaintance by no means mended the matter, and Frank's brow grew more and more cloudy. He had already alarmed Mr. Van Pelt with a glance of his eye that could not be mistaken, and anticipated his ' cut direct ' by at least some hours, when the Lady Viola took him aside, and bound over his thumb and finger to keep the peace towards the invisible waist of his adversary.

A morning or two after this precaution, the boat was bending in toward a small village which



terminates the safe navigation above the rapids of the Split Rock. Coaches were waiting on shore, to convey passengers to the next still water, and the mixed population of the little village, attracted by the arrival, was gathered in a picturesque group on the landing. There was the Italian-looking Canadian, with the clear olive complexion and open neck, his hat slouched carelessly, and the indispensable red sash hanging from his waist; and the still, statue-like Indian, with the incongruous blanket and belt, hat, and mocassin costume of the border; and the tall, inquisitive-looking Vermontese; — all mingled together, like the figures in a painter's study.

Miss Clay sat on the deck, surrounded by her party. Frank, at a little distance, stood looking into the water with the intentness of a statue, and Mr. Van Pelt levelled his glass at the "horrid creatures" on shore, and expressed his elegant abhorrence of their *sauvagerie* in a fine-

spun *fulsetto*. As its last thin tone melted, he turned and spoke to the lady with an air evidently more familiar than her dignity for the first few days seemed to have warranted. There was an expression of ill-concealed triumph in his look, and an uncompromised turning of his back on our *penseroso*, which indicated an advance in relative importance; and though Miss Clay went on with the destruction of her card of distances, just as if there was nobody in the world but herself, the conversation was well sustained till the last musical superlative was curtailed by the whiz of the escape valve.

As the boat touched the pier, Frank awoke from his reverie, and announced his intention of taking a boat down the rapids. Viola objected to it at first as a dangerous experiment; but when assured by him that it was perfectly safe, and that the boat, during the whole passage, would be visible from the coach, she opposed it

no further. Frank then turned to Mr. Van Pelt, and, to her astonishment, politely requested his company. The dandy was thunderstruck. To his comprehension, it was like offering him a private interview with a bear. "No, sir," said he, with a nervous twirl of his glass round his forefinger. Miss Clay, however, insisted on his acceptance of the invitation. The prospect of his company, without the restraint of Frank's presence, and a wish to foster the good feeling from which she thought the offer proceeded, were sufficient motives for perseverance; and on the ground that his beautiful cap was indispensable to the picturesque effect, she would take no denial. Most reluctantly his consent was at last given, and Frank sprang on shore with an accommodating readiness to find boatmen for the enterprise.

He found his errand was a difficult one. The water was uncommonly low, and at such times

the rapids are seldom passed even by the most daring. The old voyageurs received his proposition with shrugs and volumes of *patois*, in which he could only distinguish adjectives of terror. By promises of extravagant remuneration, however, he prevailed on four athletic Canadians to row him to Coteau du Lac. He then took them aside, and by dint of gesture and bad French, made them comprehend that he wished to throw his companion into the river. They had no shadow of objection. For "a consideration" they would upset the bateau in a convenient place below the rapids, and insure Mr. Van Pelt's subsequent existence at the forfeiture of the reward. A simultaneous "*Gardez vous!*" was to be the signal for action.

The coaches had already started when Frank again stood on the pier, and were pursuing slowly the beautiful road on the bank of the river. He almost repented his rash determination for a

moment, but the succeeding thought was one of pride, and he sprang lightly into the bateau at the "*Allons !*" of the impatient boatmen.

Mr. Van Pelt was already seated, and as they darted rapidly away with the first stroke of the oars, the voyageur at the helm commenced a low recitative. At every alternate line, the others joined in a loud but not inharmonious chorus, and the strokes were light or deep as the leader indicated, by his tone, the necessity of rapidity or deliberation. In a few minutes they reached the tide, and as the boat swept violently on, the oars were shipped, and the boatmen crossing themselves and mumbling a prayer to the saint, sat still, and looked anxiously forward. It was evidently much worse than Mr. Van Pelt had anticipated. Frank remarked upon the natural beauties of the river, but he had no eye for scenery. He sat on a low seat, grasping the sides of the boat with a tenacity as unphiloso-

phical as it was out of character for his delicate fingers. The bateau glided like a bird round the island which divides the river, and, steering for the middle of the stream, was in a moment hurrying with its whole velocity onward. The Split Rock was, as yet, far below ; but the intermediate distance was a succession of rapids, and, though not much dreaded by those accustomed to the navigation, they were to a stranger sufficiently appalling. The river was tossed like a stormy sea, and the large waves, thrown up from the sunken rocks, came rolling back upon the tide, and dashing over the boat, flung her off like a tiny shell. Mr. Van Pelt was in a profuse perspiration. His knees, drawn up to his head by the acute angle of his posture, knocked violently together, and no persuasion could induce him to sit in the depressed stern for the accommodation of the voyageurs. He sat right in the centre of the bateau, and kept his eye

on the waves with a manifest distrust of Providence, and an anxiety that betrayed a culpable want of resignation.

The bateau passed the travellers on shore as she neared the rock. Frank waved his handkerchief triumphantly. The water just a-head roared and leaped up in white masses like a thousand monsters; and, at the first violent whirl, he was pulled down by a voyageur, and commanded imperatively to lie still. Another and another shock followed in quick succession, and she was perfectly unmanageable. The helmsman threw himself flat on the bottom. Mr. Van Pelt hid his face in his hands, and crouched beside him. The water dashed in, and the bateau, obeying every impulse, whirled and flung from side to side like a feather. It seemed as if every plunge must be the last. One moment she shivered and stood motionless, struck back by a violent blow, and the next, shot down into

an abyss, with an arrowy velocity that seemed like instant destruction. Frank shook off the grasp of the voyageur, and, holding on to the side, half rose to his feet. "*Gardez vous!*" exclaimed the voyageur; and, mistaking the caution for the signal, with a sudden effort, he seized Mr. Van Pelt, and plunging him over the side, leaped in after him. "*Diable!*" muttered the helmsman, as the dandy, with a piercing shriek, sprang half out of the water and disappeared instantly. But the Split Rock was right beneath the bow, and like a shot arrow, the boat sprang through the gorge, and in a moment was gliding among the masses of foam in the smooth water.

They put back immediately, and at a stroke or two against the current, up came the scientific "brutus" of Mr. Van Pelt, quite out of curl, and crested with the foam through which he had emerged to a thinner element. There was no



mistaking its identity, and it was rudely seized by the voyageur, with a tolerable certainty that the ordinary sequel would follow. All reasoning upon anomalies, however, is uncertain; and, to the terror of the unlettered captor, down went *un gentilhomme*, leaving the envy of the world in his possession. He soon re-appeared, and, with his faith in the unity of Monsieur considerably shaken, the voyageur lifted him carefully into the bateau.

My dear reader! were you ever sick? Did you have a sweet cousin, or a young aunt, or any pretty friend who was not your sister or your mother, for a nurse? And do you remember how like an angel's fingers her small white hand laid on your forehead, and how thrillingly her soft voice spoke low in your ear, and how inquiringly her fair face hung over your pillow? If you have not, and remember no such passages, it were worth half your sound constitution and

half your uninteresting health, and long life, to have had that experience. Talk of moonlight in a bower, and poetry in a *boudoir*—there is no atmosphere for love, like a sick-chamber, and no poetry like the persuasion to your gruel, or the sympathy for your aching head, or your feverish forehead.       \*       \*       \*       \*

Three months after Frank Gresham was taken out of the St. Lawrence, he was seen sitting in a recess with Miss Clay, who, to the astonishment of the whole world, had accepted him as her lover!

[THE LEGENDARY,—AN AMERICAN PUBLICATION.]



## A VOICE FROM THE DEEP.

—◆—

“WHAT say you, boys, a caulk, or a yarn?” says one of the “quarter gunners,” addressing indiscriminately the watch one night, as soon as they were mustered. “Oh, let’s have a yarn, as we’ve eight hours in,” replied one of the top-men. “Bob Bowers will spin us a twist;” and away to the galley a group of eight or ten instantly repaired.

“Well, boys!” says Bowers, “let’s see, what’ll you have?—one of the *Lee Virginney’s*, or the saucy *Gee’s*?—Come, I’ll give you a saucy *Gee*.

“ Well, you see, I once sarved in the *Go-along Gee*—Captain D—— (he as was killed at Traf-fygar), aboard the *Mars*, seventy-four,—ay, and as fine a fellow as ever shipped a swab, or fell on a deck. There warn’t a better man aboard, from stem to stern. He knew a seaman’s duty, and more he never ax’d; and not like half your capering skippers, what expect impossibilities. It went against his grain to seize a grating-up, and he never flogged a man, that he didn’t wince as if he felt the lash himself!—and, as for starting,—blow me if he didn’t break the boatswain by a court-martial for rope’s-ending Tom Cox, the captain o’ the fore-top in Plymouth Sound. And yet he wasn’t a man what courted, as they call it, cocularity; for once deserve it, you were sure to buy it; but do your duty like a man, and he’d sink or swim with you!

“ He never could abide to hear a man abused —let’s see, was’t to the first or second leeftenant

he says—no, 'twas the second—and blow me, too, if I doesn't think 'twas the third—it was the third, 'kase I remember, now, he'd never a civil word for no one. Well, howsomedever, you see, says the skipper, mocking the leefftenant in a sneering manner one morn, who'd just sung out, 'You sir!' you know. to one o' the topmen, —'You, sir, I mean, says the skipper, looking straight in the leefftenant's face.—“Pray, sir,” says he, ‘how do you like to be *you sir'd* yourself?’

“Well, the leefftenant shams deafness, you know; but I'm blowed but he hard every word on't—for never a dolphin a dying tarned more colours nor he did at the time! But avast there a bit—I'm yawning about in my course. Howsomever, you know, 'tis but due to the dead, and no more nor his memory deserves: so here's try again—small heim bo—steady——ey-a. Well, you know, the *Go-along Gee* was one o' your flash

Irish cruisers—the first o' your fir-built frigates—and a rare clipper she was! Give her a foot o' the sheet, and she'd go like a witch—but somehow o'nother, she'd bag on a bowline to leeward. Well, there was a crack set o' ships at the time on the station. Let's see, there as the *Lee Revolushoneer* (the flyer, you know)—then there was the fighting *Feeby*—the dash-ing *Dry'd*, and one or two more o' your flash-uns; but the *Gee* took the shine on'em all in reefing and furling.

“ Well, there was always a cruiser or two from the station, as went with the West Ingy convoy, as far as Madery or so (to protect 'em, you know from the French privateers) and bring back a pipe of the stuff for the admiral; ay, and I take it the old boy must have bowsed up his jib stay pretty often, for many's the pipe we shipped in the *Gee* for him.

“ Howsomdever, you see, we was ordered to sail

with one of these thund'ring convoys, the largest as ever was gothered together in Cove—nigh: nand a hundred and eighty or ninety sail. Let's see—there was the *Polly-infamous*, sixty-four, was our commodore, you know; and 'sides we in the *Gee*, there was a ship *cravatte*, and an eighteen gun brig. Well, we sailed with the convoy from Cove on St. Patrick's day, with a stagg'ring breeze at east-north-east. We was stationed astarn, to jog-up the dulluns, and to "touch'em up in the bunt" with the buntin.

"Well, a'ter we runs out of one o' your reg'lar easterly gales, what has more lives nor a cat, and going for ever like a blacksmith's bellows, till it blows itself out, we meets with the tail of a westerly hurricane (one o' your sneezers, you know). Four or five of our headmost and leewardmost ships, what tasted the thick on it first, was taken a-back; two was dismasted clean by the board; but the *Go-along Gee* was

snug as a duck in a ditch, never straining as much as a rope-yarn aloft, and as tight as a bottle below.

“ Well, howsomdever, we weathers out like a ‘Mudian ; though we lost, to be sure, the corporal of marines overboard, as was consulting his ease in the lee-mizen chains. Well, a’ter the wind and sea gets down, the commodore closes the convoy, and sends shipwrights aboard of such ships as needed ‘em most. Well, at last we gets into your regular trades, with wind just enough for a gentleman’s yacht, or to ruffle the frill of a lady’s flounce : and on one o’ those nights as the convoy, you know, was cracking on every thing, low and aloft, looking just like a forest afloat,—we keeping our station astern on ‘em all—top-sails lowered on the cap—the sea as smooth as Poll Paterson’s tongue, and the moon as bright as her eye—shoals of beneties playing under the bows ; what should I hear but a voice as was hailing the ship !



Well, I never says nothing till I looks well around (for you see I had the starboard cat-head at the time) ; so I waits till I hears it again—when sky-larking Dick, who'd the larboard look-out, sneaks over and says, ' Bob, I say, Bob-by, did you never hear nothing just now ? ' Well, he scarcely axes the question, when we hears hailing again—' Aboard the G—e, ahoy,—a—. Well, there was nothing, you know, in sight within hail (for the starnmost ships of the convoy were more nor two miles a-head)—so Dick and myself was puzzled a bit, for we weren't just then in old Badgerback's track. Well, we looks broad on the bows, and under the bows, and over the bows, and every where round we could look ; when the voice now, nearing us fast, and hailing again, we sees something as white as a sheet on the water ! Well, I looks at Dick, and Dick looks at me—neither of us never saying nothing, you know, at the time, when looking again, by the light of the moon,

says I, 'It is the corporal's ghost!'—'So it is,' says Dick, and aft he flies to make the report. Well, I felt summut or so queerish (though I says nothing to no one, you know), for 'twas only a fortnight afore, the corporal and I had a bit of a breeze 'bout taking my pot off the fire. 'Well,' says the voice, 'will you heave us a rope? I don't want a boat!' was the cry. 'Ghost or no ghost,' says I, 'I'll give you a rope, if it's even to hang you;' so flying, you see, to the chains, I takes up a coil in my fist, and heaves it handsomely into his hands.

"Well, I was as mum as a monk, till he fixes himself in the bight of a bowling knot; when, looking down on his phiz, says I, just quietly over my breath, 'Is that Corporal Craig?' says I. 'Corporal Hell!' says he: 'why don't you haul up?' Well, I sings out for someun to lend us a fist (for Dick was afeard to come forward again, and I'm blowed but the leeftenant himself was as

shy as the rest o' the watch). So I sings out again for assistance : for there was the unfortunate fellow towing alongside like a hide what was softening in soak.—' Will no one lend us a hand ?' says I, ' or shall I turn the jolly adrift ?' Well, this puts two o' the topmen, you see, on their pluck, for both on 'em claps on the rope, and rouses clean into the chains—now, what do you think ?'—' Why, the corporal's ghost, to be sure,' says one of the group.—' No, nor the sign of a ghost—nor a ghost's mate's minister's mate—nor nothing that looked like a lubberly lobster, dead or alive ; bnt as fine a young fellow as ever I seed in my days : for, you see, the whole on it is this : 'twas no more than a chap of an apprentice, whose master had started him that morn ; and rather nor stand it again, he takes to his fins and swims like a fish to the *Gee*—mind ! the *starnmost* ship of the convoy ! though his own was one of the headmost ; ay, and running the risk not to fetch

us, you know, nor another chance to look to for his life. And why?—why?—because the ship had a name—ay, sure ! she *was* the *Gee!!!*”

[NAVAL SKETCH BOOK.]



## A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.



TO ROBERT CRUIKSHANK, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—Conversing a few mornings ago with an old friend, we insensibly fell into a long discourse about the visible degeneracy of manners in this country, and observed that if a review was taken of our ancestors about two centuries since, we should scarcely look upon ourselves as one species of people. Every thing at present seems inverted. Instead of the manly simplicity kept up in the days of our forefathers, we have dwindled into a disingenuous sort of politeness, which

has entirely destroyed our integrity ; and instead of glorying, as they did, in a generous discovery of their sentiments upon every occasion, we aim at nothing but a concealment of our thoughts, and are incessantly instructed to teach every feature of our faces a lesson diametrically opposite to the feelings of our hearts. In nothing, however, are we altered so much as in our women : formerly, a young lady thought it a particular merit to be useful in her family ; and it was considered a strange degree of ignorance if the daughter of a nobleman could not make butter and cheese, keep the accounts of the house, dress a dinner better than the cook-maid, and surpass all the women in the laundry in the ironing of a shirt. In these polite times, sir, the principal distinction of a young lady is to be totally useless : in proportion as she ignorant, we form our ideas of her delicacy, and think it unpardonably vulgar if she is capable of discharging the relative duties

of daughter, mother, mistress, or wife, with a tolerable share of propriety.

I have four daughters, myself, sir, as you know, who are just like their neighbours: very fine ladies, and consequently good for nothing. A doating old grandfather ruined them all, by leaving each an independent fortune of ten thousand pounds; and now, I suppose if they were reduced to difficulties to-morrow, none of them would know how to wash an apron or make a cap. Suky, the eldest, even complains of being fatigued with the honours of my table; and Nancy would rather fast for a twelvemonth, she assures me, than be at the trouble of helping herself. Polly never suffers her maid to sit down in her presence, though the girl is much better born than any of us; and my hopeful young one, Miss Jenny, declares that nothing is so contemptible as going to church. To be sure, the girls have received a most excellent education under their mother and

grandmatma. I dare say they have gone through half the books in Bull's circulating library, and that even Jenny herself, though no more than seventeen, is able to play at picquet with Jones the conjuror.

These, sir, are lamentable things. How widely different were matters in the days of our ancestors. I have in my hands a journal of the celebrated Elizabeth Woodville, who was married to King Edward the Fourth, in which the character of the English ladies at that time is very happily depicted : it was written by Elizabeth before her first marriage, and as it is not only a great curiosity, but an excellent lesson to the softer sex of the present era, I shall make no apology for sending it to my good friend ; after first premising that I have modernised the idiom to make it properly intelligible.

“ Monday morning.—Rose at four o'clock, and helped Katherine to milk the cows ; Rachael, the



other dairy-maid having scalded one of her hands in a very sad manner last night. Made a poultice for Rachael, and gave Robin a penny to get her something comfortable from the apothecary's.

"Six o'clock.—Breakfasted.—The buttock of beef rather too much boiled, and the ale a little of the stalest.—Memorandum—to tell the cook about the first fault, and to mend the second myself, by tapping a fresh barrel directly.

"Seven o'clock.—Went out with the Lady Duchess, my mother, into the court-yard; fed five-and-thirty men and women, and chid Roger very severely for expressing some dissatisfaction in attending us with the broken meat.

"Eight o'clock.—Went into the paddock behind the house with my maiden Dorothy: caught Stump the little black pony myself, and rode the matter of six miles without either saddle or bridle.

"Ten o'clock.—Went to dinner. John Gray,

one of our visitants,——a most comely youth ;—  
but what's that to me ?——A virtuous maiden  
should be entirely under the direction of her  
parents.——John ate but little—stole a great  
many tender looks at me,——said a woman never  
could be handsome, in his opinion, who was not  
good tempered.——I hope my temper is not in-  
tolerable.—Nobody finds fault with it but Roger,  
and Roger is the most disorderly serving-man in  
our family.——John Gray likes white teeth ;—  
my teeth are of a pretty good colour, I think—and  
my hair is as black as jet, though I say it,—and  
John, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion.

“Eleven o'clock.——Rose from table :—the  
company all desirous of walking in the fields.—  
John Gray would lift me over every stile, and  
twice he squeezed my hand with great vehemence.  
——I cannot say that I should have any aversion  
to John Gray—he plays prison-bars as well as  
any gentleman in the country ; is remarkably

dutiful to his parents, and never misses church of a Sunday.

“Three o'clock.—Poor farmer Robinson's house burnt down by an accidental fire.—John Gray proposed a subscription among the company for the farmer's relief, and gave no less than five pound himself to this benevolent intention.—Memorandum.—Never saw him look so comely as at that moment. Four o'clock.—Went to prayers.

“Six o'clock.—Fed the poultry and the hogs.

“Seven o'clock.—Supper on the table.—Delayed to that very late hour on account of poor farmer Robinson's misfortune.—The goose pye too much baked, and the loin of pork almost roasted to rags.

“Nine o'clock.—The company half asleep.—These late hours very disagreeable ;—said my prayers a second time, John Gray disturbing my thoughts too much the first: fell asleep about ten, and dreamt that John had come and demanded me of my father.”

How widely different are the pursuits of our fashionable ladies now-a-days ! Still, however, we must allow that they *do* distinguish themselves, and that very frequently ; more particularly in our places of public resort ;—but, *verbum sat*—God forbid, sir, that either of our families should come into their secret—“Honesty is always the best policy,” as the old adage says.—Farewell. Your's, dear Sir, faithfully,

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

*East Sheen, March 16th.*



## THE RESOLUTE LOVER.



A GREAT reverse of fortune, one of those catastrophes which bankers meet with every day, precipitated Madame de Pons from the height of a most brilliant position in society, to the most humble fortune.

Events of this nature are so common, and, moreover, so sudden, that it is by no means a rarity in our times to receive an invitation to a grand party in the *Rue de la Paix* (the Portland Place of Paris), and to pay your visit to the Prison of St. Pelagie (the King's Bench), or rather to Brussels (the French Isle of Man).

The splendid *salons* of Madame de Pons were naturally reduced to one small garret in the *Ma-rai*s (the Borough) ; and yet it was too large for the number of those who came to share her bad fortune.

In Paris, matters are settled thus : you give parties,—it makes you one of the world ; I make a part of this world,—you give me pleasure, I give you my company : when your supper is over, and your wax-lights extinguished, we are quits ; for, after all, your party is but a party. In return for your invitation of me, I have the right of complaining, if the music at your concert is bad, that I have been your dupe ; if the invitation was to a ball,—that it was tedious, very tedious.—After the death of her husband, who blew out his brains as a compensation to his creditors, Madame de Pons found her circle of acquaintance much reduced.

For all that, the Count de Marigny, who had

been an old friend of M. de Pons, remained still the friend of his wife.

Madame de Pons was a fine woman. M. de Marigny was a man of distinguished appearance; he was the Indispensable at every ball, the most elegant Centaur in the Bois de Boulogne (the Parisian Hyde-Park); tied the best neck-cloth, and wore the finest diamonds,—in fact, he was a man of the first fashion. As for the rest, nobody could tell where he obtained the means for this luxurious splendour; nobody knew any thing of his ancestors, nor his origin, nor his property; yet he lived like a prince, paid his way, had the most polished manners, and was witty,—he was adopted into society; and in Paris, this adoption of a certain part of the world stands in lieu of every thing—fortune, probity, ancestry—because, if you have not got any yourself, society will make them for you. And this is why I have known ten natural sons of Napoleon.

Reverse of fortune is the only affliction, the pangs of which, in a vain mind, no philosophy, of whatever kind, can allay. Far from getting weaker, they increase with age ; thus Madame de Pons felt keenly the loss of that society, where she had been almost worshipped. There remained to Madame de Pons an uncle, immensely rich, and without children, and who had brought her up as his own ; but this uncle, hard-hearted and unrelenting as misfortune itself, seemed to consider the misfortune of her husband a crime in his niece. He forgot that his kindness might dry up her bitter tears, and his egotism, coming to the assistance of his logic, proved to him that misfortune is a crime, and indulgence the accomplice of that crime ; and that the best way of avoiding all the cares of life, was to have no smile of kindness but for those who were fortunate. With such cruel sentiments as these, did the uncle of Madame de Pons reply to the letter which in-



formed him of the miseries which overwhelmed her; and he made no secret, that he would deprive her, by his will, of that part of his fortune destined to the members of a family of which she had proved unworthy.

Her self-love thus assailed, her vanity wounded, she had need of all the attentions, all the love of the Count, to console her. This change of fortune, the injustice of her family, were, of course, the text of their conversation. Another circumstance happened to increase her sorrows. M. de Marigny informed her that it was necessary he should go on a journey to regulate some family affairs. She perceived in this departure a certain constraint, an absence of mind, which led her to suspect it to be a pretext; and when you are in misfortune, suspicion changes so quickly to certainty, that she could no longer support it,—she fainted. With much difficulty the Count persuaded her of his truth, and left her.

After a lapse of two months, an attorney called on Madame de Pons, announced to her the death of her uncle, and presented to her a will, by which she was appointed his sole heiress. What could she think? She was more surprised at this sudden change in her uncle's last disposition of his property, than in the immense change it would make in her fortune. This excellent uncle had made up for his former faults so well, that she sincerely lamented him.

A few days after the Count de Marigny returned to fill the measure of her happiness, which wanted but his presence.

During the few first weeks, Madame de Pons' happiness appeared complete; she had regained her position in society, the man she loved was near her, her house had become the rendezvous of fashion, her vanity and her heart were alike satisfied. But in a few days longer, with that acuteness which a woman always exercises in

regard to the conduct of him she loves, she perceived that there was no longer room to doubt that, since his return, the character of the Count was totally changed.

She mentioned this to him at first vaguely ;— but one evening when they were alone, and in that intimacy which allows us more easily to enter into the sorrows of a friend, she pressed him closely on the subject. The Count rose from his seat, and taking from the chimney-piece a cup of beautiful porcelain, “What would you say Amelia, if, at one blow, I should dash to pieces this elegant vase?”

“I should say that was a singular instance of folly.”

“But if some necessity compelled me to do so?”

“Then I should regret nothing which happened to me through you,” replied Madame de Pons, with an air of ravishing tenderness.

"You disarm me, and yet I stand in need of courage."

"Come, come, my friend, you want to create some diversion in our *tete-à-tete*, by this episode after the drama of the new school."

But just then casting her eyes on the Count, who sat down opposite to her, she saw his lips compressed, his forehead care-worn, his whole body trembling, she rose up in terror, and seizing his hands, exclaimed, "What is the matter? .... in the name of Heaven, conceal nothing from me."

The Count rose, and recovering his calmness, .... "Now I am able to speak; sit down. Amelia, I will tell you all."

Pale and breathless with doubt, she sat opposite to the Count, her knees touching his. M. de Marigny took both her hands in his, and fixing on her a magnetic look—"There are but three resources left me, Amelia:" this last word

scarcely escaped his lips, so much were they compressed and trembling.

"Oh, how you frightened me!" said Madame de Pons smiling, "*Three* resources! When you have but one, even then you should not despair."

"Listen to mine;" replied the Count coldly. "The choice is, to blow my brains out, or marry you."

At this instant, all the love Madame de Pons entertained for the Count vanished; and the horrible image of the dreadful end of her first husband interposed between her and him, who, standing erect, looked like the same hideous spectre of misery.

She hesitated. She did not yet refuse him; but the stern regard of the Count could not mistake her meaning.

"I understand you," said he, "you force me then to my third and last resource. You have

hesitated when I gave you the choice between the preservation of my life, and the offer of my hand. At this very hour, I place before you the alternative of the loss of your fortune, or this hand to share it with you.....Yes, Amelia, either you marry me to-day.....or I ruin you to-morrow."

"But this fortune," replied Madame de Pons, with terror, "I possess from the bounty of my uncle; it belongs to me, entirely to me, no one can take it from me.—Your mind is wandering, my friend; tell me frankly your situation, if you are in want of money, if any delay.....Tell me; you should not refuse to your best friend the pleasure of obliging you. What do you require?"

"The whole of your fortune; and since you wish for an explanation, listen—

"You know, Amelia, that I became acquainted with your uncle when he was here: he took notice

of me, and expressed a wish to see me at his house at Byeda. His hard-heartedness to you, the disdain which had driven you from your family—those regrets at the change in your fortune which caused those tears, which you vainly endeavoured to conceal from me—all these sorrows which it was out of my power to remedy, increased the love I bore towards you ; I could not bear to see you wretched, humiliated, unhappy, rejected from society, I pretended business of consequence: it was your's—I set off alone—I watched the motions of your uncle, who, I knew, was about to go to the waters of Baden.....Three days after my arrival, he departed for that place. I followed at a distance of two stages. Arrived at an inn, I feigned an illness which the ignorance of the physicians quickly changed to a real malady. I had feigned such an illness that it was but natural I should put my affairs in order.....A notary was called in, I took the name of your uncle, made a

---

will in his name, and the testament which appointed you sole heiress was enregistered in the proper form. Next day I got better and went to Baden; your uncle and I renewed our former acquaintance,—we were inseparable. One day, just as dinner was over, after a conversation which I had endeavoured to make as animated as possible, I took a pinch of fine *Macouba*, the excellence of which your uncle much admired; I offered it to him.....Scarcely had he smelt it, when he fell dead on the spot."

" Oh ! horror ! "

" Among people of rank, an accident of this kind is always a fit of apoplexy.....Just so was this, but it was caused by a tremendous and deadly acid which was concealed in the double bottom of my snuff-box.

" Now, then, Amelia, you know to *whom* you owe your fortune. But remember, that if I have gone thus far to get it for you, think you that I



will stop at any thing to take it from you ? The facts are now before you clearly, the necessity plainly demonstrated.....I begin again.....Behold, anew I offer you my hand in exchange for your *fortune*: decide Amelia, or in an hour all Paris shall know how it was obtained."

She married him.——

[FROM THE FRENCH.]



## MY GRANDMOTHER'S KEYS.



"In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria."

THERE is one point to which I would draw the attention of the gudewives of the present day, and that is, to my "Grandmother's Keys." I say nothing of the pocket—nor of the scissors, nor of the pincushion—but I come at once, and for the sake of unity—the parent, they tell us, of interest—to speak of the "keys." These keys hung suspended from my grandmother's zone with a grace and freedom which could never be overlooked ; amongst them there prevailed the most complete republican equality—from *him*, the lord of the cellar, even down to *her*, the tiny regulator

of the time-piece. It was a kind of Jack Good-fellow golden age, when great and small, important and unimportant, rusted and ward-worn, met together and fondly embraced, united in the same jingle, and bobbed at the same step. Like the human faculties, as described by our worthy faculty-mongers, these keys rested upon a background of complete unity ; yet, whenever circumstances called them into play, they were ever separately and individually at hand, ready to execute the appropriate task assigned to them.



But how are the keys managed now-a-days ? —for this, after all, is the matter of discourse and inquiry. Is the above beautiful and convenient arrangement adopted ? or is another, and if any other, a better or a worse, adopted in its stead ? I hate the German Illuminati, and the French Revolution, and lament the decay of the age of chivalry and respect for loyalty ; and this I do, not only on the score that, by means of such unhallowed agencies, society has been torn from its moorings, and dashed into a thousand separate and independent fragments, but that along with, and I verily believe in sympathy with, these events, my grandmother's keys have broken from their ring and been dispersed. They have, in fact, become, since the period alluded to, a kind of refugees—unconnected, ununited, insubordinate and useless—never at hand unless when not wanted, and always a-seeking when most required.

You look upon that three-cornered and tessellated piece of net-work or velvet, commonly called a reticule, but you may save yourself the trouble of search, the keys are not there: and if not there, where can they be? not, assuredly, on the person of the mistress, for on her whole person, from head-dress to shoe-point, there is neither lap, pocket, nor fastening. The keys would escape from her like a drop of water over the burning face of a tailor's goose; she would absolutely faint at the imputation of any thing so gothic as a key, a pocket, or a pincushion, on her person: ornament has superseded and banished utility; and, in the scuffle, the associated keys have run riot, and become entirely unmanageable. You may call spirits, but will they come? You may sing out from morn to night, "Nanny! Mary!—what's your name?—Jane! Tibby! bring me my napery-press key! you will find it on the side-

board."—"Na, mem; it's no there."—"It must be there! go search the table-drawer!"—"Mem, I canna find it."—"Stupid idiot! stand out of my road. I'm sure such servants! it cannot be far off. for I had it not ten minutes ago;" and so

"The maids are running through the house—  
Hk door is cast a-jee,  
And there's no a hole in a' the house,  
But's searching for 'the key.'"

but all in vain. The smith's fingers are put in operation; and just as he has removed the lock, at the expense of the splintered timber, Peggy comes bouncing in with an "Eh, mem, here's the key!" Nor is this the worst—by no means. Sickness is in the house, and the doctor orders an immediate use of jams and jellies; but the key has taken this opportunity of paying a visit to the *terra incognita* of "somewhere." It was seen by somebody sometime ago, but nobody

got, and nobody had it; and, in a word, nobody knows any thing about the matter!—Company to tea!—down with the tea-cups, tray, urn, all in a smoke and a bustle. But, bless me! where's the sugar, ay, and the tea-canister—these indispensables of the repast? they are under lock and key—the lock, indeed, is safe, and at its post, like a carrier's dog, firm and unmoved—not to be tampered with—but the key—oh! the key—is at the “back of beyond,” where the mare, according to immemorial tradition, was safely delivered of the fiddler. It must, in fact, either have sunk through the earth and become a gnome, or ascended through the air and been sainted, otherwise the search made for it would have been successful. Perspective becomes the order of the hour, till force has done the work of art, and a fine evening has been spent in useless and unavailing regrets for the “loss of the key.”

Let the gudewife keep the keys, then; and keep to the keys only—keep to them, as my grandmother did, in the literal sense of the word—attach them (I do not care where or how) to her person, and be able at a moment's warning, to make that use of them for which they were originally hammered out and constructed.

It is, after all, on such apparently trifling attentions or negligencies that much of the comfort or usefulness of life depends. Let any one, addicted to the negligence to which I have referred, fairly calculate the time lost, the convenience marred, the temper fretted, and the happiness hazarded, by such occurrences, and the amount will not fail to astonish as well as mortify. Little things are indeed great to little men—*parva leves capiunt animos*; but against this effect as well as evidence of our fallen and imperfect nature, it becomes us to guard. For



great calamities or trying exigencies we stand, as it were, prepared ; and the storm, whilst it arrests and stupifies, still nerves and solemnises our faculties ;—

“ Shake ye old pillars of the marble sky,  
Yet still serene th'unconquer'd mind looks down  
Upon the wreck.”

But for the eternal “ losing or mislaying ” of the keys there is no remedy.

Now, madam, do not flounce out of the room, and slam the door, so as to endanger the lights and the drum of my ears. What I have said—my own conscience is my witness—I have said for your good ; and if the medicine do but operate beneficially, a few painful throes, during the operation, will be of less consequence. And, in order to show you that I bear no manner of grudge against you, I mean, God willing, to

drink tea with you on Tuesday next, when, I have no manner of doubt, that I will find you in a "PROPER KEY."

[EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.]



## THE CUT DIRECT.

JOSEPHUS Tomkins was one of those unfortunates, on whom a good education and excellent advice are too often thrown away.

His father, observing, with much pain, that at the age of fifteen he had made little progress either in learning or manners, determined on keeping him at school till he had attained his twenty-first year, hoping thereby to give him every opportunity for improvement. At the expiration of this term, Josephus returned to his parents, and brought with him a letter from his schoolmaster, who informed his father that

every method had been tried to make his son a valuable member of society, but that he had so much eccentricity about him, added to such an uncommon degree of carelessness, that he feared he would never distinguish himself by any particular act of greatness.

The extreme fondness, however, of Josephus' parents led them to believe that this account might be somewhat overcharged; and the joy they felt at once more beholding their dear son, for a time dissipated all their fears on the subject.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was not long before they had reason to change their opinion. During the festivities of Christmas, a large party were invited to dinner to commemorate the birth-day of their eldest daughter, Matilda.

The guests arrived, and were received with all due honour by Mrs. Tomkins and her accomplished daughters. On the announcement of dinner, to the astonishment of his family and every one present, Josephus selected one of the prettiest girls among the company, and, offering her his arm, proceeded at once to the dining-room. In his anxiety to please his fair partner, he contrived to upset a plate of soup in her lap ; and when the confusion, occasioned by this mishap, had subsided, he had the misfortune, while turning suddenly round, to run the point of his fork into the eye of his right hand neighbour.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years rolled on, but they conferred not wisdom on our unfortunate hero ; indeed he seemed more careless than ever. Still, however, he was so good-

natured that his little *peculiarities* were more than tolerated, his friends observing, that his errors proceeded from the "head, and not from the heart."

\* \* \* \* \*

We come now to the latest particulars we have been able to glean respecting our unfortunate friend. Not to dwell, therefore, on his tumbling over a very choice China tea-service,—tapping a large vat of beer and leaving the cock unturned,—leaving the street-door open, while he just "stepped out," during which time the house was entered, and a large quantity of plate stolen,—*cum multis aliis*,—we proceed at once to record his last grand achievement.

Mr. Tomkins having an urgent and unexpected claim on him to a large amount, and being prevented by illness from going to his banker in London, thought he might venture to send his son, on whose affectionate zeal he knew he could rely. He

therefore despatched him to town with a cheque on his banker, desiring him to place it carefully in his pocket-book, which he told him not to open, on any consideration, till he reached the banking house.

Josephus, all attention, received his instructions, and immediately set off for London. He presented the cheque, and deposited the bank notes which he received in payment, in the folds of his pocket-book ; he then took his seat on the stage-coach, which was just about to start. Greatly did he rejoice at having executed his father's commission so quickly ; and many were the congratulations he received on his return home. He proceeded at once to his father's bed-side, and having expressed how happy he was that he could be of any service to him, put his hand, with an air of triumph, into his coat pocket,—but, alas ! the object of his search was not there. His pocket had been cut through while he was sitting

on the coach, and its contents abstracted,—  
the thief leaving him nothing but a tail-  
piece!

[PORTFOLIO.]

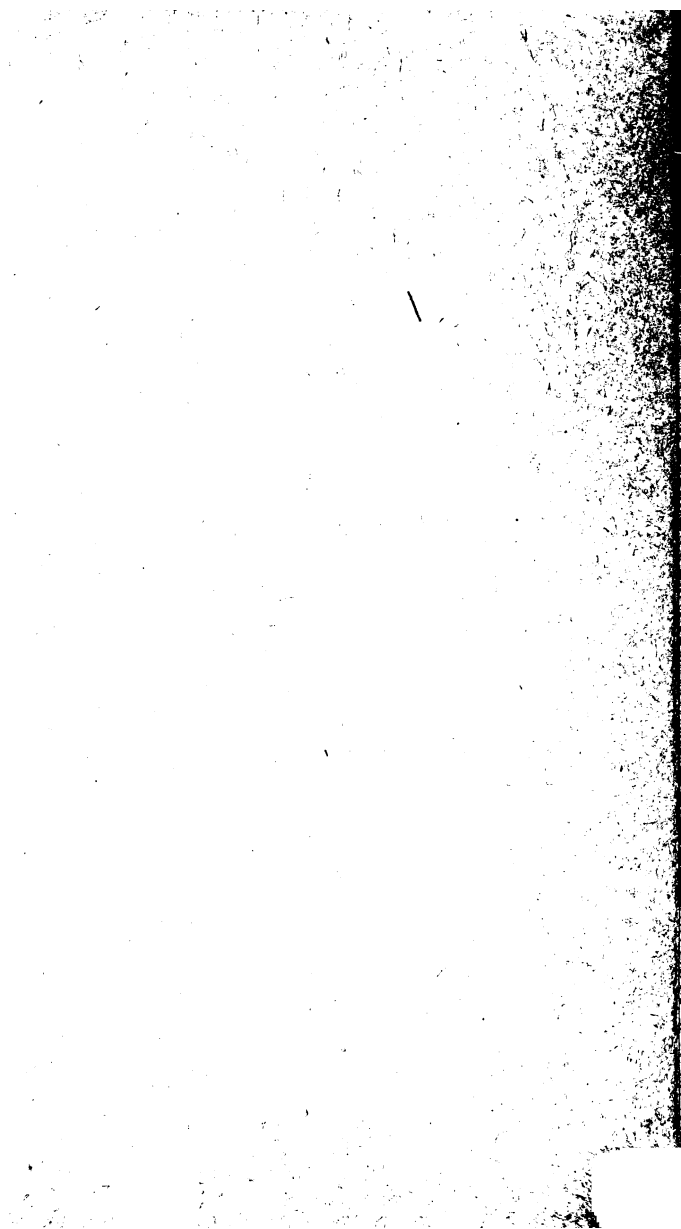












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